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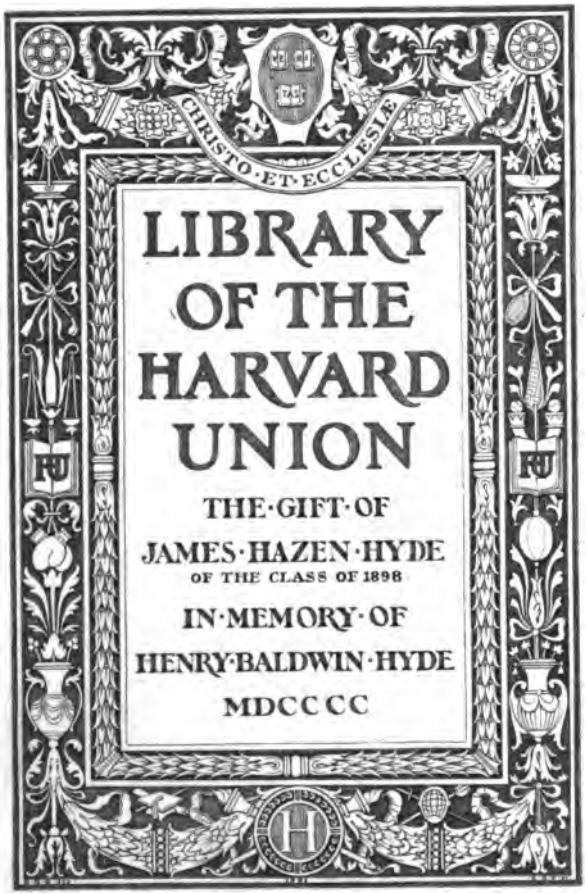

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GOLDSMITH'S WORKS

IN TWELVE VOLUMES

VOL. V.

THE BEE—ESSAYS

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The Promenade in the Park

(See page 214)

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The Works of Oliver Goldsmith

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THE WORKS OF

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

EDITED BY

PETER CUNNINGHAM, F.S.A.

ILLUSTRATED

VOL. V.

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HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS
NEW YORK AND LONDON
1900

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THE BEE:

BEING

Essays on the most Interesting Subjects.

Floriferis ut Apes in saltibus omnia libant,
Omnia Nos itidem.

London:
Printed for J. Wilkie, at the Bible, in St. Paul's Churchyard.
MDCCLIX.

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The first number of *The Bee*, a weekly paper wholly conducted and written by Goldsmith, appeared on Saturday, the 6th October, 1759. Its appearance was thus announced:

"Saturday next will be published (to be continued weekly, price three-pence), neatly printed in crown octavo and on good paper, containing two sheets, or thirty-two pages, stitched in blue covers, No. I. of a new periodical paper, entitled—

"*The Bee.* Consisting of a variety of Essays on the Amusements, Follies, and Vices in fashion: particularly the most recent Topics of Conversation: Remarks on Theatrical Exhibitions: Memoirs of Modern Literature, &c. &c. Printed for J. Wilkie, at the Bible, in St. Paul's Church Yard; and to be had of all Booksellers, and of the News Venders in town and country.

"*** The Publisher begs leave to inform the Public that every twelve numbers will make a handsome pocket volume, at the end of which shall be given an emblematical frontispiece, title, and table of contents. Letters to the author of *The Bee*, directed to J. Wilkie, as above (postpaid), will be duly regarded." —*The Public Advertiser*, Thursday, 4th Oct., 1759.

After the publication of the first number, the following paragraph was added:

"N.B. This Pamphlet is entered according to Act of Parliament in the Hall Book of the Company of Stationers. Whoever prints any part of it will be prosecuted as the Law directs."

No. II. was announced somewhat differently:

"This day is published, &c. &c., Number II. of a new periodical paper called *The Bee*. The public is requested to compare this with other periodical performances which more pompously solicit their attention. If upon perusal it be found deficient either in humor, elegance, or variety, the author will readily acquiesce in their censure. It is possible the reader may sometimes draw a prize, and even should it turn up a blank, it costs him but three-pence."—*The Public Advertiser*, Oct. 14, 1759.

The Bee died with its eighth number on the 24th November, 1759, and in December of the same year the numbers were collected into a volume entitled "*The Bee:* being Essays on the most Interesting Subjects."

The Bee is here reprinted from the edition of 1759—the only omission being *four* prose translations from Voltaire.

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THE BEE.

No. I.—SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1759.

INTRODUCTION.[1]

THERE is not, perhaps, a more whimsically dismal figure in nature than a man of real modesty who assumes an air of impudence; who, while his heart beats with anxiety, studies ease and affects good-humor. In this situation, however, a periodical writer often finds himself upon his first attempt to address the public in form.[2] All his power of pleasing is damped by solicitude, and his cheerfulness dashed with apprehension. Impressed with the terrors of the tribunal before which he is going to appear, his natural humor turns to pertness, and for real wit he is obliged to substitute vivacity. His first publication draws a crowd; they part dissatisfied, and the author, never more to be indulged with a favorable hearing, is left to condemn the indelicacy of his own address or their want of discernment.

For my part, as I was never distinguished for address, and have often even blundered in making my bow, such bodings as these had like to have totally repressed my ambition. I was at a loss whether to give the public specious promises, or give none; whether to be merry or sad on this solemn occasion. If I should decline all merit, it was too probable the hasty reader might have taken me at my word. If, on the other hand, like laborers in the magazine trade, I had, with modest impudence, humbly presumed to promise an epitome

[1] Reprinted by its author in 1765, as Essay I. (with many alterations).

[2] "In this situation, however, every unexperienced writer, as I am, finds himself" —*Essay I.* (second edition). "as I am," omitted in first edition.

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of all the good things that ever were said or written, this might have disgusted those readers I most desire to please. Had I been merry, I might have been censured as *vastly low;* and had I been sorrowful, I might have been left to mourn in solitude and silence: in short, whichever way I turned, nothing presented but prospects of terror, despair, chandler's shops, and waste paper.

In this debate between fear and ambition, my publisher, happening to arrive, interrupted for a while my anxiety. Perceiving my embarrassment about making my first appearance, he instantly offered his assistance and advice: "You must know, sir," says he, "that the republic of letters is at present divided into three classes. One writer, for instance, excels at a plan or a title-page, another works away the body of the book, and a third is a dab at an index. Thus, a magazine is not the result of any single man's industry, but goes through as many hands as a new pin before it is fit for the public. I fancy, sir," continues he, "I can provide an eminent hand, and upon moderate terms, to draw up a promising plan to smooth up our readers a little, and pay them, as Colonel Charteris[1] paid his seraglio, at the rate of three-halfpence in hand and three shillings more in promises."

He was proceeding in his advice, which, however, I thought proper to decline by assuring him that as I intended to pursue no fixed method, so it was impossible to form any regular plan; determined never to be tedious in order to be logical, wherever pleasure presented, I was resolved to follow. Like the Bee, which I had taken for the title of my paper, I would rove from flower to flower, with seeming inattention, but concealed choice, expatiate over all the beauties of the season, and make my industry my amusement.

This reply may also serve as an apology to the reader, who expects, before he sits down, a bill of his future entertainment. It would be improper to pall his curiosity by lessen-

[1] Colonel Francis Charteris died 1732—"a man infamous for all manner of vices," whose name continues to be remembered not so much by his crimes as by the verse of Pope and the satirical epitaph written by Arbuthnot. Hogarth has given him a conspicuous place in the first plate of "The Harlot's Progress."

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ing his surprise, or anticipate any pleasure I am able to procure him by saying what shall come next. Thus much, however, he may be assured of, that neither war nor scandal shall make any part of it. Homer finely imagines his deity turning away with horror from the prospect of a field of battle, and seeking tranquillity among a nation noted for peace and simplicity. Happy could any effort of mine, but for a moment, repress that savage pleasure some men find in the daily accounts of human misery! How gladly would I lead them from scenes of blood and altercation to prospects of innocence and ease, where every breeze breathes health, and every sound is but the echo of tranquillity!

But whatever the merit of his intentions may be, every writer is now convinced that he must be chiefly indebted to good fortune for finding readers willing to allow him any degree of reputation. It has been remarked that almost every character which has excited either attention or praise has owed part of its success to merit, and part to an happy concurrence of circumstances in its favor. Had Cæsar or Cromwell exchanged countries, the one might have been a sergeant and the other an exciseman. So it is with wit, which generally succeeds more from being happily addressed than from its native poignancy. A *bon-mot*, for instance, that might be relished at White's may lose all its flavor when delivered at the Cat and Bagpipes in St. Giles's.[1] A jest calculated to spread at a gaming-table may be received with a perfect neutrality of face[2] should it happen to drop in a mackerel-boat. We have all seen dunces triumph in some companies, when men of real humor were disregarded, by a general combination in favor of stupidity. To drive the observation as far as it will go, should the labors of a writer who designs his performances for readers of a more refined appetite fall into the hands of a devourer of compilations, what can he expect but contempt and confusion? If his merits are to be determined

[1] This sentence was omitted when Goldsmith reprinted the paper in 1765 in Essay I.

[2] Instead of "a perfect neutrality of face," Essay I. reads "perfect indifference."

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by judges who estimate the value of a book from its bulk or its frontispiece, every rival must acquire an easy superiority who with persuasive eloquence promises four extraordinary pages of letter-press, or three beautiful prints curiously colored from nature.

But to proceed: though I cannot promise as much entertainment or as much elegance as others have done, yet the reader may be assured he shall have as much of both as I can. He shall, at least, find me alive while I study his entertainment; for I solemnly assure him I was never yet possessed of the secret at once of writing and sleeping.

During the course of this paper, therefore, all the wit and learning I have are heartily at his service; which, if, after so candid a confession, he should, notwithstanding, still find intolerably dull, low, or sad stuff, this, I protest, is more than I know. I have a clear conscience, and am entirely out of the secret.

Yet I would not have him, upon the perusal of a single paper, pronounce me incorrigible: he may try a second, which, as there is a studied difference in subject and style, may be more suited to his taste; if this also fails, I must refer him to a third, or even to a fourth, in case of extremity. If he should still continue refractory, and find me dull to the last, I must inform him, with Bayes in "The Rehearsal," that I think him a very odd kind of a fellow, and desire no more of his acquaintance.

It is with such reflections as these I endeavor to fortify myself against the future contempt or neglect of some readers, and am prepared for their dislike by mutual recrimination. If such should impute dealing neither in battles nor scandal to me as a fault, instead of acquiescing in their censure I must beg leave to tell them a story.

A traveller, in his way to Italy, happening to pass at the foot of the Alps, found himself at last in a country where the inhabitants had each a large excrescence depending from the chin, like the pouch of a monkey.[1] This deformity, as it was

[1] The swelling which the French term *goître*, frequent among the inhabitants of the Alps, and owing, it is said, to the use of snow water.

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endemic, and the people little used to strangers, it had been the custom, time immemorial, to look upon as the greatest ornament of the human visage. Ladies grew toasts from the size of their chins, and none were regarded as pretty fellows but such whose faces were broadest at the bottom. It was Sunday, a country church was at hand, and our traveller was willing to perform the duties of the day. Upon his first appearance at the church door, the eyes of all were naturally fixed upon the stranger; but what was their amazement when they found that he actually wanted that emblem of beauty, a pursed chin! This was a defect that not a single creature had sufficient gravity (though they were noted for being grave) to withstand. Stifled bursts of laughter, winks, and whispers circulated from visage to visage, and the prismatic figure of the stranger's face was a fund of infinite gayety; even the parson, equally remarkable for his gravity and chin, could hardly refrain joining in the good-humor. Our traveller could no longer patiently continue an object for deformity to point at. "Good folks," said he, "I perceive that I am the unfortunate cause of all this good-humor. It is true, I may have faults in abundance, but I shall never be induced to reckon my want of a swelled face among the number."

ON A BEAUTIFUL YOUTH STRUCK BLIND WITH LIGHTNING.[1]

Imitated from the Spanish.

Sure 'twas by Providence design'd,
Rather in pity than in hate,
That he should be, like Cupid, blind,
To save him from Narcissus' fate.

Another, in the same spirit.

Lumine Acon dextro, capta est Leonida sinistro,
Et poterat forma vincere uterque Deos.
Parve puer, lumen quod habes concede puellæ;
Sic tu cæcus amor, sic erit illa Venus.

---

[1] See Vol. I. p. 108.

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REMARKS ON OUR THEATRES.

Our theatres are now opened, and all Grub Street is preparing its advice to the managers. We shall undoubtedly hear learned disquisitions on the structure of one actor's legs and another's eyebrows. We shall be told much of enunciations, tones, and attitudes, and shall have our lightest pleasures commented upon by didactic dulness. We shall, it is feared, be told that Garrick is a fine actor, but, then, as a manager, so avaricious! That Palmer is a most surprising genius, and Holland likely to do well in a particular cast of character. We shall have them giving Shuter[1] instructions to amuse us by rule, and deploring over the ruins of desolated majesty at Covent Garden. As I love to be advising too, for advice is easily given, and bears a show of wisdom and superiority, I must be permitted to offer a few observations upon our theatres and actors, without, on this trivial occasion, throwing my thoughts into the formality of method.

There is something in the deportment of all our players infinitely more stiff and formal than among the actors of other nations. Their action sits uneasy upon them; for as the English use very little gesture in ordinary conversation, our English-bred actors are obliged to supply stage gestures by their imagination alone. A French comedian finds proper models of action in every company and in every coffee-house he enters. An Englishman is obliged to take his models from the stage itself; he is obliged to imitate nature from an imitation of nature. I know of no set of men more likely to be improved by travelling than those of the theatrical profession. The inhabitants of the Continent are less reserved than here; they may be seen through upon a first acquaintance: such are the proper models to draw from; they are at once striking, and are found in great abundance.

Though it would be inexcusable in a comedian to add anything of his own to the poet's dialogue, yet as to action he is entirely at liberty. By this he may show the fertility of his

[1] Afterwards (1768) the original Croaker in "The Good-natured Man."

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genius, the poignancy of his humor, and the exactness of his judgment. We scarcely see a coxcomb or a fool in common life that has not some peculiar oddity in his action. These peculiarities it is not in the power of words to represent, and depend solely upon the actor. They give a relish to the humor of the poet, and make the appearance of nature more illusive. The Italians, it is true, mask some characters, and endeavor to preserve the peculiar humor by the make of the mask; but I have seen others still preserve a great fund of humor in the face without a mask. One actor, particularly, by a squint which he threw into some characters of low life, assumed a look of infinite solidity. This, though upon reflection we might condemn, yet immediately, upon representation, we could not avoid being pleased with.

To illustrate what I have been saying by the plays I have of late gone to see: in "The Miser,"[1] which was played a few nights ago at Covent Garden, Lovegold appears through the whole in circumstances of exaggerated avarice; all the player's action, therefore, should conspire with the poet's design, and represent him as an epitome of penury. The French comedian, in this character, in the midst of one of his most violent passions, while he appears in an ungovernable rage, feels the demon of avarice still upon him, and stoops down to pick up a pin, which he quilts into the flap of his coat-pocket with great assiduity. Two candles are lighted up for his wedding; he flies, and turns one of them into the socket. It is, however, lighted up again; he then steals to it, and privately crams it into his pocket. "The Mock Doctor"[1] was lately played at the other house. Here again the comedian had an opportunity of heightening the ridicule by action. The French player sits in a chair with an high back, and then begins to show away by talking nonsense, which he would have thought Latin by those whom he knows do not understand a syllable of the matter. At last he grows enthusiastic, enjoys the admiration of the company, tosses his legs and arms about, and in the midst of his raptures and vociferation

[1] By Fielding.

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he and the chair fall back together. All this appears dull enough in the recital; but the gravity of Cato could not stand it in the representation.

In short, there is hardly a character in comedy to which a player of any real humor might not add strokes of vivacity that could not fail of applause. But instead of this, we too often see our fine gentlemen do nothing through a whole part but strut, and open their snuffbox; our pretty fellows sit indecently with their legs across, and our clowns pull up their breeches. These, if once or even twice repeated, might do well enough; but to see them served up in every scene argues the actor almost as barren as the character he would expose.

The magnificence of our theatres is far superior to any others in Europe, where plays only are acted. The great care our performers take in painting for a part, their exactness in all the minutiæ of dress, and other little scenical proprieties, have been taken notice of by Riccoboni, a gentleman of Italy,[1] who travelled Europe with no other design but to remark upon the stage; but there are several improprieties still continued, or lately come into fashion. As, for instance, spreading a carpet punctually at the beginning of the death scene, in order to prevent our actors from spoiling their clothes: this immediately apprises us of the tragedy to follow: for laying the cloth is not a more sure indication of dinner than laying the carpet of bloody work at Drury Lane. Our little pages also, with unmeaning faces, that bear up the train of a weeping princess, and our awkward lords-in-waiting, take off much from her distress. Mutes of every kind divide our attention and lessen our sensibility; but here it is entirely ridiculous, as we see them seriously employed in doing nothing. If we must have dirty-shirted guards upon the theatres, they should be taught to keep their eyes fixed on the actors, and not roll them round upon the audience, as if they were ogling the boxes.

Beauty, methinks, seems a requisite qualification in an ac-

[1] Luigi Riccoboni, a comic actor, born at Modena, 1674; died 1753. Goldsmith refers to his "Reflexions et Critiques sur les Théâtres de l'Europe."

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Covent Garden Theatre

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tress. This seems scrupulously observed elsewhere, and, for my part, I could wish to see it observed at home. I can never conceive an hero dying for love of a lady totally destitute of beauty. I must think the part unnatural; for I cannot bear to hear him call that face angelic, when even paint cannot hide its wrinkles. I must condemn him of stupidity; and the person whom I can accuse for want of taste will seldom become the object of my affections or admiration. But if this be a defect, what must be the entire perversion of scenical decorum when, for instance, we see an actress, that might act the Wapping landlady without a bolster, pining in the character of Jane Shore, and, while unwieldy with fat, endeavoring to convince the audience that she is dying with hunger.

For the future, then, I could wish that the parts of the young or beautiful were given to performers of suitable figures; for I must own I could rather see the stage filled with agreeable objects, though they might sometimes bungle a little, than see it crowded with withered or misshapen figures, be their emphasis, as I think it is called, ever so proper. The first may have the awkward appearance of new-raised troops; but, in viewing the last, I cannot avoid the mortification of fancying myself placed in an hospital of invalids.

STORY OF ALCANDER AND SEPTIMIUS.[1]

Translated from a Byzantine Historian.

Athens, even long after the decline of the Roman empire, still continued the seat of learning, politeness, and wisdom. The emperors and generals, who, in these periods of approaching ignorance, still felt a passion for science, from time to time added to its buildings or increased its professorships. Theodoric the Ostrogoth was of the number: he repaired those schools which barbarity was suffering to fall into decay, and continued those pensions to men of learning which avaricious governors had monopolized to themselves.

In this city, and about this period, Alcander and Septimius

[1] Reprinted by its author in 1765 as Essay II.

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were fellow-students together: the one the most subtle reasoner of all the Lyceum; the other the most eloquent speaker in the Academic Grove. Mutual admiration soon begot an acquaintance, and a similitude of disposition made them perfect friends. Their fortunes were nearly equal, their studies the same, and they were natives of the two most celebrated cities in the world; for Alcander was of Athens, Septimius came from Rome.

In this mutual harmony they lived for some time together, when Alcander, after passing the first part of his youth in the indolence of philosophy, thought at length of entering into the busy world, and, as a step previous to this, placed his affections on Hypatia, a lady of exquisite beauty. Hypatia showed no dislike to his addresses. The day of their intended nuptials was fixed, the previous ceremonies were performed, and nothing now remained but her being conducted in triumph to the apartment of the intended bridegroom.

An exultation in his own happiness, or his being unable to enjoy any satisfaction without making his friend Septimius a partner, prevailed upon him to introduce his mistress to his fellow-student, which he did with all the gayety of a man who found himself equally happy in friendship and love. But this was an interview fatal to the future peace of both. Septimius no sooner saw her but he was smit with an involuntary passion. He used every effort, but in vain, to suppress desires at once so imprudent and unjust. He retired to his apartment in inexpressible agony; and the emotions of his mind in a short time became so strong that they brought on a fever which the physicians judged incurable.

During this illness, Alcander watched him with all the anxiety of fondness, and brought his mistress to join in those amiable offices of friendship. The sagacity of the physicians, by this means, soon discovered the cause of their patient's disorder;[1] and Alcander, being apprised of their discovery, at length extorted a confession from the reluctant dying lover.

It would but delay the narrative to describe the conflict

[1] "Was love" was added when reprinted in 1765 as Essay I.

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between love and friendship in the breast of Alcander on this occasion; it is enough to say that the Athenians were at this time arrived to such refinement in morals that every virtue was carried to excess. In short, forgetful of his own felicity, he gave up his intended bride, in all her charms, to the young Roman. They were married privately by his connivance; and this unlooked-for change of fortune wrought as unexpected a change in the constitution of the now happy Septimius. In a few days he was perfectly recovered, and set out with his fair partner for Rome. Here, by an exertion of those talents which he was so eminently possessed of, he in a few years arrived at the highest dignities of the State, and was constituted the city judge, or prætor.

Meanwhile Alcander not only felt the pain of being separated from his friend and his mistress, but a prosecution was also commenced against him by the relations of Hypatia for his having basely given her up, as was suggested, for money. His innocence of the crime laid to his charge, or his eloquence in his own defence, were not able to withstand the influence of a powerful party.

He was cast, and condemned to pay an enormous fine. Unable to raise so large a sum at the time appointed, his possessions were confiscated, himself stripped of the habit of freedom, exposed in the market-place, and sold as a slave to the highest bidder.

A merchant of Thrace becoming his purchaser, Alcander, with some other companions of distress, was carried into the region of desolation and sterility. His stated employment was to follow the herds of an imperious master, and his skill in hunting was all that was allowed him to supply a precarious subsistence. Condemned to hopeless servitude, every morning waked him to a renewal of famine or toil, and every change of season served but to aggravate his unsheltered distress. Nothing but death or flight was left him, and almost certain death was the consequence of his attempting to fly. After some years of bondage, however, an opportunity of escaping offered; he embraced it with ardor, and, travelling by night and lodging in caverns by day, to shorten a long

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story, he at last arrived in Rome. The day of Alcander's arrival, Septimius sat in the forum administering justice; and hither our wanderer came, expecting to be instantly known and publicly acknowledged. Here he stood the whole day among the crowd, watching the eyes of the judge, and expecting to be taken notice of; but so much was he altered by a long succession of hardships that he passed entirely without notice; and, in the evening, when he was going up to the prætor's chair, he was brutally repulsed by the attending lictors. The attention of the poor is generally driven from one ungrateful object to another. Night coming on, he now found himself under a necessity of seeking a place to lie in, and yet knew not where to apply. All emaciated and in rags as he was, none of the citizens would harbor so much wretchedness, and sleeping in the streets might be attended with interruption or danger; in short, he was obliged to take up his lodging in one of the tombs without the city, the usual retreat of guilt, poverty, or despair.

In this mansion of horror, laying his head upon an inverted urn, he forgot his miseries for a while in sleep; and virtue found on this flinty couch more ease than down can supply to the guilty.

It was midnight when two robbers came to make this cave their retreat; but, happening to disagree about the division of their plunder, one of them stabbed the other to the heart, and left him weltering in blood at the entrance. In these circumstances he was found next morning, and this naturally induced a further inquiry. The alarm was spread; the cave was examined; Alcander was found sleeping, and immediately apprehended and accused of robbery and murder. The circumstances against him were strong, and the wretchedness of his appearance confirmed suspicion. Misfortune and he were now so long acquainted that he at last became regardless of life. He detested a world where he had found only ingratitude, falsehood, and cruelty, and was determined to make no defence. Thus lowering with resolution, he was dragged, bound with cords, before the tribunal of Septimius. The proofs were positive against him, and he offered nothing in his own

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vindication. The judge, therefore, was proceeding to doom him to a most cruel and ignominious death, when, as if illumined by a ray from heaven, he discovered through all his misery the features, though dim with sorrow, of his long-lost, loved Alcander. It is impossible to describe his joy and his pain on this strange occasion: happy in once more seeing the person he most loved on earth, distressed at finding him in such circumstances. Thus agitated by contending passions, he flew from his tribunal, and, falling on the neck of his dear benefactor, burst into an agony of distress. The attention of the multitude was soon, however, divided by another object. The robber who had been really guilty was apprehended selling his plunder, and, struck with a panic, confessed his crime. He was brought bound to the same tribunal, and acquitted every other person of any partnership in his guilt. Need the sequel be related? Alcander was acquitted, shared the friendship and the honors of his friend Septimius, lived afterwards in happiness and ease, and left it to be engraved on his tomb that "*no circumstances are so desperate which Providence may not relieve.*"

A LETTER FROM A TRAVELLER.

[The sequel of this correspondence to be continued occasionally. I shall alter nothing either in the style or substance of these letters, and the reader may depend on their being genuine.]

Cracow, *Aug.* 2, 1758.

My dear Will,—You see, by the date of my letter, that I am arrived in Poland. When will my wanderings be at an end? When will my restless disposition give me leave to enjoy the present hour? When at Lyons, I thought all happiness lay beyond the Alps; when in Italy, I found myself still in want of something, and expected to leave solicitude behind me by going into Roumelia; and now you find me turning back, still expecting ease everywhere but where I am. It is now seven years since I saw the face of a single creature who cared a farthing whether I was dead or alive. Secluded from all the comforts of confidence, friendship,

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or society, I feel the solitude of a hermit, but not his ease.[1]

The prince of * * * has taken me in his train, so that I am in no danger of starving for this bout. The prince's governor is a rude, ignorant pedant, and his tutor a battered rake; thus, between two such characters, you may imagine he is finely instructed. I made some attempts to display all the little knowledge I had acquired by reading or observation, but I find myself regarded as an ignorant intruder. The truth is, I shall never be able to acquire a power of expressing myself with ease in any language but my own; and, out of my own country, the highest character I can ever acquire is that of being a philosophic vagabond.

When I consider myself in the country which was once so formidable in war, and spread terror and desolation over the whole Roman empire, I can hardly account for the present wretchedness and pusillanimity of its inhabitants—a prey to every invader; their cities plundered without an enemy; their magistrates seeking redress by complaints, and not by vigor. Everything conspires to raise my compassion for their miseries, were not my thoughts too busily engaged by my own. The whole kingdom is in strange disorder. When our equipage, which consists of the prince and thirteen attendants, had arrived at some towns, there were no conveniences to be found, and we were obliged to have girls to conduct us to the next. I have seen a woman travel thus on horseback before us for thirty miles, and think herself highly paid, and make twenty reverences, upon receiving, with ecstasy, about twopence for her trouble. In general, we were better served by the women than the men on those occasions. The men seemed directed

[1] The same thought afterwards assumed the shape of verse:

"But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and care,
Impell'd, with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own."—*The Traveller.*

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by a low, sordid interest alone; they seemed mere machines, and all their thoughts were employed in the care of their horses. If we gently desired them to make more speed, they took not the least notice; kind language was what they had by no means been used to. It was proper to speak to them in the tones of anger, and sometimes it was even necessary to use blows, to excite them to their duty. How different these from the common people of England, whom a blow might induce to return the affront sevenfold! These poor people, however, from being brought up to vile usage, lose all the respect which they should have for themselves. They have contracted a habit of regarding constraint as the great rule of their duty. When they were treated with mildness, they no longer continued to perceive a superiority. They fancied themselves our equals, and a continuance of our humanity might probably have rendered them insolent; but the imperious tone, menaces, and blows at once changed their sensations and their ideas: their ears and shoulders taught their souls to shrink back into servitude, from which they had for some moments fancied themselves disengaged.

The enthusiasm of liberty an Englishman feels is never so strong as when presented by such prospects as these. I must own, in all my indigence, it is one of my comforts (perhaps, indeed, it is my only boast) that I am of that happy country; though I scorn to starve there; though I do not choose to lead a life of wretched dependence, or be an object for my former acquaintance to point at. While you enjoy all the ease and elegance of prudence and virtue, your old friend wanders over the world without a single anchor to hold by, or a friend, except you, to confide in. Yours, etc.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE LATE MR. MAUPERTUIS.

Mr. Maupertuis, lately deceased,[1] was the first to whom the English philosophers owed their being particularly admired by the rest of Europe. The romantic system of Des Cartes was adapted to the taste of the superficial and the indolent;

[1] Peter Louis Moreau de Maupertuis, born 1698; died 27th July, 1759.

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the foreign universities had embraced it with ardor, and such are seldom convinced of their errors till all others give up such false opinions as untenable. The philosophy of Newton and the metaphysics of Locke appeared; but, like all new truths, they were at once received with opposition and contempt. The English, it is true, studied, understood, and consequently admired them; it was very different on the Continent. Fontenelle, who seemed to preside over the republic of letters, unwilling to acknowledge that all his life had been spent in erroneous philosophy, joined in the universal disapprobation, and the English philosophers seemed entirely unknown.

Maupertuis, however, made them his study: he thought he might oppose the physics of his country, and yet still be a good citizen. He defended our countrymen, wrote in their favor, and at last, as he had truth on his side, carried his cause. Almost all the learning of the English, till very lately, was conveyed in the language of France. The writings of Maupertuis spread the reputation of his master, Newton, and by an happy fortune have united his fame with that of our human prodigy.

The first of his performances, openly, in vindication of the Newtonian system, is his treatise intituled "Sur la Figure des Astres," if I remember right, a work at once expressive of a deep geometrical knowledge and the most happy manner of delivering abstruse science with ease. This met with violent opposition from a people, though fond of novelty in everything else, yet, however, in matters of science, attached to ancient opinions with bigotry. As the old and obstinate fell away, the youth of France embraced the new opinions, and now seem more eager to defend Newton than even his countrymen.

The oddity of character which great men are sometimes remarkable for, Maupertuis was not entirely free from. If we can believe Voltaire, he once attempted to castrate himself; but, whether this be true or no, it is certain he was extremely whimsical. Though born to a large fortune, when employed in mathematical inquiries, he disregarded his person

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to such a degree, and loved retirement so much, that he has been more than once put on the list of modest beggars by the curates of Paris when he retired to some private quarter of the town in order to enjoy his meditations without interruption. The character given of him by one of Voltaire's antagonists, if it can be depended upon, is much to his honor. "You," says this writer to M. Voltaire, "you were entertained by the King of Prussia as a buffoon, but Maupertuis as a philosopher." It is certain that the preference which this royal scholar gave to Maupertuis was the cause of Voltaire's disagreement with him.[1] Voltaire could not bear to see a man whose talents he had no great opinion of preferred before him as president of the Royal Academy. His "Micromegas" was designed to ridicule Maupertuis, and probably it has brought more disgrace on the author than the subject. Whatever absurdities men of letters have indulged, and how fantastical soever the modes of science have been, their anger is still more subject to ridicule.

No. II.—SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1759.

ON DRESS.[2]

Foreigners observe that there are no ladies in the world more beautiful or more ill-dressed than those of England. Our countrywomen have been compared to those pictures where the face is the work of a Raphael, but the draperies thrown out by some empty pretender, destitute of taste, and entirely unacquainted with design.

If I were a poet, I might observe, on this occasion, that so much beauty, set off with all the advantages of dress, would be too powerful an antagonist for the opposite sex, and therefore it was wisely ordered that our ladies should want taste, lest their admirers should entirely want reason.

But, to confess a truth, I do not find they have a greater

[1] Voltaire's satire upon Maupertuis was, by order of Frederick the Great, burned by the common hangman in all the public squares of Berlin.

[2] Reprinted by its author in 1765 as Essay XV.

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aversion to fine clothes than the women of any other country whatsoever. I cannot fancy that a shopkeeper's wife in Cheapside has a greater tenderness for the fortune of her husband than a citizen's wife in Paris; or that miss in a boarding-school is more an economist in dress than mademoiselle in a nunnery.

Although Paris may be accounted the soil in which almost every fashion takes its rise, its influence is never so general there as with us. They study there the happy method of uniting grace and fashion, and never excuse a woman for being awkwardly dressed by saying her clothes are made in the mode. A Frenchwoman is a perfect architect in dress; she never, with Gothic ignorance, mixes the orders; she never tricks out a squabby Doric shape with Corinthian finery; or, to speak without metaphor, she conforms to general fashion only when it happens not to be repugnant to private beauty.

Our ladies, on the contrary, seem to have no other standard for grace but the run of the town. If fashion gives the word, every distinction of beauty, complexion, or stature ceases. Sweeping trains, Prussian bonnets, and trollopees, as like each other as if cut from the same piece, level all to one standard. The Mall, the gardens, and the playhouses are filled with ladies in uniform, and their whole appearance shows as little variety or taste as if their clothes were bespoke by the colonel of a marching regiment, or fancied by the same artist who dresses the three battalions of Guards.

But not only ladies of every shape and complexion, but of every age, too, are possessed of this unaccountable passion of dressing in the same manner. A lady of no quality can be distinguished from a lady of some quality only by the redness of her hands; and a woman of sixty, masked, might easily pass for her granddaughter. I remember, a few days ago, to have walked behind a damsel tossed out in all the gayety of fifteen; her dress was loose, unstudied, and seemed the result of conscious beauty. I called up all my poetry on this occasion, and fancied twenty Cupids prepared for execution in every folding of her white negligee. I had prepared my imagination for an angel's face; but what was my mortifica-

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tion to find that the imaginary goddess was no other than my cousin Hannah, four years older than myself, and I shall be sixty-two the twelfth of next November.

After the transports of our first salute were over, I could not avoid running my eye over her whole appearance. Her gown was of cambric, cut short before, in order to discover a high-heeled shoe, which was buckled almost at the toe. Her cap—if cap it might be called that cap was none—consisted of a few bits of cambric and flowers of painted paper, stuck on one side of her head. Her bosom, that had felt no hand but the hand of time these twenty years, rose suing, but in vain, to be pressed. I could, indeed, have wished her more than an handkerchief of Paris net to shade her beauties; for, as Tasso says of the rose-bud, "Quanto si mostra men, tanto è più bella," I should think hers most pleasing when least discovered.

As my cousin had not put on all this finery for nothing, she was at that time sallying out to the Park when I had overtaken her. Perceiving, however, that I had on my best wig, she offered, if I would squire her there, to send home the footman. Though I trembled for our reception in public, yet I could not, with any civility, refuse; so, to be as gallant as possible, I took her hand in my arm, and thus we marched on together.

When we made our entry at the Park, two antiquated figures, so polite and so tender as we seemed to be, soon attracted the eyes of the company. As we made our way among crowds who were out to show their finery as well as we, wherever we came I perceived we brought good-humor in our train. The polite could not forbear smiling, and the vulgar burst out into a hoarse laugh at our grotesque figures. Cousin Hannah, who was perfectly conscious of the rectitude of her own appearance, attributed all this mirth to the oddity of mine, while I as cordially placed the whole to her account. Thus, from being two of the best-natured creatures alive, before we got half-way up the Mall, we both began to grow peevish, and, like two mice on a string, endeavored to revenge the impertinence of others upon ourselves. "I am amazed,

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Cousin Jeffrey," says miss, "that I can never get you to dress like a Christian. I knew we should have the eyes of the Park upon us, with your great wig so frizzed, and yet so beggarly, and your monstrous muff. I hate those odious muffs." I could have patiently borne a criticism on all the rest of my equipage; but, as I had always a peculiar veneration for my muff, I could not forbear being piqued a little; and, throwing my eyes with a spiteful air on her bosom, "I could heartily wish, madam," replied I, "that for your sake my muff was cut into a tippet."

As my cousin, by this time, was grown heartily ashamed of her gentleman usher, and as I was never very fond of any kind of exhibition myself, it was mutually agreed to retire for a while to one of the seats, and from that retreat remark on others as freely as they had remarked on us.

When seated, we continued silent for some time, employed in very different speculations. I regarded the whole company now passing in review before me as drawn out merely for my amusement. For my entertainment the beauty had all that morning been improving her charms, the beau had put on lace, and the young doctor a big wig, merely to please me. But quite different were the sentiments of Cousin Hannah; she regarded every well-dressed woman as a victorious rival, hated every face that seemed dressed in good-humor or wore the appearance of greater happiness than her own. I perceived her uneasiness, and attempted to lessen it by observing that there was no company in the Park to-day. To this she readily assented; "and yet," says she, "it is full enough of scrubs of one kind or another." My smiling at this observation gave her spirits to pursue the bent of her inclination, and now she began to exhibit her skill in secret history, as she found me disposed to listen. "Observe," says she to me, "that old woman in tawdry silk, and dressed out even beyond the fashion. That is Miss Biddy Evergreen. Miss Biddy, it seems, has money; and as she considers that money was never so scarce as it is now, she seems resolved to keep what she has to herself. She is ugly enough, you see; yet, I assure you, she has refused several offers, to my own knowledge, within

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this twelvemonth. Let me see, three gentlemen from Ireland who study the law, two waiting captains, her doctor, and a Scotch preacher, who had like to have carried her off. All her time is passed between sickness and finery. Thus she spends the whole week in a close chamber, with no other company but her monkey, her apothecary, and cat, and comes dressed out to the Park every Sunday to show her airs, to get new lovers, to catch a new cold, and to make new work for the doctor.

"There goes Mrs. Roundabout; I mean the fat lady in the lutestring trollopee. Between you and I, she is but a cutler's wife. See how she's dressed, as fine as hands and pins can make her, while her two marriageable daughters, like bunters, in stuff gowns, are now taking sixpennyworth of tea at the White Conduit House.[1] Odious puss! how she waddles along, with her train two yards behind her. She puts me in mind of my Lord Bantam's Indian sheep, which are obliged to have their monstrous tails trundled along in a go-cart. For all her airs, it goes to her husband's heart to see four yards of good lutestring wearing against the ground like one of his knives on a grindstone. To speak my mind, Cousin Jeffrey, I never liked tails; for, suppose a young fellow should be rude, and the lady should offer to step back in a fright, instead of retiring, she treads upon her train, and falls fairly on her back; and then you know, cousin—her clothes may be spoiled.

"Ah! Miss Mazzard! I knew we should not miss her in the Park; she in the monstrous Prussian bonnet. Miss, though so very fine, was bred a milliner, and might have had some custom if she had minded her business; but the girl was fond of finery, and, instead of dressing her customers, laid out all her goods in adorning herself. Every new gown she put on impaired her credit; she still, however, went on improving her appearance and lessening her little fortune, and is now, you see, become a belle and a bankrupt."

My cousin was proceeding in her remarks, which were interrupted by the approach of the very lady she had been so freely

[1] See "The Citizen of the World," Letter CXXII. Vol. IV. p. 264.

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describing. Miss had perceived her at a distance, and approached to salute her. I found, by the warmth of the two ladies' protestations, that they had been long intimate esteemed friends and acquaintance. Both were so pleased at this happy rencounter that they were resolved not to part for the day. So we all crossed the Park together, and I saw them into a hackney-coach at the gate of St. James's. I could not, however, help observing "that they are generally most ridiculous themselves who are apt to see most ridicule in others."

SOME PARTICULARS RELATIVE TO CHARLES THE TWELFTH NOT COMMONLY KNOWN.

STOCKHOLM.

SIR,—I cannot resist your solicitations, though it is possible I shall be unable to satisfy your curiosity. The polite of every country seem to have but one character. A gentleman of Sweden differs but little, except in trifles, from one of any other country. It is among the vulgar we are to find those distinctions which characterize a people, and from them it is that I take my picture of the Swedes.

Though the Swedes, in general, appear to languish under oppression, which often renders others wicked or of malignant dispositions, it has not, however, the same influence upon them; as they are faithful, civil, and incapable of atrocious crimes. Would you believe that in Sweden highway robberies are not so much as heard of? For my part, I have not in the whole country seen a gibbet or a gallows. They pay an infinite respect to their ecclesiastics, whom they suppose to be the privy-councillors of Providence; who, on their part, turn this credulity to their own advantage, and manage their parishioners as they please. In general, however, they seldom abuse their sovereign authority. Hearkened to as oracles, regarded as the dispensers of eternal rewards and punishments, they readily influence their hearers into justice, and make them practical philosophers without the pains of study.

As to their persons, they are perfectly well made, and the men particularly have a very engaging air. The greatest part of the boys whom I saw in the country had very white

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hair. They were as beautiful as Cupids, and there was something open and entirely happy in their little chubby faces. The girls, on the contrary, have neither such fair nor such even complexions, and their features are much less delicate, which is a circumstance different from that of almost every other country. Besides this, it is observed that the women are generally afflicted with the itch, for which Scania is particularly remarkable. I had an instance of this in one of the inns on the road. The hostess was one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen; she had so fine a complexion that I could not avoid admiring it. But what was my surprise, when she opened her bosom in order to suckle her child, to perceive that seat of delight all covered with this disagreeable distemper! The careless manner in which she exposed to our eyes so disgusting an object sufficiently testifies that they regard it as no very extraordinary malady, and seem to take no pains to conceal it. Such are the remarks—which, probably, you may think trifling enough—I have made in my journey to Stockholm; which, to take it all together, is a large, beautiful, and even populous city.

The arsenal appears to me one of its greatest curiosities; it is an handsome spacious building, but, however, illy stored with the implements of war. To recompense this defect, they have almost filled it with trophies and other marks of their former military glory. I saw there several chambers filled with Danish, Saxon, Polish, and Russian standards. There was at least enough to suffice half a dozen armies; but new standards are more easily made than new armies can be enlisted. I saw, besides, some very rich furniture, and some of the crown-jewels of great value; but what principally engaged my attention, and touched me with passing melancholy, were the bloody yet precious spoils of the two greatest heroes the North ever produced. What I mean are the clothes in which the great Gustavus Adolphus and the intrepid Charles XII. died, by a fate not usual to kings. The first, if I remember, is a sort of buff waistcoat, made antique fashion, very plain, and without the least ornaments; the second, which was even more remarkable, consisted only of a coarse

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blue-cloth coat, a large hat of less value, a shirt of coarse linen, large boots, and buff gloves, made to cover a great part of the arm. His saddle, his pistols, and his sword have nothing in them remarkable; the meanest soldier was, in this respect, no way inferior to his gallant monarch.

I shall use this opportunity to give you some particulars of the life of a man already so well known, which I had from persons who knew him when a child, and who now, by a fate not unusual to courtiers, spend a life of poverty and retirement, and talk over in raptures all the actions of their old victorious king, companion, and master.

Courage and inflexible constancy formed the basis of this monarch's character. In his tenderest years he gave instances of both. When he was yet scarcely seven years old, being at dinner with the queen his mother, intending to give a bit of bread to a great dog he was fond of, this hungry animal snapped too greedily at the morsel, and bit his hand in a terrible manner. The wound bled copiously; but our young hero, without offering to cry, or taking the least notice of his misfortune, endeavored to conceal what had happened, lest his dog should be brought into trouble, and wrapped his bloody hand in the napkin. The queen, perceiving that he did not eat, asked him the reason. He contented himself with replying that he thanked her, he was not hungry. They thought he was taken ill, and so repeated their solicitations. But all was in vain, though the poor child was already grown pale with the loss of blood. An officer who attended at table at last perceived it; for Charles would sooner have died than betrayed his dog, who, he knew, intended no injury.

At another time, when in the small-pox, and his case appeared dangerous, he grew one day very uneasy in his bed; and a gentleman who watched him, desirous of covering him up close, received from the patient a violent box on his ear. Some hours after, observing the prince more calm, he entreated to know how he had incurred his displeasure, or what he had done to have merited a blow. "A blow!" replied Charles; "I do not remember anything of it: I remember, indeed, that I thought myself in the battle of Arbela, fighting for Darius,

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where I gave Alexander a blow, which brought him to the ground."

What great effects might not these two qualities of courage and constancy have produced, had they at first received a just direction! Charles, with proper instructions, thus naturally disposed, would have been the delight and the glory of his age. Happy those princes who are educated by men who are at once virtuous and wise, and have been for some time in the school of affliction; who weigh happiness against glory, and teach their royal pupils the real value of fame; who are ever showing the superior dignity of man to that of royalty: that a peasant who does his duty is a nobler character than a king of even middling reputation! Happy, I say, were princes, could such men be found to instruct them; but those to whom such an education is generally intrusted are men who themselves have acted in a sphere too high to know mankind. Puffed up themselves with ideas of false grandeur, and measuring merit by adventitious circumstances of greatness, they generally communicate those fatal prejudices to their pupils, confirm their pride by adulation, or increase their ignorance by teaching them to despise that wisdom which is found among the poor.

But, not to moralize when I only intend a story, what is related of the journeys of this prince is no less astonishing. He has sometimes been on horseback for four-and-twenty hours successively, and thus traversed the greatest part of his kingdom. At last, none of his officers were found capable of following him; he thus, consequently, rode the greatest part of these journeys quite alone, without taking a moment's repose, and without any other subsistence but a bit of bread. In one of these rapid courses he underwent an adventure singular enough. Riding thus post one day, all alone, he had the misfortune to have his horse fall dead under him. This might have embarrassed an ordinary man, but it gave Charles no sort of uneasiness. Sure of finding another horse, but not equally so of meeting with a good saddle and pistols, he ungirds his horse, claps the whole equipage on his own back, and, thus accoutred, marches on to the next inn, which, by good

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fortune, was not far off. Entering the stable, he here found an horse entirely to his mind; so, without further ceremony, he clapped on his saddle and housing with great composure, and was just going to mount, when the gentleman who owned the horse was apprised of a stranger's going to steal his property out of the stable. Upon asking the king, whom he had never seen, bluntly, how he presumed to meddle with his horse, Charles coolly replied, squeezing in his lips, which was his usual custom, that he took the horse because he wanted one; for, you see, continued he, if I have none, I shall be obliged to carry the saddle myself. This answer did not seem at all satisfactory to the gentleman, who instantly drew his sword. In this the king was not much behindhand with him, and to it they were going, when the guards by this time came up, and testified that surprise which was natural to see arms in the hand of a subject against his king. Imagine whether the gentleman was less surprised than they at his unpremeditated disobedience. His astonishment, however, was soon dissipated by the king, who, taking him by the hand, assured him he was a brave fellow, and himself would take care he should be provided for. This promise was afterwards fulfilled, and I have been assured the king made him a captain.

I am, sir, etc.

THE GIFT.

TO IRIS, IN BOW STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

Say, cruel Iris, pretty rake,
Dear mercenary beauty,
What annual offering shall I make
Expressive of my duty?

My heart, a victim to thine eyes,
Should I at once deliver,
Say, would the angry fair one prize
The gift who slights the giver?

A bill, a jewel, watch, or toy,
My rivals give—and let 'em;
If gems or gold impart a joy,
I'll give them—when I get 'em.

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I'll give—but not the full-blown rose,
Or rose-bud more in fashion;
Such short-liv'd offerings but disclose
A transitory passion—

I'll give thee something yet unpaid,
Not less sincere than civil:
I'll give thee—ah! too charming maid,
I'll give thee—to the devil![1]

HAPPINESS IN A GREAT MEASURE DEPENDENT ON CONSTITUTION.[2]

When I reflect on the unambitious retirement in which I passed the earlier part of my life in the country, I cannot avoid feeling some pain in thinking that those happy days are never to return. In that retreat all nature seemed capable of affording pleasure. I then made no refinements on happiness, but could be pleased with the most awkward efforts of rustic mirth; thought cross-purposes the highest stretch of human wit, and questions and commands the most rational amusement for spending the evening. Happy could so charming an illusion still continue! I find that age and knowledge only contribute to sour our dispositions. My present enjoyments may be more refined, but they are infinitely less pleasing. The pleasure Garrick gives can no way compare to that I had received from a country wag, who imitated a Quaker's sermon. The music of Mattei[3] is dissonance to what I felt when our old dairy-maid sung me into tears with "Johnny Armstrong's Last Good-night,"[4] or the "Cruelty of Barbara Allen."

Writers of every age have endeavored to show that pleasure is in us, and not in the objects offered for our amusement. If the soul be happily disposed, everything becomes a subject of entertainment, and distress will almost want a name. Ev-

[1] See Vol. I. p. 109.

[2] Reprinted by its author in 1765 as Essay III.

[3] In 1765 (Essay III.) "Mattei" was altered to "the finest singer." Colomba Mattei retired from the stage in 1762.

[4] "If I go to the opera where Signora Colomba pours out all the mazes of melody, I sit and sigh for Lissoy's fireside, and 'Johnny Armstrong's Last Good-night' from Peggy Golden."—Goldsmith *to Mr. Hodson*, Dec. 27, 1757.

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ery occurrence passes in review like the figures of a procession: some may be awkward, others ill-dressed; but none but a fool is for this enraged with the master of the ceremonies.

I remember to have once seen a slave in a fortification in Flanders, who appeared no way touched with his situation. He was maimed, deformed, and chained; obliged to toil from the appearance of day till nightfall, and condemned to this for life; yet, with all these circumstances of apparent wretchedness, he sung—would have danced but that he wanted a leg—and appeared the merriest, happiest man of all the garrison. What a practical philosopher was here! An happy constitution supplied philosophy; and, though seemingly destitute of wisdom, he was really wise. No reading or study had contributed to disenchant the fairy-land around him. Everything furnished him with an opportunity of mirth; and though some thought him, from his insensibility, a fool, he was such an idiot as philosophers might wish in vain to imitate.[1]

They who, like him, can place themselves on that side of the world in which everything appears in a ridiculous or pleasing light will find something in every occurrence to excite their good-humor. The most calamitous events, either to themselves or others, can bring no new affliction; the whole world is to them a theatre on which comedies only are acted. All the bustle of heroism or the rants of ambition serve only to heighten the absurdity of the scene and make the humor more poignant. They feel, in short, as little anguish at their own distress or the complaints of others as the undertaker, though dressed in black, feels sorrow at a funeral.

Of all the men I ever read of, the famous Cardinal de Retz possessed this happiness of temper in the highest degree. As he was a man of gallantry, and despised all that wore the pedantic appearance of philosophy, wherever pleasure was to be sold, he was generally foremost to raise the auction. Being an universal admirer of the fair sex, when he found one lady cruel, he generally fell in love with another, from whom

[1] When reprinted in 1765 as Essay III., the following sentence was added: "For all philosophy is only forcing the trade of happiness, when nature seems to deny the means."

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he expected a more favorable reception. If she too rejected his addresses, he never thought of retiring into deserts or pining in hopeless distress. He persuaded himself that, instead of loving the lady, he only fancied he had loved her, and so all was well again. When fortune wore her angriest look, when he at last fell into the power of his most deadly enemy, Cardinal Mazarine, and was confined a close prisoner in the Castle of Valenciennes, he never attempted to support his distress by wisdom or philosophy, for he pretended to neither. He laughed at himself and his persecutor, and seemed infinitely pleased at his new situation. In this mansion of distress, though secluded from his friends, though denied all the amusements and even the conveniences of life, teased every hour by the impertinence of wretches who were employed to guard him, he still retained his good-humor, laughed at all their little spite, and carried the jest so far as to be revenged by writing the life of his jailer.

All that philosophy can teach is to be stubborn or sullen under misfortunes. The cardinal's example will instruct us to be merry in circumstances of the highest affliction. It matters not whether our good-humor be construed by others into insensibility or even idiotism; it is happiness to ourselves, and none but a fool would measure his satisfaction by what the world thinks of it.[1]

Dick Wildgoose was one of the happiest silly fellows I ever knew. He was of the number of those good-natured creatures that are said to do no harm to any but themselves. Whenever Dick fell into any misery, he usually called it *seeing life*. If his head was broke by a chairman, or his pocket picked by a sharper, he comforted himself by imitating the Hibernian dialect of the one or the more fashionable cant of the other. Nothing came amiss to Dick. His inattention to money matters had incensed his father to such a degree that all the intercession of friends in his favor was fruitless. The

[1] When reprinted in 1765 as Essay III., the following sentence was added: "For my own part, I never pass by one of our prisons for debt that I do not envy that felicity which is still going forward among those people, who forget the cares of the world by being shut out from its ambition."

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old gentleman was on his death-bed. The whole family, and Dick among the number, gathered around him. "I leave my second son Andrew," said the expiring miser, "my whole estate, and desire him to be frugal." Andrew, in a sorrowful tone, as is usual on these occasions, "prayed Heaven to prolong his life and health to enjoy it himself."—"I recommend Simon, my third son, to the care of his elder brother, and leave him, besides, four thousand pounds."—"Ah! father," cried Simon (in great affliction, to be sure), "may Heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself!" At last, turning to poor Dick, "As for you, you always have been a sad dog; you'll never come to good; you'll never be rich. I'll leave you a shilling to buy an halter."—"Ah! father," cries Dick, without any emotion, "may Heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself!" This was all the trouble the loss of fortune gave this thoughtless, imprudent creature. However, the tenderness of an uncle recompensed the neglect of a father; and Dick is now not only excessively good-humored, but competently rich.

The world,[1] in short, may cry out at a bankrupt who appears at a ball; at an author who laughs at the public which pronounces him a dunce; at a general who smiles at the reproach of the vulgar, or the lady who keeps her good-humor in spite of scandal; but such is the wisest behavior they can possibly assume. It is certainly a better way to oppose calamity by dissipation than to take up the arms of reason or resolution to oppose it: by the first method we forget our miseries, by the last we only conceal them from others; by struggling with misfortunes, we are sure to receive some wounds in the conflict. The only method to come off victorious is by running away.

ON OUR THEATRES.

MADEMOISELLE CLAIRON,[2] a celebrated actress at Paris, seems to me the most perfect female figure I have ever seen

[1] "Yes, let the world."—*Essay III.*

[2] Claire Josèphe Leyris de la Tude Clairon, born 1723, retired from the stage 1765, and died 1803.

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upon any stage. Not, perhaps, that Nature has been more liberal of personal beauty to her than some to be seen upon our theatres at home. There are actresses here who have as much of what connoisseurs call statuary grace, by which is meant elegance unconnected with motion, as she; but they all fall infinitely short of her when the soul comes to give expression to the limbs, and animates every feature.

Her first appearance is excessively engaging; she never comes in staring round upon the company, as if she intended to count the benefits of the house, or at least to see as well as be seen. Her eyes are always, at first, intently fixed upon the persons of the drama, and then she lifts them by degrees, with enchanting diffidence, upon the spectators. Her first speech, or at least the first part of it, is delivered with scarce any motion of the arm; her hands and her tongue never set out together; but the one prepares us for the other. She sometimes begins with a mute, eloquent attitude; but never goes forward all at once with hands, eyes, head, and voice. This observation, though it may appear of no importance, should certainly be adverted to; nor do I see any one performer—Garrick only excepted—among us that is not, in this particular, apt to offend. By this simple beginning she gives herself a power of rising in the passion of the scene. As she proceeds, every gesture, every look, acquires new violence, till, at last transported, she fills the whole vehemence of the part and all the idea of the poet.

Her hands are not alternately stretched out and then drawn in again, as with the singing-women at Sadler's Wells: they are employed with graceful variety, and every moment please with new and unexpected eloquence. Add to this, that their motion is generally from the shoulder; she never flourishes her hands while the upper part of her arm is motionless, nor has she the ridiculous appearance as if her elbows were pinned to her hips.

But of all the cautions to be given our rising actresses, I would particularly recommend it to them never to take notice of the audience, upon any occasion whatsoever; let the spectators applaud never so loudly, their praises should pass,

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except at the end of the epilogue, with seeming inattention. I can never pardon a lady on the stage who, when she draws the admiration of the whole audience, turns about to make them a low courtesy for their applause. Such a figure no longer continues Belvidera, but at once drops into Mrs. Cibber.[1] Suppose a sober tradesman, who once a year takes his shilling's worth at Drury Lane, in order to be delighted with the figure of a queen—the Queen of Sheba, for instance, or any other queen; this honest man has no other idea of the great but from their superior pride and impertinence: suppose such a man placed among the spectators, the first figure that appears on the stage is the queen herself, courtesying and cringing to all the company. How can he fancy her the haughty favorite of King Solomon the wise, who appears actually more submissive than the wife of his bosom. We are all tradesmen of a nicer relish in this respect, and such conduct must disgust every spectator who loves to have the illusion of nature strong upon him.

Yet, while I recommend to our actresses a skilful attention to gesture, I would not have them study it in the looking-glass. This, without some precaution, will render their action formal; by too great an intimacy with this, they become stiff and affected. People seldom improve when they have no other model but themselves to copy after. I remember to have known a notable performer of the other sex,[2] who made great use of this flattering monitor, and yet was one of the stiffest figures I ever saw. I am told his apartment was hung round with looking-glass, that he might see his person twenty times reflected upon entering the room; and I will make bold to say, he saw twenty very ugly fellows whenever he did so.

[1] Susannah Maria Arne, daughter of Dr. Arne, and wife of Theophilus Cibber, died 1766. There is a fine print, by M'Ardell, of Garrick and her as Jaffier and Belvidera. She was called "the nightingale of the stage."

[2] Thomas Sheridan (died 1788), son of the friend of Swift, and father of Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

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Mlle. Clairon

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No. III.—SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1759.[1]

ON THE USE OF LANGUAGE.

THE manner in which most writers begin their treatises on the use of language is generally thus: "Language has been granted to man in order to discover his wants and necessities, so as to have them relieved by society. Whatever we desire, whatever we wish, it is but to clothe those desires or wishes in words, in order to fruition. The principal use of language, therefore," say they, "is to express our wants, so as to receive a speedy redress."

Such an account as this may serve to satisfy grammarians and rhetoricians well enough; but men who know the world maintain very contrary maxims: they hold, and I think with some show of reason, that he who best knows how to conceal his necessities and desires is the most likely person to find redress, and that the true use of speech is not so much to express our wants as to conceal them.[2]

When we reflect on the manner in which mankind generally confer their favors, we shall find that they who seem to want them least are the very persons who most liberally share them. There is something so attractive in riches that the large heap generally collects from the smaller; and the poor find as much pleasure in increasing the enormous mass as the miser who owns it sees happiness in its increase. Nor is there in this anything repugnant to the laws of true morality. Seneca himself allows that, in conferring benefits, the present should always be suited to the dignity of the receiver. Thus, the rich receive large presents, and are thanked for accepting

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[1] Reprinted by its author in 1765 as Essay V.

[2] This saying, long attributed to Talleyrand, Goldsmith derived from Dr. Young, who appears himself to have taken it from one of South's sermons:

"Where Nature's end of language is declin'd,
And men talk only to conceal their mind."

See a curious note on this subject in *Notes and Queries*, vol. i. p. 83.

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them. Men of middling stations are obliged to be content with presents something less; while the beggar, who may be truly said to want indeed, is well paid if a farthing rewards his warmest solicitations.

Every man who has seen the world, and has had his *ups and downs* in life, as the expression is, must have frequently experienced the truth of this doctrine, and must know that to have much, or to seem to have it, is the only way to have more. Ovid finely compares a man of broken fortune to a falling column; the lower it sinks, the greater weight it is obliged to sustain. Thus, when a man has no occasion to borrow, he finds numbers willing to lend him. Should he ask his friend to lend him an hundred pounds, it is possible, from the largeness of his demand, he may find credit for twenty; but should he humbly only sue for a trifle, it is two to one whether he might be trusted for twopence. A certain young fellow at George's,[1] whenever he had occasion to ask his friend for a guinea, used to prelude his request as if he wanted two hundred, and talked so familiarly of large sums that none could ever think he wanted a small one. The same gentleman, whenever he wanted credit for a new suit from his tailor, always made the proposal in laced clothes; for he found by experience that if he appeared shabby on these occasions, Mr. Lynch had taken an oath against trusting; or, what was every bit as bad, his foreman was out of the way, and would not be at home these two days.

There can be no inducement to reveal our wants except to find pity, and by this means relief; but before a poor man opens his mind in such circumstances, he should first consider

[1] "London at that time [1751] had many advantages which have been long since lost. There were a number of coffee-houses where the town wits met every evening, particularly the Bedford, in the Piazza; Covent Garden; and George's, at Temple Bar. Young as I was, I made my way to those places."—ARTHUR MURPHY (Foot's "Life of Murphy," p. 11). See also article "George's Coffee-house" in Cunningham's Hand-book of London, and No. I. of Unacknowledged Essays in Vol. VI.

"'Tis easy learnt the art to talk by rote;
At George's 'twill but cost you half a groat."
Taste, an Epistle to a Young Critic (4to, 1758).

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whether he is contented to lose the esteem of the person he solicits, and whether he is willing to give up friendship only to excite compassion. Pity and friendship are passions incompatible with each other, and it is impossible that both can reside in any breast for the smallest space without impairing each other. Friendship is made up of esteem and pleasure; pity is composed of sorrow and contempt: the mind may for some time fluctuate between them, but it never can entertain both together.

Yet, let it not be thought that I would exclude pity from the human mind. There is scarcely any who are not in some degree possessed of this pleasing softness; but it is at best but a short-lived passion, and seldom affords distress more than transitory assistance. With some it scarcely lasts from the first impulse till the hand can be put into the pocket; with others it may continue for twice that space; and on some of extraordinary sensibility I have seen it operate for half an hour. But, last as it may, it generally produces but beggarly effects; and where, from this motive, we give farthings, from others we give always pounds. In great distress, we sometimes, it is true, feel the influence of tenderness strongly; when the same distress solicits a second time, we then feel with diminished sensibility, but, like the repetition of an echo, every new impulse becomes weaker, till at last our sensations lose every mixture of sorrow, and degenerate into downright contempt.

Jack Spindle and I were old acquaintance; but he's gone. Jack was bred in a compting-house, and his father, dying just as he was out of his time, left him an handsome fortune and many friends to advise with. The restraint in which he had been brought up had thrown a gloom upon his temper, which some regarded as an habitual prudence, and, from such considerations, he had every day repeated offers of friendship. Those who had money were ready to offer him their assistance that way; and they who had daughters, frequently, in the warmth of affection, advised him to marry. Jack, however, was in good circumstances; he wanted neither money, friends, nor a wife, and therefore modestly declined their proposals.

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Some errors in the management of his affairs, and several losses in trade, soon brought Jack to a different way of thinking; and he at last thought it his best way to let his friends know that their offers were at length acceptable. His first address was therefore to a scrivener who had formerly made him frequent offers of money and friendship at a time when, perhaps, he knew those offers would have been refused.

Jack, therefore, thought he might use his old friend without any ceremony, and, as a man confident of not being refused, requested the use of an hundred guineas for a few days, as he just then had an occasion for money. "And pray, Mr. Spindle," replied the scrivener, "do you want all this money?"—"Want it, sir!" says the other; "if I did not want it, I should not have asked for it."—"I am sorry for that," says the friend; "for those who want money when they come to borrow will want money when they should come to pay. To say the truth, Mr. Spindle, money is money nowadays. I believe it is all sunk in the bottom of the sea, for my part; and he that has got a little is a fool if he does not keep what he has got."

Not quite disconcerted by this refusal, our adventurer was resolved to apply to another, whom he knew to be the very best friend he had in the world. The gentleman whom he now addressed received his proposal with all the affability that could be expected from generous friendship. "Let me see; you want an hundred guineas; and pray, dear Jack, would not fifty answer?"—"If you have but fifty to spare, sir, I must be contented."—"Fifty to spare! I do not say that, for I believe I have but twenty about me."—"Then I must borrow the other thirty from some other friend."—"And, pray," replied the friend, "would it not be the best way to borrow the whole money from that other friend? and then one note will serve for all, you know. Lord, Mr. Spindle, make no ceremony with me at any time; you know I'm your friend, and when you choose a bit of dinner or so— You, Tom, see the gentleman down.—You won't forget to dine with us now and then. Your very humble servant."

Distressed, but not discouraged, at this treatment, he was at last resolved to find that assistance from love which he could

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not have from friendship. Miss Jenny Dismal had a fortune in her own hands, and she had already made all the advances that her sex's modesty would permit. He made his proposal, therefore, with confidence, but soon perceived "No bankrupt ever found the fair one kind." Miss Jenny and Master Billy Galloon were lately fallen deeply in love with each other, and the whole neighborhood thought it would soon be a match.

Every day now began to strip Jack of his former finery; his clothes flew piece by piece to the pawnbrokers, and he seemed at length equipped in the genuine mourning of antiquity.[1] But still he thought himself secure from starving. The numberless invitations he had received to dine, even after his losses, were yet unanswered; he was therefore now resolved to accept of a dinner because he wanted one; and in this manner he actually lived among his friends a whole week without being openly affronted. The last place I saw poor Jack was at the Rev. Dr. Gosling's. He had, as he fancied, just nicked the time, for he came in as the cloth was laying. He took a chair without being desired, and talked for some time without being attended to. He assured the company that nothing procured so good an appetite as a walk to White Conduit House,[2] where he had been that morning. He looked at the table-cloth, and praised the figure of the damask; talked of a feast where he had been the day before, but that the venison was overdone. All this, however, procured the poor creature no invitation, and he was not yet sufficiently hardened to stay without being asked; wherefore, finding the gentleman of the house insensible to all his fetches, he thought proper at last to retire, and mend his appetite by a walk in the Park.

You then, O ye beggars of my acquaintance, whether in rags or lace, whether in Kent Street or the Mall, whether at the Smyrna or St. Giles's;[3] might I advise you as a friend,

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[1] Altered in Essays (1765) to "livery of misfortune."

[2] "To White Conduit House" (see p. 31) altered in Essays (1765) to "in the Park."

[3] That is, in the Borough or Pall Mall, in St. James's or St. Giles's. Kent Street is in Southwark; the Smyrna Coffee-house was in Pall Mall, over against Marlborough House.

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never seem in want of the favor which you solicit. Apply to every passion but pity for redress. You may find relief from vanity, from self-interest, or from avarice, but seldom from compassion. The very eloquence of a poor man is disgusting; and that mouth which is opened even for flattery is seldom expected to close without a petition.

If, then, you would ward off the gripe of poverty, pretend to be a stranger to her, and she will at least use you with ceremony. Hear not my advice, but that of Ofellus.[1] If you be caught dining upon a halfpenny porringer of pease-soup and potatoes, praise the wholesomeness of your frugal repast. You may observe that Dr. Cheyne has prescribed pease-broth for the gravel; hint that you are not one of those who are always making a god of your belly. If you are obliged to wear a flimsy stuff in the midst of winter, be the first to remark that stuffs are very much worn at Paris. If there be found some irreparable defects in any part of your equipage which cannot be concealed by all the arts of sitting cross-legged, coaxing, or darning, say that neither you nor Sampson Gideon[2] were ever very fond of dress. Or, if you be a philosopher, hint that Plato and Seneca are the tailors you choose to employ; assure the company that men ought to be content with a bare covering, since what is now the pride of some was formerly our shame. Horace will give you a Latin sentence fit for the occasion:

"—toga quæ defendere frigus,
Quamvis crassa, queat."

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[1] "Nec meus hic sermo est: sed quæ præcepit Ofellus."—Hor.

[2] A rich Jew broker, remarkable for his slovenly dress. He died at Belvedere, in Kent, in October, 1762, and was buried in the Jews' burying-ground at Mile End. His son, in 1789, was created an Irish peer by the title of Baron Eardley of Spalding. Walpole tells a capital story of him in a letter to Bentley (July 9, 1754). "I must tell you a story of Gideon. He breeds his children Christians: he had a mind to know what proficience his son had made in his new religion. 'So,' says he, 'I began and asked him who made him. He said, "God." I then asked him who redeemed him. He replied, very readily, "Christ." Well, then I was at the end of my interrogatories, and did not know what other question to put to him. I said, Who—who—I did not know what to say; at last I said, Who gave you that hat? "The Holy Ghost," said the boy.' Did you ever hear a better catechism?"

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In short, however caught, do not give up, but ascribe to the frugality of your disposition what others might be apt to attribute to the narrowness of your circumstances, and appear rather to be a miser than a beggar. To be poor and to seem poor is a certain method never to rise. Pride in the great is hateful, in the wise it is ridiculous; beggarly pride is the only sort of vanity I can excuse.

THE HISTORY OF HYPATIA.

Man, when secluded from society, is not a more solitary being than the woman who leaves the duties of her own sex to invade the privileges of ours. She seems, in such circumstances, like one in banishment; she appears like a neutral being between the sexes; and though she may have the admiration of both, she finds true happiness from neither.

Of all the ladies of antiquity, I have read of none who was ever more justly celebrated than the beautiful Hypatia, the daughter of Theon the philosopher. This most accomplished of women was born at Alexandria, in the reign of Theodosius the younger. Nature was never more lavish of its gifts than it had been to her, endued as she was with the most exalted understanding and the happiest turn to science. Education completed what Nature had begun, and made her the prodigy not only of her age, but the glory of her sex. From her father she learned geometry and astronomy; she collected from the conversation and schools of the other philosophers, for which Alexandria was at that time famous, the principles of the rest of the sciences.

What cannot be conquered by natural penetration and a passion of study! The boundless knowledge which at that period of time was required to form the character of a philosopher no way discouraged her; she delivered herself up to the study of Aristotle and Plato, and soon not one in all Alexandria understood so perfectly as she all the difficulties of these two philosophers. But not their systems alone, but those of every other sect, were quite familiar to her; and to this knowledge she added that of polite learning and the art of oratory. All the learning which it was possible for the hu-

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man mind to contain, being joined to a most enchanting eloquence, rendered this lady the wonder not only of the populace, who easily admire, but of philosophers themselves, who are seldom fond of admiration.

The city of Alexandria was every day crowded with strangers, who came from all parts of Greece and Asia to see and hear her. As for the charms of her person, they might not probably have been mentioned, did she not join to a beauty the most striking a virtue that might repress the most assuming: and though in the whole capital, famed for charms, there was not one who could equal her in beauty; though in a city the resort of all the learning then existing in the world there was not one who could equal her in knowledge; yet, with such accomplishments, Hypatia was the most modest of her sex. Her reputation for virtue was not less than her virtues; and, though in a city divided between two factions, though visited by the wits and the philosophers of the age, calumny never dared to suspect her morals or attempt her character. Both the Christians and the heathens who have transmitted her history and her misfortunes have but one voice when they speak of her beauty, her knowledge, and her virtue. Nay, so much harmony reigns in their accounts of this prodigy of perfection that, in spite of the opposition of their faith, we should never have been able to judge of what religion was Hypatia were we not informed, from other circumstances, that she was an heathen. Providence had taken so much pains in forming her that we are almost induced to complain of its not having endeavored to make her a Christian; but from this complaint we are deterred by a thousand contrary observations, which lead us to reverence its inscrutable mysteries.

This great reputation, of which she so justly was possessed, was at last, however, the occasion of her ruin. The person who then possessed the patriarchate of Alexandria was equally remarkable for his violence, cruelty, and pride. Conducted by an ill-grounded zeal for the Christian religion, or perhaps desirous of augmenting his authority in the city, he had long meditated the banishment of the Jews. A difference arising

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between them and the Christians with respect to some public games seemed to him a proper juncture for putting his ambitious designs into execution. He found no difficulty in exciting the people, naturally disposed to revolt. The prefect who at that time commanded the city interposed on this occasion, and thought it just to put one of the chief creatures of the patriarch to the torture, in order to discover the first promoter of the conspiracy. The patriarch, enraged at the injustice he thought offered to his character and dignity, and piqued at the protection which was offered to the Jews, sent for the chiefs of the synagogue, and enjoined them to renounce their designs, upon pain of incurring his highest displeasure.

The Jews, far from fearing his menaces, excited new tumults, in which several citizens had the misfortune to fall. The patriarch could no longer contain: at the head of a numerous body of Christians, he flew to the synagogues, which he demolished, and drove the Jews from a city of which they had been possessed since the times of Alexander the Great. It may be easily imagined that the prefect could not behold without pain his jurisdiction thus insulted, and the city deprived of a number of its most industrious inhabitants.

The affair was therefore brought before the emperor. The patriarch complained of the excesses of the Jews, and the prefect of the outrages of the patriarch. At this very juncture, five hundred monks of Mount Nitria, imagining the life of their chief to be in danger, and that their religion was threatened in his fall, flew into the city with ungovernable rage, attacked the prefect in the streets, and, not content with loading him with reproaches, wounded him in several places.

The citizens had by this time notice of the fury of the monks; they therefore assembled in a body, put the monks to flight, seized on him who had been found throwing a stone, and delivered him to the prefect, who caused him to be put to death without further delay.

The patriarch immediately ordered the dead body, which had been exposed to view, to be taken down, procured for it all the pomp and rites of burial, and went even so far as him-

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self to pronounce the funeral oration, in which he classed a seditious monk among the martyrs. This conduct was by no means generally approved of; the most moderate even among the Christians perceived and blamed his indiscretion, but he was now too far advanced to retire. He had made several overtures towards a reconciliation with the prefect, which not succeeding, he bore all those an implacable hatred whom he imagined to have any hand in traversing his designs; but Hypatia was particularly destined to ruin. She could not find pardon, as she was known to have a most refined friendship for the prefect; wherefore the populace were incited against her. Peter, a reader of the principal church, one of those vile slaves by whom men in power are too frequently attended, wretches ever ready to commit any crime which they hope may render them agreeable to their employer—this fellow, I say, attended by a crowd of villains, waited for Hypatia, as she was returning from a visit, at her own door, seized her as she was going in, and dragged her to one of the churches called Cesarea, where, stripping her in a most inhuman manner, they exercised the most horrible cruelties upon her, cut her into pieces, and burned her remains to ashes. Such was the end of Hypatia, the glory of her own sex and the astonishment of ours.

ON JUSTICE AND GENEROSITY.[1]

Lysippus is a man whose greatness of soul the whole world admires. His generosity is such that it prevents a demand, and saves the receiver the trouble and the confusion of a request. His liberality also does not oblige more by its greatness than by his inimitable grace in giving. Sometimes he even distributes his bounties to strangers, and has been known to do good offices to those who professed themselves his enemies. All the world are unanimous in the praise of his generosity; there is only one sort of people who complain of his conduct. Lysippus does not pay his debts.

It is no difficult matter to account for a conduct so seem-

[1] Reprinted by its author in 1765 as Essay VI.

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ingly incompatible with itself. There is greatness in being generous, and there is only simple justice in satisfying his creditors. Generosity is the part of a soul raised above the vulgar. There is in it something of what we admire in heroes, and praise with a degree of rapture. Justice, on the contrary, is a mere mechanic virtue, only fit for tradesmen, and what is practised by every broker in Change Alley.

In paying his debts a man barely does his duty, and it is an action attended with no sort of glory. Should Lysippus satisfy his creditors, who would be at the pains of telling it to the world? Generosity is a virtue of a very different complexion. It is raised above duty, and from its elevation attracts the attention and the praises of us little mortals below.

In this manner do men generally reason upon justice and generosity. The first is despised, though a virtue essential to the good of society; and the other attracts our esteem, which too frequently proceeds from an impetuosity of temper, rather directed by vanity than reason. Lysippus is told that his banker asks a debt of forty pounds, and that a distressed acquaintance petitions for the same sum. He gives it, without hesitating, to the latter; for he demands as a favor what the former requires as a debt.

Mankind in general are not sufficiently acquainted with the import of the word justice: it is commonly believed to consist only in a performance of those duties to which the laws of society can oblige us. This, I allow, is sometimes the import of the word, and in this sense justice is distinguished from equity; but there is a justice still more extensive, and which can be shown to embrace all the virtues united.

Justice may be defined that virtue which impels us to give to every person what is his due. In this extended sense of the word, it comprehends the practice of every virtue which reason prescribes or society should expect. Our duty to our Maker, to each other, and to ourselves are fully answered if we give them what we owe them. Thus justice, properly speaking, is the only virtue, and all the rest have their origin in it.

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The qualities of candor, fortitude, charity, and generosity, for instance, are not, in their own nature, virtues; and if ever they deserve the title, it is owing only to justice, which impels and directs them. Without such a moderator, candor might become indiscretion, fortitude obstinacy, charity imprudence, and generosity mistaken profusion.

A disinterested action, if it be not conducted by justice, is at best indifferent in its nature, and not unfrequently even turns to vice. The expenses of society, of presents, of entertainments, and the other helps to cheerfulness, are actions merely indifferent, when not repugnant to a better method of disposing of our superfluities; but they become vicious when they obstruct or exhaust our abilities from a more virtuous disposition of our circumstances.

True generosity is a duty as indispensably necessary as those imposed upon us by law. It is a rule imposed upon us by reason, which should be the sovereign law of a rational being. But this generosity does not consist in obeying every impulse of humanity, in following blind passion for our guide, and impairing our circumstances by present benefactions, so as to render us incapable of future ones.

Misers are generally characterized as men without honor or without humanity, who live only to accumulate, and to this passion sacrifice every other happiness. They have been described as madmen, who, in the midst of abundance, banish every pleasure, and make from imaginary wants real necessities. But few, very few, correspond to this exaggerated picture; and perhaps there is not one in whom all these circumstances are found united. Instead of this, we find the sober and the industrious branded by the vain and the idle with this odious appellation; men who, by frugality and labor, raise themselves above their equals, and contribute their share of industry to the common stock.

Whatever the vain or the ignorant may say, well were it for society had we more of this character amongst us. In general, these close men are found at last the true benefactors of society. With an avaricious man we seldom lose in our dealings, but too frequently in our commerce with prodigality.

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A French priest whose name was Godinot[1] went for a long time by the name of the Griper. He refused to relieve the most apparent wretchedness, and by a skilful management of his vineyard had the good fortune to acquire immense sums of money. The inhabitants of Rheims, who were his fellow-citizens, detested him; and the populace, who seldom love a miser, wherever he went received him with contempt. He still, however, continued his former simplicity of life, his amazing and unremitted frugality. This good man had long perceived the wants of the poor in the city, particularly in having no water but what they were obliged to buy at an advanced price; wherefore that whole fortune which he had been amassing he laid out in an aqueduct, by which he did the poor more useful and lasting service than if he had distributed his whole income in charity every day at his door.

Among men long conversant with books, we too frequently find those misplaced virtues of which I have been now complaining. We find the studious animated with a strong passion for the great virtues, as they are mistakenly called, and utterly forgetful of the ordinary ones. The declamations of philosophy are generally rather exhausted on these supererogatory duties than on such as are indispensably necessary. A man, therefore, who has taken his ideas of mankind from study alone, generally comes into the world with a heart melting at every fictitious distress. Thus he is induced, by misplaced liberality, to put himself into the indigent circumstances of the person he relieves.

I shall conclude this paper with the advice of one of the ancients to a young man whom he saw giving away all his substance to pretended distress. "It is possible that the person you relieve may be an honest man, and I know that you who relieve him are such. You see, then, by your generosity you only rob a man who is certainly deserving to bestow it on one who may possibly be a rogue. And while you are unjust

[1] John Godinot, an ecclesiastic, who is said to have expended more than half a million livres in procuring for his fellow-citizens a supply of pure water. He was born at Rheims in 1661, and died there in 1749.

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in rewarding uncertain merit, you are doubly guilty by stripping yourself."

A SONNET.

Weeping, murmuring, complaining,
Lost to every gay delight,
Myra, too sincere for feigning,
Fears th' approaching bridal night.

Yet why this killing soft dejection,[1]
Or dim thy beauty with a tear?
Had Myra follow'd my direction,
She long had wanted cause to fear.[2]

SOME PARTICULARS RELATING TO FATHER FEYJOO.[3]

"Primus mortales tollere contra
Est oculos ausus, primusque assurgere contra."—Lucr.

The Spanish nation has, for many centuries past, been remarkable for the grossest ignorance in polite literature, especially in point of natural philosophy, a science so useful to mankind that her neighbors have ever esteemed it a matter of the greatest importance to endeavor, by repeated experiments, to strike a light out of the chaos in which truth seemed to be confounded. Their curiosity in this respect was so indifferent that, though they had discovered new worlds, they were at a loss to explain the phenomena of their own, and their pride so unaccountable that they disdained to borrow from others that instruction which their natural indolence permitted them not to acquire.

It gives me, however, a secret satisfaction to behold an extraordinary genius now existing in that nation, whose studious endeavors seem calculated to undeceive the superstitious and instruct the ignorant; I mean the celebrated Padre Feyjoo. In unravelling the mysteries of nature and explaining

[1] Afterwards altered to "Yet why impair thy bright perfection."

[2] See Vol. I. p. 109. I may here add that this sonnet or madrigal is imitated from the French of Saint-Pavin, whose poems were collectively edited in 1759.

[3] See Vol. III. p. 35.

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physical experiments, he takes an opportunity of displaying the concurrence of second causes in those very wonders which the vulgar ascribe to supernatural influence.

An example of this kind happened a few years ago in a small town of the kingdom of Valencia. Passing through at the hour of mass, he alighted from his mule, and proceeded to the parish church, which he found extremely crowded, and there appeared on the faces of the faithful a more than usual alacrity. The sun, it seems, which had been for some minutes under a cloud, had begun to shine on a large crucifix that stood on the middle of the altar, studded with several precious stones. The reflection from these, and from the diamond eyes of some silver saints, so dazzled the multitude that they unanimously cried out, "A miracle! a miracle!" whilst the priest at the altar, with seeming consternation, continued his heavenly conversation. Padre Feyjoo soon dissipated the charm by tying his handkerchief round the head of one of the statues, for which he was arraigned by the Inquisition; whose flames, however, he has had the good fortune hitherto to escape.

No. IV.—SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1759.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Were I to measure the merit of my present undertaking by its success or the rapidity of its sale, I might be led to form conclusions by no means favorable to the pride of an author. Should I estimate my fame by its extent, every newspaper and magazine would leave me far behind. Their fame is diffused in a very wide circle; that of some as far as Islington, and some yet farther still; while mine, I sincerely believe, has hardly travelled beyond the sound of Bow bell;[1] and while the works of others fly like unpinioned swans, I find my own move as heavily as a new-plucked goose.

Still, however, I have as much pride as they who have ten

[1] "Far as loud Bow's stupendous bells resound."—Pope.

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times as many readers. It is impossible to repeat all the agreeable delusions in which a disappointed author is apt to find comfort. I conclude that what my reputation wants in extent is made up by its solidity: *minus juvat gloria lata quam magna.* I have great satisfaction in considering the delicacy and discernment of those readers I have, and in ascribing my want of popularity to the ignorance or inattention of those I have not. All the world may forsake an author, but vanity will never forsake him.

Yet, notwithstanding so sincere a confession, I was once induced to show my indignation against the public by discontinuing my endeavors to please; and was bravely resolved, like Raleigh, to vex them by burning my manuscript in a passion.[1] Upon recollection, however, I considered what set or body of people would be displeased at my rashness. The sun, after so sad an accident, might shine next morning as bright as usual; men might laugh and sing the next day, and transact business as before, and not a single creature feel any regret but myself.

I reflected upon the story of a minister who, in the reign of Charles II., upon a certain occasion, resigned all his posts, and retired into the country in a fit of resentment. But, as he had not given the world entirely up with his ambition, he sent a messenger to town to see how the courtiers would bear his resignation. Upon the messenger's return, he was asked whether there appeared any commotions at court; to which

[1] "His booke ['The History of the World'] sold very slowly at first, and the bookseller complayned of it, and told him that he should be a loser by it, which put Sir W. into a passion; and he sayd, that since the world did not understand it, they should not have his second part, which he took and threw into the fire, and burnt before his face."—AUBREY'S *Lives*, ii. 518. The same story is told in the epistle prefixed to Winstanley's "Lives of the Most Famous English Poets," 1687, 12mo.

"This treatise he [Ascham] completed, but did not publish; for that poverty which, in our days, drives authors so hastily, in such numbers, to the press, in the time of Ascham, I believe, debarred them from it. The printers gave little for a copy, and, if we may believe the tale of Raleigh's history, were not forward to print what was offered them for nothing. Ascham's 'Schoolmaster,' therefore, lay unseen in his study, and was, at last, dedicated to Lord Cecil by his widow."—DR. JOHNSON'S *Life of Ascham.*

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he replied, There were very great ones. "Ay," says the minister, "I knew my friends would make a bustle; all petitioning the king for my restoration, I presume?"—"No, sir," replied the messenger, "they are only petitioning his majesty to be put in your place." In the same manner, should I retire in indignation, instead of having Apollo in mourning, or the Muses in a fit of the spleen—instead of having the learned world apostrophizing at my untimely decease—perhaps all Grub Street might laugh at my fall, and self-approving dignity might never be able to shield me from ridicule. In short, I am resolved to write on, if it were only to spite them. If the present generation will not hear my voice, hearken, O posterity! to you I call, and from you I expect redress. What rapture will it not give to have the Scaligers, Daciers, and Warburtons of future times commenting with admiration upon every line I now write, working away those ignorant creatures who offer to arraign my merit with all the virulence of learned reproach.[1] Ay, my friends, let them feel it; call names; never spare them; they deserve it all, and ten times more. I have been told of a critic who was crucified at the command of another to the reputation of Homer. That, no doubt, was more than poetical justice, and I shall be perfectly content if those who criticise me are only clapped in the pillory, kept fifteen days upon bread and water, and obliged to run the gantelope through Paternoster Row. The truth is, I can expect happiness from posterity either way. If I write ill, happy in being forgotten; if well, happy in being remembered with respect.

Yet, considering things in a prudential light, perhaps I was mistaken in designing my paper as an agreeable relaxation to

[1] "I have not yet seen my face reflected in all the lively display of red and white paint on any sign-posts in the suburbs. Your handkerchief-weavers seem as yet unacquainted with my merits or physiognomy, and the very snuffbox-makers appear to have forgot their respect. Tell them all, from me, they are a set of Gothic, barbarous, ignorant scoundrels. There will come a day, no doubt it will—I beg you may live only a couple of hundred years longer only to see the day—when the Scaligers and Daciers of the age will vindicate my character, give learned editions of my labors, and bless the times with copious comments on the text."—Goldsmith *to Bryanton.*

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the studious, or an help to conversation among the gay; instead of addressing it to such, I should have written down to the taste and apprehension of the many, and sought for reputation on the broad road. Literary fame, I now find, like religious, generally begins among the vulgar. As for the polite, they are so very polite as never to applaud upon any account. One of these, with a face screwed up into affectation, tells you that fools may *admire*, but men of sense only *approve*.[1] Thus, lest he should rise into rapture at anything new, he keeps down every passion but pride and self-importance; approves with phlegm, and the poor author is damned in the taking a pinch of snuff. Another has written a book himself, and being condemned for a dunce, he turns a sort of king's evidence in criticism, and now becomes the terror of every offender. A third, possessed of full-grown reputation, shades off every beam of favor from those who endeavor to grow beneath him, and keeps down that merit which, but for his influence, might rise into equal eminence. While others, still worse, peruse old books for their amusement, and new books only to condemn; so that the public seem heartily sick of all but the business of the day, and read everything now with as little attention as they examine the faces of the passing crowd.

From these considerations, I was once determined to throw off all connections with taste, and fairly address my countrymen in the same engaging style and manner with other periodical pamphlets, much more in vogue than, probably, mine shall ever be. To effect this, I had thoughts of changing the title into that of the "Royal Bee," the "Antigallican Bee," or the "Bee's Magazine." I had laid in a proper stock of popular topics, such as encomiums on the King of Prussia, invectives against the Queen of Hungary and the French, the necessity of a militia, our undoubted sovereignty of the seas, reflections upon the present state of affairs, a dissertation upon liberty, some seasonable thoughts upon the intended bridge of

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[1] "Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move;
For fools admire, but men of sense approve."—POPE.

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Blackfriars,[1] and an address to Britons; the history of an old woman whose teeth grew three inches long, an ode upon our victories, a rebus, an acrostic upon Miss Peggy P., and a journal of the weather. All this, together with four extraordinary pages of letter-press, a beautiful map of England, and two prints curiously colored from nature, I fancied might touch their very souls. I was actually beginning an address to the people, when my pride at last overcame my prudence, and determined me to endeavor to please by the goodness of my entertainment rather than by the magnificence of my sign.

The Spectator, and many succeeding essayists, frequently inform us of the numerous compliments paid them in the course of their lucubrations; of the frequent encouragements they met to inspire them with ardor, and increase their eagerness to please. I have received *my letters* as well as they; but, alas! not congratulatory ones; not assuring me of success and favor, but pregnant with bodings that might shake even fortitude itself.

One gentleman assures me he intends to throw away no more threepences in purchasing "The Bee;" and, what is still more dismal, he will not recommend me as a poor author wanting encouragement to his neighborhood, which, it seems, is very numerous. Were my soul set upon threepences, what anxiety might not such a denunciation produce! But such does not happen to be the present motive of publication: I write partly to show my good-nature, and partly to show my vanity; nor will I lay down the pen till I am satisfied one way or another.

Others have disliked the title and the motto of my paper; point out a mistake in the one, and assure me the other has been consigned to dulness by anticipation. All this may be

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[1] This was published on the 27th October, 1759, and on the 7th June, 1760, the first pile was driven of the present Blackfriars Bridge. Goldsmith's "Seasonable Thoughts" referred to the question, warmly agitated in all the public journals, whether semicircular or elliptical arches were preferable. Dr. Johnson took part in the controversy, and wrote three papers in favor of the semicircular arch, and against the elliptical arch advocated by Mylne, and ultimately adopted by the committee for superintending the erection of the bridge.

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true; but what is that to me? Titles and mottoes to books are like escutcheons and dignities in the hands of a king. The wise sometimes condescend to accept of them; but none but a fool will imagine them of any real importance. We ought to depend upon intrinsic merit, and not the slender helps of title: *Nam quæ non fecimus ipsi, vix ea nostra voco.*

For my part, I am ever ready to mistrust a promising title, and have, at some expense, been instructed not to hearken to the voice of an advertisement, let it plead never so loudly or never so long. A countryman coming one day to Smithfield, in order to take a slice of Bartholomew Fair, found a perfect show before every booth. The drummer, the fire-eater, the wire-walker, and the salt-box were all employed to invite him in. "Just agoing; the court of the King of Prussia in all his glory; pray, gentlemen, walk in and see." From people who generously gave so much away, the clown expected a monstrous bargain for his money when he got in. He steps up, pays his sixpence, the curtain is drawn, when, too late, he finds that he had the best part of the show for nothing at the door.

A FLEMISH TRADITION.

Every country has its traditions, which, either too minute or not sufficiently authentic to receive historical sanction, are handed down among the vulgar, and serve at once to instruct and amuse them. Of this number the adventures of Robin Hood, the hunting of Chevy Chase, and the bravery of Johnny Armstrong among the English, of Kaul Dereg among the Irish, and Creichton among the Scots, are instances. Of all the traditions, however, I remember to have heard, I do not recollect any more remarkable than one still current in Flanders—a story generally the first the peasants tell their children, when they bid them behave like Bidderman the Wise. It is by no means, however, a model to be set before a polite people for imitation; since if, on the one hand, we perceive in it the steady influence of patriotism, we, on the other, find as strong a desire of revenge. But, to waive introduction, let us to the story.

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When the Saracens overran Europe with their armies, and penetrated as far even as Antwerp, Bidderman was lord of a city which time has since swept into destruction. As the inhabitants of this country were divided under separate leaders, the Saracens found an easy conquest, and the city of Bidderman, among the rest, became a prey to the victors.

Thus dispossessed of his paternal city, our unfortunate governor was obliged to seek refuge from the neighboring princes, who were as yet unsubdued, and he for some time lived in a state of wretched dependence among them. Soon, however, his love to his native country brought him back to his own city, resolved to rescue it from the enemy or fall in the attempt: thus, in disguise, he went among the inhabitants, and endeavored, but in vain, to excite them to a revolt. Former misfortunes lay so heavily on their minds that they rather chose to suffer the most cruel bondage than attempt to vindicate their former freedom.

As he was thus one day employed, whether by information or from suspicion is not known, he was apprehended by a Saracen soldier as a spy, and brought before the very tribunal at which he once presided. The account he gave of himself was by no means satisfactory. He could produce no friends to vindicate his character; wherefore, as the Saracens knew not their prisoner, and as they had no direct proofs against him, they were content with condemning him to be publicly whipped as a vagabond.

The execution of this sentence was accordingly performed with the utmost rigor. Bidderman was bound to the post, the executioner seeming disposed to add to the cruelty of the sentence, as he received no bribe for lenity. Whenever Bidderman groaned under the scourge, the other, redoubling his blows, cried out, "Does the villain murmur?" If Bidderman entreated but a moment's respite from torture, the other only repeated his former exclamation, "Does the villain murmur?"

From this period revenge as well as patriotism took entire possession of his soul. His fury stooped so low as to follow the executioner with unremitting resentment. But, conceiving that the best method to attain these ends was to acquire

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some eminence in the city, he laid himself out to oblige its new masters, studied every art, and practised every meanness that serves to promote the needy or render the poor pleasing; and by these means, in a few years, he came to be of some note in the city which justly belonged entirely to him.

The executioner was therefore the first object of his resentment, and he even practised the lowest fraud to gratify the revenge he owed him. A piece of plate which Bidderman had previously stolen from the Saracen governor, he privately conveyed into the executioner's house, and then gave information of the theft. They who are any way acquainted with the rigor of the Arabian laws know that theft is punished with immediate death. The proof was direct in this case; the executioner had nothing to offer in his own defence, and he was therefore condemned to be beheaded upon a scaffold in the public market-place. As there was no executioner in the city but the very man who was now to suffer, Bidderman himself undertook this, to him, most agreeable office. The criminal was conducted from the judgment-seat bound with cords. The scaffold was erected, and he placed in such a manner as he might lie most convenient for the blow.

But his death alone was not sufficient to satisfy the resentment of this extraordinary man, unless it was aggravated with every circumstance of cruelty. Wherefore, coming up the scaffold, and disposing everything in readiness for the intended blow, with the sword in his hand he approached the criminal, and, whispering in a low voice, assured him that he himself was the very person that had once been used with so much cruelty; that, to his knowledge, he died very innocently, for the plate had been stolen by himself, and privately conveyed into the house of the other. "O my countrymen," cried the criminal, "do you hear what this man says?"— "Does the villain murmur?" replied Bidderman, and immediately at one blow severed his head from his body.

Still, however, he was not content till he had ample vengeance of the governors of the city, who condemned him. To effect this, he hired a small house adjoining to the town wall, under which he every day dug, and carried out the earth in a

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basket. In this unremitting labor he continued several years, every day digging a little, and carrying the earth unsuspected away. By this means he at last made a secret communication from the country into the city, and only wanted the appearance of an enemy in order to betray it. This opportunity at length offered; the French army came into the neighborhood, but had no thoughts of sitting down before a town which they considered as impregnable. Bidderman, however, soon altered their resolutions, and, upon communicating his plan to the general, he embraced it with ardor. Through the private passage above mentioned, he introduced a large body of the most resolute soldiers, who soon opened the gates for the rest; and the whole army, rushing in, put every Saracen that was found to the sword.

THE SAGACITY OF SOME INSECTS.

To the Author of The Bee.

Sir,—Animals in general are sagacious in proportion as they cultivate society. The elephant and the beaver show the greatest signs of this when united; but when man intrudes into their communities, they lose all their spirit of industry, and testify but a very small share of that sagacity for which, when in a social state, they are so remarkable.

Among insects, the labors of the bee and the ant have employed the attention and admiration of the naturalist; but their whole sagacity is lost upon separation, and a single bee or ant seems destitute of every degree of industry, is the most stupid insect imaginable, languishes for a time in solitude, and soon dies.

Of all the solitary insects I have ever remarked, the spider is the most sagacious, and its actions to me, who have attentively considered them, seem almost to exceed belief. This insect is formed by nature for a state of war, not only upon other insects, but upon each other. For this state nature seems perfectly well to have formed it. Its head and breast are covered with a strong natural coat of mail, which is impenetrable to the attempts of every other insect, and its belly

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is enveloped in a soft pliant skin, which eludes the sting even of a wasp. Its legs are terminated by strong claws, not unlike those of a lobster; and their vast length, like spears, serve to keep every assailant at a distance.

Not worse furnished for observation than for an attack or a defence, it has several eyes, large, transparent, and covered with an horny substance, which, however, does not impede its vision. Besides this, it is furnished with a forceps above the mouth, which serves to kill or secure the prey already caught in its claws or its net.

Such are the implements of war with which the body is immediately furnished; but its net to entangle the enemy seems what it chiefly trusts to, and what it takes most pains to render as complete as possible. Nature has furnished the body of this little creature with a glutinous liquid, which, proceeding from the anus, it spins into thread coarser or finer, as it chooses to contract or dilate its sphincter. In order to fix its thread when it begins to weave, it emits a small drop of its liquid against the wall, which, hardening by degrees, serves to hold the thread very firmly. Then receding from the first point, as it recedes the thread lengthens; and when the spider has come to the place where the other end of the thread should be fixed, gathering up with its claws the thread, which would otherwise be too slack, it is stretched tightly, and fixed in the same manner to the wall as before.

In this manner it spins and fixes several threads parallel to each other, which, so to speak, serve as the warp to the intended web. To form the woof, it spins in the same manner its thread, transversely fixing one end to the first thread that was spun, and which is always the strongest of the whole web, and the other to the wall. All these threads, being newly spun, are glutinous, and therefore stick to each other wherever they happen to touch; and in those parts of the web most exposed to be torn, our natural artist strengthens them by doubling the threads sometimes sixfold.

Thus far naturalists have gone in the description of this animal: what follows is the result of my own observation upon that species of the insect called a house-spider. I per-

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ceived, about four years ago, a large spider in one corner of my room, making its web; and though the maid frequently levelled her fatal broom against the labors of the little animal, I had the good fortune then to prevent its destruction, and I may say it more than paid me by the entertainment it afforded.

In three days the web was, with incredible diligence, completed; nor could I avoid thinking that the insect seemed to exult in its new abode. It frequently traversed it round, examined the strength of every part of it, retired into its hole, and came out very frequently. The first enemy, however, it had to encounter was another and a much larger spider, which, having no web of its own, and having probably exhausted all its stock in former labors of this kind, came to invade the property of its neighbor. Soon, then, a terrible encounter ensued, in which the invader seemed to have the victory, and the laborious spider was obliged to take refuge in its hole. Upon this I perceived the victor using every art to draw the enemy from his stronghold. He seemed to go off, but quickly returned, and, when he found all arts vain, began to demolish the new web without mercy. This brought on another battle, and, contrary to my expectations, the laborious spider became conqueror, and fairly killed his antagonist.

Now, then, in peaceable possession of what was justly its own, it waited three days with the utmost impatience, repairing the breaches of its web, and taking no sustenance that I could perceive. At last, however, a large blue fly fell into the snare, and struggled hard to get loose. The spider gave it leave to entangle itself as much as possible, but it seemed to be too strong for the cobweb. I must own I was greatly surprised when I saw the spider immediately sally out, and in less than a minute weave a new net round its captive, by which the motion of its wings was stopped; and when it was fairly hampered in this manner, it was seized and dragged into the hole.

In this manner it lived, in a precarious state, and nature seemed to have fitted it for such a life; for upon a single fly it subsisted for more than a week. I once put a wasp into

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the nest; but when the spider came out in order to seize it as usual, upon perceiving what kind of an enemy it had to deal with, it instantly broke all the bands that held it fast, and contributed all that lay in its power to disengage so formidable an antagonist. When the wasp was at liberty, I expected the spider would have set about repairing the breaches that were made in its net: but those, it seems, were irreparable; wherefore the cobweb was now entirely forsaken, and a new one begun, which was completed in the usual time.

I had now a mind to try how many cobwebs a single spider could furnish; wherefore I destroyed this, and the insect set about another. When I destroyed the other also, its whole stock seemed entirely exhausted, and it could spin no more. The arts it made use of to support itself, now deprived of its great means of subsistence, were indeed surprising. I have seen it roll up its legs like a ball, and lie motionless for hours together, but cautiously watching all the time; when a fly happened to approach sufficiently near, it would dart out all at once, and often seize its prey.

Of this life, however, it soon began to grow weary, and resolved to invade the possession of some other spider, since it could not make a web of its own. It formed an attack upon a neighboring fortification with great vigor, and at first was as vigorously repulsed. Not daunted, however, with one defeat, in this manner it continued to lay siege to another's web for three days, and at length, having killed the defendant, actually took possession. When smaller flies happen to fall into the snare, the spider does not sally out at once, but very patiently waits till it is sure of them; for upon his immediately approaching, the terror of his appearance might give the captive strength sufficient to get loose: the manner then is to wait patiently till, by ineffectual and impotent struggles, the captive has wasted all its strength, and then he becomes a certain and an easy conquest.

The insect I am now describing lived three years; every year it changed its skin, and got a new set of legs. I have sometimes plucked off a leg, which grew again in two or three days. At first it dreaded my approach to its web, but at last

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it became so familiar as to take a fly out of my hand, and, upon my touching any part of the web, would immediately leave its hole, prepared either for a defence or an attack.

To complete this description, it may be observed that the male spiders are much less than the female, and that the latter are oviparous. When they come to lay, they spread a part of their web under the eggs, and then roll them up carefully, as we roll up things in a cloth, and thus hatch them in their hole. If disturbed in their holes, they never attempt to escape without carrying this young brood in their forceps away with them, and thus frequently are sacrificed to their paternal affection.

As soon as ever the young ones leave their artificial covering, they begin to spin, and almost sensibly seem to grow bigger. If they have the good fortune, when even but a day old, to catch a fly, they fall to with good appetites; but they live sometimes three or four days without any sort of sustenance, and yet still continue to grow larger, so as every day to double their former size. As they grow old, however, they do not still continue to increase, but their legs only continue to grow longer; and when a spider becomes entirely stiff with age, and unable to seize its prey, it dies at length of hunger.

THE CHARACTERISTICS OF GREATNESS.

In every duty, in every science in which we would wish to arrive at perfection, we should propose for the object of our pursuit some certain station even beyond our abilities; some imaginary excellence which may amuse and serve to animate our inquiry. In deviating from others, in following an unbeaten road, though we perhaps may never arrive at the wished-for object, yet it is possible we may meet several discoveries by the way; and the certainty of small advantages, even while we travel with security, is not so amusing as the hopes of great rewards, which inspire the adventurer. "Evenit nonnunquam," says Quintilian, "ut aliquid grande inveniat qui semper quærit quod nimium est."

This enterprising spirit is, however, by no means the character of the present age. Every person who should now leave

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received opinions, who should attempt to be more than a commentator upon philosophy, or an imitator in polite learning, might be regarded as a chimerical projector. Hundreds would be ready not only to point out his errors, but to load him with reproach. Our probable opinions are now regarded as certainties; the difficulties hitherto undiscovered as utterly inscrutable; and the writers of the last age inimitable, and therefore the properest models of imitation.

One might be almost induced to deplore the philosophic spirit of the age, which, in proportion as it enlightens the mind, increases its timidity, and represses the vigor of every undertaking. Men are now content with being prudently in the right, which, though not the way to make new acquisitions, it must be owned, is the best method of securing what we have. Yet this is certain, that the writer who never deviates, who never hazards a new thought or a new expression, though his friends may compliment him upon his sagacity, though criticism lifts her feeble voice in his praise, will seldom arrive at any degree of perfection. The way to acquire lasting esteem is not by the fewness of a writer's faults, but the greatness of his beauties, and our noblest works are generally most replete with both.

An author who would be sublime often runs his thought into burlesque, yet I can readily pardon his mistaking ten times for once succeeding. True genius walks along a line; and perhaps our greatest pleasure is in seeing it so often near falling, without being ever actually down.

Every science has its hitherto undiscovered mysteries, after which men should travel undiscouraged by the failure of former adventurers. Every new attempt serves, perhaps, to facilitate its future invention. We may not find the philosopher's stone, but we shall probably hit upon new inventions in pursuing it. We shall, perhaps, never be able to discover the longitude, yet perhaps we may arrive at new truths in the investigation.

Were any of these sagacious minds among us, and surely no nation or no period could ever compare with us in this particular, who now sit down contented with exploring the intri-

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cacies of another's system, bravely to shake off admiration, and, undazzled with the splendor of another's reputation, to chalk out a path to fame for themselves, and boldly cultivate untried experiment, what might not be the result of their inquiries should the same study that has made them wise make them enterprising also? What could not such qualities united produce? But such is not the character of the English. While our neighbors of the Continent launch out into the ocean of science, without proper stores for the voyage, we fear shipwreck in every breeze, and consume in port those powers which might probably have weathered every storm.

Projectors in a state are generally rewarded above their deserts; projectors in the republic of letters never. If wrong, every inferior dunce thinks himself entitled to laugh at their disappointment; if right, men of superior talents think their honor engaged to oppose, since every new discovery is a tacit diminution of their own pre-eminence.

To aim at excellence, our reputation, our friends, and our all must be ventured; by aiming only at mediocrity we run no risk, and we do little service. Prudence and greatness are ever persuading us to contrary pursuits. The one instructs us to be content with our station, and to find happiness in bounding every wish; the other impels us to superiority, and calls nothing happiness but rapture. The one directs to follow mankind, and to act and think with the rest of the world. The other drives us from the crowd, and exposes us as a mark to all the shafts of envy or ignorance. "Nec minus periculum ex magna fama quam ex mala."—Tacit.

The rewards of mediocrity are immediately paid; those attending excellence generally paid in reversion. In a word, the little mind who loves itself will write and think with the vulgar, but the great mind will be bravely eccentric, and scorn the beaten road from universal benevolence.

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A CITY NIGHT PIECE.[1]

"Ille dolet vere qui sine teste dolet."—MART.

THE clock has struck two, the expiring taper rises and sinks in the socket, the watchman forgets the hour in slumber, the laborious and the happy are at rest, and nothing now wakes but guilt, revelry, and despair. The drunkard once more fills the destroying bowl, the robber walks his midnight round, and the suicide lifts his guilty arm against his own sacred person.

Let me no longer waste the night over the page of antiquity or the sallies of contemporary genius, but pursue the solitary walk, where vanity, ever changing, but a few hours past walked before me, where she kept up the pageant, and now, like a froward child,[2] seems hushed with her own importunities.

What a gloom hangs all around! The dying lamp feebly emits a yellow gleam; no sound is heard but of the chiming clock or the distant watch-dog. All the bustle of human pride is forgotten, and this hour may well display the emptiness of human vanity.

There may come a time when this temporary solitude may be made continual, and the city itself, like its inhabitants, fade away, and leave a desert in its room.

What cities, as great as this, have once triumphed in existence; had their victories as great as ours; joy as just, and as unbounded as we; and, with short-sighted presumption, promised themselves immortality—posterity can hardly trace the situation of some. The sorrowful traveller wanders over the awful ruins of others, and, as he beholds, he learns wisdom and feels the transience of every sublunary possession.

Here stood their citadel, but now grown over with weeds; there their senate-house, but now the haunt of every noxious reptile; temples and theatres stood here, now only an undistinguished heap of ruins. They are fallen, for luxury and avarice first made them feeble. The rewards of state were

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[1] Reprinted in part as Letter CXVII. of "The Citizen of the World." See Vol. IV. p. 246.

[2] See Vol. I. p. 164.

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conferred on amusing, and not on useful, members of society. Thus true virtue languished, their riches and opulence invited the plunderer, who, though once repulsed, returned again, and at last swept the defendants into undistinguished destruction.

How few appear in those streets which but some few hours ago were crowded! and those who appear no longer now wear their daily mask, nor attempt to hide their lewdness or their misery.

But who are those who make the streets their couch, and find a short repose from wretchedness at the doors of the opulent? These are strangers, wanderers, and orphans, whose circumstances are too humble to expect redress, and their distresses too great even for pity. Some are without the covering even of rags, and others emaciated with disease; the world seems to have disclaimed them; society turns its back upon their distress, and has given them up to nakedness and hunger. These poor shivering females have once seen happier days, and been flattered into beauty. They have been prostituted to the gay luxurious villain, and are now turned out to meet the severity of winter in the streets: perhaps now lying at the door of their betrayers, they sue to wretches whose hearts are insensible to calamity, or debauchees who may curse, but will not relieve, them.

Why, why, was I born a man, and yet see the suffering of wretches I cannot relieve! Poor houseless creatures! the world will give you reproaches, but will not give you relief. The slightest misfortunes, the most imaginary uneasinesses of the rich, are aggravated with all the power of eloquence, and engage our attention; while you weep unheeded, persecuted by every subordinate species of tyranny, and finding enmity in every law.

Why was this heart of mine formed with so much sensibility! or why was not my fortune adapted to its impulse! Tenderness, without a capacity of relieving, only makes the heart that feels it more wretched than the object which sues for assistance.

But let me turn from a scene of such distress to the sanctified hypocrite, *who has been talking of virtue till the time of*

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bed, and now steals out to give a loose to his vices under the protection of midnight—vices more atrocious because he attempts to conceal them. See how he pants down the dark alley, and, with hastening steps, fears an acquaintance in every face. He has passed the whole day in company he hates, and now goes to prolong the night among company that as heartily hate him. May his vices be detected! may the morning rise upon his shame! Yet I wish to no purpose: villany, when detected, never gives up, but boldly adds impudence to imposture.[1]

AN ELEGY ON THAT GLORY OF HER SEX, MRS. MARY BLAIZE.[2]

Good people all, with one accord,
Lament for Madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word—
From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom pass'd her door,
And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor—
Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighborhood to please
With manners wond'rous winning,
And never follow'd wicked ways—
Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and satins new,
With hoop of monstrous size,
She never slumber'd in her pew—
But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more;
The king himself has follow'd her—
When she has walk'd before.

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[1] See note in Vol. IV. p. 248.

[2] See Vol. I. p. 110.

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But now, her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short all;
The doctors found, when she was dead—
Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament, in sorrow sore,
For Kent Street well may say
That had she liv'd a twelvemonth more—
She had not died to-day.

No. V.—SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1759.

UPON POLITICAL FRUGALITY.

Frugality has ever been esteemed a virtue, as well among Pagans as Christians: there have been even heroes who have practised it. However, we must acknowledge that it is too modest a virtue, or, if you will, too obscure a one, to be essential to heroism: few heroes have been able to attain such an height. Frugality agrees much better with politics; it seems to be the base and support, and, in a word, the inseparable companion, of a just administration.

However this be, there is not, perhaps, in the world a people less fond of this virtue than the English; and, of consequence, there is not a nation more restless, more exposed to the uneasinesses of life, or less capable of providing for particular happiness. We are taught to despise this virtue from our childhood. Our education is improperly directed, and a man who has gone through the politest institutions is generally the person who is least acquainted with the wholesome precepts of frugality. We every day hear the elegance of taste, the magnificence of some, and the generosity of others, made the subject of our admiration and applause. All this we see represented, not as the end and recompense of labor and desert, but as the actual result of genius, as the mark of a noble and exalted mind.

In the midst of these praises bestowed on luxury, for which elegance and taste are but another name, perhaps it may be

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thought improper to plead the cause of frugality. It may be thought low, or vainly declamatory, to exhort our youth from the follies of dress, and of every other superfluity; to accustom themselves, even with mechanic meanness, to the simple necessaries of life. Such sort of instructions may appear antiquated; yet, however, they seem the foundations of all our virtues, and the most efficacious method of making mankind useful members of society. Unhappily, however, such discourses are not fashionable among us, and the fashion seems every day growing still more obsolete, since the press and every other method of exhortation seems disposed to talk of the luxuries of life as harmless enjoyments. I remember, when a boy, to have remarked that those who in school wore the finest clothes were pointed at as being conceited and proud. At present our little masters are taught to consider dress betimes, and they are regarded, even at school, with contempt who do not appear as genteel as the rest. Education should teach us to become useful, sober, disinterested, and laborious members of society; but does it not at present point out a different path? It teaches us to multiply our wants, by which means we become more eager to possess in order to dissipate, a greater charge to ourselves, and more useless or obnoxious to society.

If a youth happens to be possessed of more genius than fortune, he is early informed that he ought to think of his advancement in the world; that he should labor to make himself pleasing to his superiors; that he should shun low company—by which is meant the company of his equals; that he should rather live a little above than below his fortune; that he should think of becoming great. But he finds none to admonish him to become frugal, to persevere in one single design, to avoid every pleasure and all flattery, which, however seeming to conciliate the favor of his superiors, never conciliate their esteem. There are none to teach him that the best way of becoming happy in himself and useful to others is to continue in the state in which fortune at first placed him, without making too hasty strides to advancement; that greatness may be attained, but should not be expected; and

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that they who most impatiently expect advancement are seldom possessed of their wishes. He has few, I say, to teach him this lesson, or to moderate his youthful passions; yet this experience may say that a young man who, but for six years of the early part of his life, could seem divested of all his passions would certainly make or considerably increase his fortune, and might indulge several of his favorite inclinations in manhood with the utmost security.

The efficaciousness of these means is sufficiently known and acknowledged; but as we are apt to connect a low idea with all our notions of frugality, the person who would persuade us to it might be accused of preaching up avarice.

Of all vices, however, against which morality dissuades, there is not one more undetermined than this of avarice. Misers are described by some as men divested of honor, sentiment, or humanity; but this is only an ideal picture, or the resemblance, at least, is found but in a few. In truth, they who are generally called misers are some of the very best members of society. The sober, the laborious, the attentive, the frugal, are thus styled by the gay, giddy, thoughtless, and extravagant. The first set of men do society all the good, and the latter all the evil that is felt. Even the excesses of the first no way injure the commonwealth; those of the latter are the most injurious that can be conceived.

The ancient Romans, more rational than we in this particular, were very far from thus misplacing their admiration or praise; instead of regarding the practice of parsimony as low or vicious, they made it synonymous even with probity. They esteemed those virtues so inseparable that the known expression of *vir frugi* signified, at one and the same time, a sober and managing man, an honest man, and a man of substance.

The Scriptures, in a thousand places, praise economy; and it is everywhere distinguished from avarice. But, in spite of all its sacred dictates, a taste for vain pleasures and foolish expense is the ruling passion of the present times. Passion did I call it? rather the madness which at once possesses the great and the little, the rich and the poor; even some are so

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intent upon acquiring the superfluities of life that they sacrifice its necessaries in this foolish pursuit.

To attempt the entire abolition of luxury, as it would be impossible, so it is not my intent. The generality of mankind are too weak, too much slaves to custom and opinion, to resist the torrent of bad example. But if it be impossible to convert the multitude, those who have received a more extended education, who are enlightened and judicious, may find some hints on this subject useful. They may see some abuses, the suppression of which would by no means endanger public liberty; they may be directed to the abolition of some unnecessary expenses, which have no tendency to promote happiness or virtue, and which might be directed to better purposes. Our fire-works, our public feasts and entertainments, our entries of ambassadors, etc., what mummery all this! what childish pageants! what millions are sacrificed in paying tribute to custom! what an unnecessary charge at times when we are pressed with real want, which cannot be satisfied without burdening the poor!

Were such suppressed entirely, not a single creature in the State would have the least cause to mourn their suppression, and many might be eased of a load they now feel lying heavily upon them. If this were put in practice, it would agree with the advice of a sensible writer of Sweden, who, in the *Gazette de France*, 1753, thus expressed himself on that subject: "It were sincerely to be wished," says he, "that the custom were established amongst us, that in all events which cause a public joy we made our exultations conspicuous only by acts useful to society. We should then quickly see many useful monuments of our reason, which would much better perpetuate the memory of things worthy of being transmitted to posterity, and would be much more glorious to humanity than all these tumultuous preparations of feasts, entertainments, and other rejoicings used upon such occasions."

The same proposal was long before confirmed by a Chinese emperor who lived in the last century; who, upon an occasion of extraordinary joy, forbade his subjects to make the usual illuminations, either with a design of sparing their sub-

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stance or of turning them to some more durable indications of joy, more glorious for him and more advantageous to his people.

After such instances of political frugality, can we then continue to blame the Dutch ambassador at a certain court who, receiving, at his departure, the portrait of the king enriched with diamonds, asked what this fine thing might be worth? Being told that it might amount to about two thousand pounds, "And why," cries he, "cannot his majesty keep the picture and give me the money?" This simplicity may be ridiculed at first; but when we come to examine it more closely, men of sense will at once confess that he had reason in what he said, and that a purse of two thousand guineas is much more serviceable than a picture.

Should we follow the same method of state frugality in other respects, what numberless savings might not be the result! How many possibilities of saving in the administration of justice, which now burdens the subject, and enriches some members of society who are useful only from its corruption!

It were to be wished that they who govern kingdoms would imitate artisans. When at London a new stuff has been invented, it is immediately counterfeited in France. How happy were it for society if a first minister would be equally solicitous to transplant the useful laws of other countries into his own! We are arrived at a perfect imitation of porcelain; let us endeavor to imitate the good to society that our neighbors are found to practise, and let our neighbors also imitate those parts of duty in which we excel.

There are some men who, in their garden, attempt to raise those fruits which nature has adapted only to the sultry climates beneath the line. We have at our very doors a thousand laws and customs infinitely useful: these are the fruits we should endeavor to transplant; these the exotics that would speedily become naturalized to the soil. They might grow in every climate, and benefit every possessor.

The best and the most useful laws I have ever seen are generally practised in Holland. When two men are deter-

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mined to go to law with each other, they are first obliged to go before the reconciling judges, called the *peace-makers*. If the parties come attended with an advocate or a solicitor, they are obliged to retire, as we take fuel from the fire we are desirous of extinguishing.

The peace-makers then begin advising the parties by assuring them that it is the height of folly to waste their substance, and make themselves mutually miserable, by having recourse to the tribunals of justice: "follow but our direction, and we will accommodate matters without any expense to either." If the rage of debate is too strong upon either party, they are remitted back for another day, in order that time may soften their tempers and produce a reconciliation. They are thus sent for twice or thrice. If their folly happens to be incurable, they are permitted to go to law; and, as we give up to amputation such members as cannot be cured by art, justice is permitted to take its course.

It is unnecessary to make here long declamations, or calculate what society would save were this law adopted. I am sensible that the man who advises any reformation only serves to make himself ridiculous. "What!" mankind will be apt to say, "adopt the customs of countries that have not so much real liberty as our own! Our present customs, what are they to any man. We are very happy under them. This must be a very pleasant fellow who attempts to make us happier than we already are! Does he not know that abuses are the patrimony of a great part of the nation? Why deprive us of a malady by which such numbers find their account?" This, I must own, is an argument to which I have nothing to reply.

What numberless savings might there not be made in both arts and commerce, particularly in the liberty of exercising trade without the necessary prerequisites of freedom! Such useless obstructions have crept into every state, from a spirit of monopoly, a narrow selfish spirit of gain, without the least attention to general society. Such a clog upon industry frequently drives the poor from labor, and reduces them by degrees to a state of hopeless indigence. We have already a more than sufficient repugnance to labor; we should by no

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means increase the obstacles, or make excuses in a state for idleness. Such faults have ever crept into a state under wrong or needy administrations.

Exclusive of the masters, there are numberless faulty expenses among the workmen—clubs, garnishes, freedoms, and such-like impositions, which are not too minute even for law to take notice of, and which should be abolished without mercy, since they are ever the inlets to excess and idleness, and are the parent of all those outrages which naturally fall upon the more useful part of society. In the towns and countries I have seen, I never saw a city or village yet whose miseries were not in proportion to the number of its public-houses. In Rotterdam, you may go through eight or ten streets without finding a public-house. In Antwerp, almost every second house seems an alehouse. In the one city, all wears the appearance of happiness and warm affluence; in the other, the young fellows walk about the streets in shabby finery, their fathers sit at the door darning or knitting stockings, while their ports are filled with dunghills.

Alehouses are ever an occasion of debauchery and excess; and, either in a religious or political light, it would be our highest interest to have the greatest part of them suppressed. They should be put under laws of not continuing open beyond a certain hour, and harboring only proper persons. These rules, it may be said, will diminish the necessary taxes; but this is false reasoning, since what was consumed in debauchery abroad would, if such a regulation took place, be more justly, and perhaps more equitably for the workmen's family, spent at home; and this cheaper to them, and without loss of time. On the other hand, our alehouses, being ever open, interrupt business; the workman is never certain who frequents them, nor can the master be sure of having what was begun finished at the convenient time.

An habit of frugality among the lower orders of mankind is much more beneficial to society than the unreflecting might imagine. The pawnbroker, the attorney, and other pests of society might, by proper management, be turned into serviceable members; and, were their trades abolished, it is possible

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the same avarice that conducts the one, or the same chicanery that characterizes the other, might by proper regulations be converted into frugality and commendable prudence.

But some have made the eulogium of luxury, have represented it as the natural consequence of every country that is become rich. Did we not employ our extraordinary wealth in superfluities, say they, what other means would there be to employ it in? To which it may be answered, If frugality were established in the State, if our expenses were laid out rather in the necessaries than the superfluities of life, there might be fewer wants, and even fewer pleasures, but infinitely more happiness. The rich and the great would be better able to satisfy their creditors; they would be better able to marry their children, and, instead of one marriage at present, there might be two if such regulations took place.

The imaginary calls of vanity, which in reality contribute nothing to our real felicity, would not then be attended to, while the real calls of nature might be always and universally supplied. The difference of employment in the subject is what, in reality, produces the good of society. If the subject be engaged in providing only the luxuries, the necessaries must be deficient in proportion. If, neglecting the produce of our own country, our minds are set upon the productions of another, we increase our wants, but not our means; and every new imported delicacy for our tables, or ornament in our equipage, is a tax upon the poor.

The true interest of every government is to cultivate the necessaries, by which is always meant every happiness our own country can produce; and suppress all the luxuries, by which is meant, on the other hand, every happiness imported from abroad. Commerce has, therefore, its bounds; and every new import, instead of receiving encouragement, should be first examined whether it be conducive to the interest of society.

Among the many publications with which the press is every day burdened, I have often wondered why we never had, as in other countries, an Economical Journal, which might at once direct to all the useful discoveries in other countries, and spread those of our own. As other journals serve to amuse

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the learned, or, what is more often the case, to make them quarrel, while they only serve to give us the history of the mischievous world, for so I call our warriors; or the idle world, for so may the learned be called; they never trouble their heads about the most useful part of mankind, our peasants and our artisans. Were such a work carried into execution with proper management and just direction, it might serve as a repository for every useful improvement, and increase that knowledge which learning often serves to confound.

Sweden seems the only country where the science of economy appears to have fixed its empire. In other countries it is cultivated only by a few admirers, or by societies which have not received sufficient sanction to become completely useful; but here there is founded a Royal Academy destined to this purpose only, composed of the most learned and powerful members of the State; an academy which declines everything which only terminates in amusement, erudition, or curiosity, and admits only of observations tending to illustrate husbandry, agriculture, and every real physical improvement. In this country nothing is left to private rapacity, but every improvement is immediately diffused, and its inventor immediately recompensed by the State. Happy were it so in other countries! By this means every impostor would be prevented from ruining or deceiving the public with pretended discoveries or nostrums, and every real inventor would not, by this means, suffer the inconveniences of suspicion.

In short, true economy, equally unknown to the prodigal and avaricious, seems to be a just mean between both extremes; and to a transgression of this at present decried virtue it is that we are to attribute a great part of the evils which infest society. A taste for superfluity, amusement, and pleasure bring effeminacy, idleness, and expense in their train. But a thirst of riches is always proportioned to our debauchery, and the greatest prodigal is too frequently found to be the greatest miser; so that the vices which seem the most opposite are frequently found to produce each other; and, to avoid both, it is only necessary to be frugal.

"Virtus est medium vitiorum, et utrinque reductum."—Hor.

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A REVERIE.

Scarce a day passes in which we do not hear compliments paid to Dryden, Pope, and other writers of the last age, while not a month comes forward that is not loaded with invective against the writers of this. Strange that our critics should be fond of giving their favors to those who are insensible of the obligation, and their dislike to these who, of all mankind, are most apt to retaliate the injury.[1]

Even though our present writers had not equal merit with their predecessors, it would be politic to use them with ceremony. Every compliment paid them would be more agreeable, in proportion as they least deserved it. Tell a lady with an handsome face that she is pretty, she only thinks it her due; it is what she has heard a thousand times before from others, and disregards the compliment: but assure a lady, the cut of whose visage is something more plain, that she looks killing to-day, she instantly bridles up, and feels the force of the well-timed flattery the whole day after. Compliments which we think are deserved we only accept as debts with indifference, but those which conscience informs us we do not merit we receive with the same gratitude that we do favors given away.

Our gentlemen, however, who preside at the distribution of literary fame seem resolved to part with praise neither from motives of justice nor generosity. One would think, when they take pen in hand, that it was only to blot reputations, and to put their seals to the packet which consigns every newborn effort to oblivion.

Yet, notwithstanding the republic of letters hangs at present so feebly together; though those friendships which once promoted literary fame seem now to be discontinued; though every writer who now draws the quill seems to aim at profit as well as applause, many among them are probably laying in

[1] "The great contention of criticism is to find the faults of the moderns and the beauties of the ancients. While an author is yet living we estimate his powers by his worst performance, and when he is dead we rate them by his best."—Johnson, *Preface to Shakespeare*, 1765.

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stores for immortality, and are provided with a sufficient stock of reputation to last the whole journey.

As I was indulging these reflections, in order to eke out the present page, I could not avoid pursuing the metaphor of going a journey in my imagination, and formed the following reverie—too wild for allegory, and too regular for a dream.

I fancied myself placed in the yard of a large inn, in which there were an infinite number of wagons and stage-coaches, attended by fellows who either invited the company to take their places, or were busied in packing their baggage. Each vehicle had its inscription, showing the place of its destination. On one I could read "The Pleasure Stage-coach;" on another, "The Wagon of Industry;" on a third, "The Vanity Whim;" and on a fourth, "The Landau of Riches." I had some inclination to step into each of these, one after another; but I know not by what means I passed them by, and at last fixed my eye upon a small carriage, Berlin fashion, which seemed the most convenient vehicle at a distance in the world; and, upon my nearer approach, found it to be "The Fame Machine."

I instantly made up to the coachman, whom I found to be an affable and seemingly good-natured fellow. He informed me that he had but a few days ago returned from the Temple of Fame, to which he had been carrying Addison, Swift, Pope, Steele, Congreve, and Colley Cibber. That they made but indifferent company by the way, and that he once or twice was going to empty his Berlin of the whole cargo; however, says he, I got them all safe home, with no other damage than a black eye, which Colley gave Mr. Pope, and am now returned for another coachful. "If that be all, friend," said I, "and if you are in want of company, I'll make one with all my heart. Open the door; I hope the machine rides easy."—"Oh, for that, sir, extremely easy." But still keeping the door shut, and measuring me with his eye, "Pray, sir, have you no luggage? You seem to be a good-natured sort of a gentleman; but I don't find you have got any luggage, and I never permit any to travel with me but such as have something valuable to pay for coach-hire." Examining my pock-

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ets, I own I was not a little disconcerted at this unexpected rebuff; but considering that I carried a number of "The Bee" under my arm, I was resolved to open it in his eyes, and dazzle him with the splendor of the page. He read the title and contents, however, without any emotion, and assured me he had never heard of it before. "In short, friend," said he, now losing all his former respect, "you must not come in. I expect better passengers; but, as you seem an harmless creature, perhaps, if there be room left, I may let you ride a while for charity."

I now took my stand by the coachman at the door, and, since I could not command a seat, was resolved to be as useful as possible, and earn by my assiduity what I could not by my merit.

The next that presented for a place was a most whimsical figure indeed.[1] He was hung round with papers of his own composing, not unlike those who sing ballads in the streets, and came dancing up to the door with all the confidence of instant admittance. The volubility of his motion and address prevented my being able to read more of his cargo than the word "Inspector,"[2] which was written in great letters at the top of some of the papers. He opened the coach-door himself without any ceremony, and was just slipping in, when the coachman, with as little ceremony, pulled him back. Our figure seemed perfectly angry at this repulse, and demanded gentleman's satisfaction. "Lord, sir," replied the coachman, "instead of proper luggage, by your bulk you seem loaded for a West India voyage. You are big enough, with all your papers, to crack twenty stage-coaches. Excuse me, indeed, sir,

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[1] John Hill, M.D., who assumed latterly the title of Sir John on receiving a Swedish order of knighthood. This literary and medical quack died in 1775. Garrick's epigram is well known:

"For physic and farces his equal there scarce is:
His farces are physic, his physic a farce is."

Hill's character formed part of the famous conversation of Dr. Johnson with King George III. Hill was the author of "Mrs. Glasse's Cookery Book."

[2] "The Inspector" originally appeared in the *London Daily Advertiser*. It commenced in March, 1751, and was continued every morning for about two years.

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for you must not enter." Our figure now began to expostulate: he assured the coachman that though his baggage seemed so bulky, it was perfectly light, and that he would be contented with the smallest corner of room. But Jehu was inflexible, and the carrier of the Inspectors was sent to dance back again with all his papers fluttering in the wind. We expected to have no more trouble from this quarter, when, in a few minutes, the same figure changed his appearance, like harlequin upon the stage, and with the same confidence again made his approaches, dressed in lace, and carrying nothing but a nosegay.[1] Upon coming near, he thrust the nosegay to the coachman's nose, grasped the brass, and seemed now resolved to enter by violence. I found the struggle soon begin to grow hot, and the coachman, who was a little old, unable to continue the contest; so, in order to ingratiate myself, I stepped in to his assistance, and our united efforts sent our literary Proteus, though worsted, unconquered still, clear off, dancing a rigadoon, and smelling to his own nosegay.

The person[2] who after him appeared as candidate for a place in the stage came up with an air not quite so confident, but somewhat, however, theatrical; and, instead of entering, made the coachman a very low bow, which the other returned, and desired to see his baggage; upon which he instantly produced some farces, a tragedy, and other miscellany productions. The coachman, casting his eye upon the cargo, assured him at present he could not possibly have a place, but hoped in time he might aspire to one, as he seemed to have read in the book of nature, without a careful perusal of which none ever found entrance at the Temple of Fame. "What!" replied the disappointed poet; "shall my tragedy,[3] in which I

[1] Hill was now in flower, the publications of the year 1759 including four from his pen: "On Exotic Botany;" "On the Origin and Production of Proliferous Flowers;" "On the Usefulness of a Knowledge of Plants;" and "A Method of Producing Double Flowers from Single by a Regular Course of Culture." He was remarkable also for his dress.

[2] Arthur Murphy; died 1805, in his eighty-second year.

[3] Murphy's tragedy of "The Orphan of China," produced at Drury Lane 21st April, 1759, and acted *nine* times. Goldsmith reviewed it in the *Critical Review*. See Vol. VII.

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have vindicated the cause of liberty and virtue—"—"Follow nature," returned the other, "and never expect to find lasting fame by topics which only please from their popularity. Had you been first in the cause of freedom, or praised in virtue more than an empty name, it is possible you might have gained admittance; but at present I beg, sir, you will stand aside for another gentleman whom I see approaching."

This was a very grave personage,[1] whom at some distance I took for one of the most reserved, and even disagreeable, figures I had seen; but as he approached his appearance improved, and when I could distinguish him thoroughly, I perceived that, in spite of the severity of his brow, he had one of the most good-natured countenances that could be imagined. Upon coming to open the stage-door, he lifted a parcel of folios into the seat before him, but our inquisitorial coachman at once shoved them out again. "What! not take in my Dictionary!" exclaimed the other, in a rage.—"Be patient, sir," replied the coachman; "I have drove a coach, man and boy, these two thousand years; but I do not remember to have carried above one Dictionary during the whole time. That little book which I perceive peeping from one of your pockets,[2] may I presume to ask what it contains?"—"A mere trifle," replied the author; "it is called 'The Rambler.'"—"'The Rambler!'" says the coachman; "I beg, sir, you'll take your place. I have heard our ladies in the court of Apollo frequently mention it with rapture; and Clio, who happens to be a little grave, has been heard to prefer it to 'The Spectator;'[3] though others have observed that the reflections, by being refined, sometimes become minute."

This grave gentleman was scarce seated when another,[4] whose appearance was something more modern, seemed will-

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[1] Dr. Johnson.

[2] "Upon his tour, when journeying, he [Johnson] wore boots, and a very wide brown cloth great-coat, with pockets which might have almost held the two volumes of his folio Dictionary."—Boswell by Croker, p. 269.

[3] Addison's papers in "The Spectator" were signed by one of four letters—C, L, I, O. Somerville the poet has turned a happy compliment to Addison on his use of the name.

[4] David Hume.

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ing to enter, yet afraid to ask. He carried in his hand a bundle of Essays, of which the coachman was curious enough to inquire the contents. "These," replied the gentleman, "are rhapsodies against the religion of my country."—"And how can you expect to come into my coach after thus choosing the wrong side of the question?"—"Ay, but I am right," replied the other; "and if you give me leave, I shall in a few minutes state the argument."—"Right or wrong," said the coachman, "he who disturbs religion is a blockhead, and he shall never travel in a coach of mine."—"If, then," said the gentleman, mustering up all his courage—"if I am not to have admittance as an essayist, I hope I shall not be repulsed as an historian; the last volume of my History met with applause."—"Yes," replied the coachman, "but I have heard only the first approved at the Temple of Fame; and as I see you have it about you, enter without further ceremony." My attention was now diverted to a crowd who were pushing forward a person[1] that seemed more inclined to the *stage-coach of riches;* but by their means he was driven forward to the same machine, which he nevertheless seemed heartily to despise. Impelled, however, by their solicitations, he steps up, flourishing a voluminous History, and demanding admittance. "Sir, I have formerly heard your name mentioned," says the coachman, "but never as an historian. Is there no other work upon which you may claim a place?"—"None," replied the other, "except a romance; but this is a work of too trifling a nature to claim future attention."—"You mistake," says the inquisitor; "a well-written romance is no such easy task as is generally imagined. I remember formerly to have carried Cervantes and Segrais; and, if you think fit, you may enter."

Upon our three literary travellers coming into the same coach, I listened attentively to hear what might be the conversation that passed upon this extraordinary occasion; when, instead of agreeable or entertaining dialogue, I found them grumbling at each other, and each seemed discontented with

[1] Dr. Smollett.

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his companions. Strange, thought I to myself, that they who are thus born to enlighten the world should still preserve the narrow prejudices of childhood, and, by disagreeing, make even the highest merit ridiculous. Were the learned and the wise to unite against the dunces of society, instead of sometimes siding into opposite parties with them, they might throw a lustre upon each other's reputation, and teach every rank of subordinate merit, if not to admire, at least not to avow dislike.

In the midst of these reflections, I perceived the coachman, unmindful of me, had now mounted the box. Several were approaching to be taken in, whose pretensions I was sensible were very just. I therefore desired him to stop and take in more passengers; but he replied, as he had now mounted the box, it would be improper to come down, but that he should take them all, one after the other, when he should return. So he drove away, and for myself, as I could not get in, I mounted behind, in order to hear the conversation on the way.

(*To be continued.*)

A WORD OR TWO ON THE LATE FARCE, CALLED "HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS."[1]

Just as I had expected before I saw this farce, I found it formed on too narrow a plan to afford a pleasing variety. The sameness of the humor in every scene could not but at last fail of being disagreeable. The poor, affecting the manners of the rich, might be carried on through one character, or two at the most, with great propriety; but to have almost every personage on the scene almost of the same character, and reflecting the follies of each other, was unartful in the poet to the last degree.

The scene was also almost a continuation of the same absurdity; and my Lord Duke and Sir Harry (two footmen who assume these characters) have nothing else to do but to talk like their masters, and are only introduced to speak and to show themselves. Thus, as there is a sameness of character,

[1] This piece, so often ascribed to Garrick, was written by the Rev. James Townley, and produced at Drury Lane Oct. 31, 1759, three days before the publication of this number of "The Bee." Mr. Townley died in 1778. See Vol. IV. p. 26.

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Kitty Clive

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there is a barrenness of incident, which, by a very small share of address, the poet might have easily avoided.

From a conformity to critic rules, which perhaps, on the whole, have done more harm than good, our author has sacrificed all the vivacity of the dialogue to nature; and though he makes his characters talk like servants, they are seldom absurd enough or lively enough to make us merry. Though he is always natural, he happens seldom to be humorous.

The satire was well intended, if we regard it as being masters ourselves; but probably a philosopher would rejoice in that liberty which Englishmen give their domestics; and, for my own part, I cannot avoid being pleased at the happiness of those poor creatures, who, in some measure, contribute to mine. The Athenians, the politest and best-natured people upon earth, were the kindest to their slaves; and, if a person may judge who has seen the world, our English servants are the best treated, because the generality of our English gentlemen are the politest under the sun.

But, not to lift my feeble voice among the pack of critics, who, probably, have no other occupation but that of cutting up everything new, I must own there are one or two scenes that are fine satire, and sufficiently humorous; particularly the first interview between the two footmen, which at once ridicules the manners of the great and the absurdity of their imitators.

Whatever defects there might be in the composition, there were none in the action: in this the performers showed more humor than I had fancied them capable of. Mr. Palmer and Mr. King[1] were entirely what they desired to represent; and Mrs. Clive[2] (but what need I talk of her, since, without the least exaggeration, she has more true humor than any actor or actress upon the English or any other stage I have seen?)—she, I say, did the part all the justice it was capable of. And,

[1] Palmer played the Duke's Servant, and King Sir Harry's Servant—two of the "visitors" in this really clever farce. John Palmer died on the stage 2d August, 1798, while playing in "The Stranger." King, who was good as Lord Ogleby in "The Clandestine Marriage," retired from the stage 24th May, 1802.

[2] Katherine (or Kitty) Clive, died 7th December, 1785, aged seventy-five.

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upon the whole, a farce which has only this to recommend it, that the author took his plan from the volume of nature, by the sprightly manner in which it was performed, was for one night a tolerable entertainment.[1] Thus much may be said in its vindication, that people of fashion seemed more pleased in the representation than the subordinate ranks of people.

UPON UNFORTUNATE MERIT.

Every age seems to have its favorite pursuits, which serve to amuse the idle and relieve the attention of the industrious. Happy the man who is born excellent in the pursuit in vogue, and whose genius seems adapted to the times he lives in. How many do we see who might have excelled in arts or sciences, and who seem furnished with talents equal to the greatest discoveries, had the road not been already beaten by their predecessors, and nothing left for them except trifles to discover! while others of very moderate abilities become famous, because happening to be first in the reigning pursuit.

Thus, at the renewal of letters in Europe, the taste was not to compose new books, but to comment on the old ones. It was not to be expected that new books should be written, when there were so many of the ancients, either not known or not understood. It was not reasonable to attempt new conquests, while they had such an extensive region lying waste for want of cultivation. At that period, criticism and erudition were the reigning studies of the times; and he who had only an inventive genius might have languished in hopeless obscurity. When the writers of antiquity were sufficiently explained and known, the learned set about imitating them; from hence proceeded the number of Latin orators, poets, and historians in the reigns of Clement the Seventh and Alexander the Sixth. This passion for antiquity lasted for many years, to the utter exclusion of every other pursuit, till some began to find that

[1] Talking of the farce of "High Life Below Stairs," he (Johnson) said, "Here is a farce which is really very diverting when you see it acted, and yet one may read it and not know that one has been reading anything at all."—Boswell by Croker, p. 656.

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those works which were imitated from nature were more like the writings of antiquity than even those written in express imitation. It was then modern language began to be cultivated with assiduity, and our poets and orators poured forth their wonders upon the world.

As writers became more numerous, it is natural for readers to become more indolent; from whence must necessarily arise a desire of attaining knowledge with the greatest possible ease. No science or art offers its instruction and amusement in so obvious a manner as statuary and painting. From hence we see that a desire of cultivating those arts generally attends the decline of science. Thus, the finest statues and the most beautiful paintings of antiquity preceded but a little the absolute decay of every other science. The statues of Antoninus, Commodus, and their contemporaries are the finest productions of the chisel, and appeared but just before learning was destroyed by comment, criticism, and barbarous invasions.

What happened in Rome may probably be the case with us at home. Our nobility are now more solicitous in patronizing painters and sculptors than those of any other polite profession; and from the lord who has his gallery, down to the prentice who has his twopenny copper-plate, all are admirers of this art. The great, by their caresses, seem insensible to all other merit but that of the pencil; and the vulgar buy every book rather from the excellence of the sculptor than the writer.

How happy were it now if men of real excellence in that profession were to arise! Were the painters of Italy now to appear, who once wandered like beggars from one city to another, and produce their almost breathing figures, what rewards might they not expect! But many of them lived without rewards, and therefore rewards alone will never produce their equals. We have often found the great exert themselves not only without promotion, but in spite of opposition. We have found them flourishing, like medicinal plants, in a region of savageness and barbarity, their excellence unknown and their virtues unheeded.

They who have seen the paintings of Caravaggio are sensi-

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ble of the surprising impression they make; bold, swelling, terrible to the last degree; all seem animated, and speak him among the foremost of his profession; yet this man's fortune and his fame seemed ever in opposition to each other.

Unknowing how to flatter the great, he was driven from city to city in the utmost indigence, and might truly be said to paint for his bread. Having one day insulted a person of distinction, who refused to pay him all the respect which he thought his due, he was obliged to leave Rome, and travel on foot—his usual method of going his journeys down into the country—without either money or friends to subsist him.

After he had travelled in this manner as long as his strength would permit, faint with famine and fatigue, he at last called at an obscure inn by the way-side. The host knew, by the appearance of his guest, his indifferent circumstances, and refused to furnish him a dinner without previous payment. As Caravaggio was entirely destitute of money, he took down the innkeeper's sign, and painted it anew for his dinner.

Thus refreshed, he proceeded on his journey, and left the innkeeper not quite satisfied with this method of payment. Some company of distinction, however, coming soon after, and struck with the beauty of the new sign, bought it at an advanced price, and astonished the innkeeper with their generosity. He was resolved, therefore, to get as many signs as possible drawn by the same artist, as he found he could sell them to good advantage; and accordingly set out after Caravaggio, in order to bring him back. It was nightfall before he came up to the place where the unfortunate Caravaggio lay dead by the road-side, overcome by fatigue, resentment, and despair.

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No. VI.—SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1759.

ON EDUCATION.[1]

To the Author of The Bee.

Sir,—As few subjects are more interesting to society, so few have been more frequently written upon, than the education of youth. Yet is it not a little surprising that it should have been treated almost by all in a declamatory manner? They have insisted largely on the advantages that result from it, both to the individual and to society, and have expatiated in the praise of what none have ever been so hardy as to call in question.

Instead of giving us fine but empty harangues upon this subject; instead of indulging each his particular and whimsical systems, it had been much better if the writers on this subject had treated it in a more scientific manner, repressed all the sallies of imagination, and given us the result of their observations with didactic simplicity. Upon this subject, the smallest errors are of the most dangerous consequence; and the author should venture the imputation of stupidity upon a topic where his slightest deviations may tend to injure the rising generation.

I shall therefore throw out a few thoughts upon this subject which have not been attended to by others, and shall dismiss all attempts to please, while I study only instruction.

The manner in which our youth of London are at present educated is, some in free schools in the city, but the far greater number in boarding-schools about town. The parent justly consults the health of his child, and finds an education in the country tends to promote this much more than a continuance in town. Thus far they are right; if there were a possibility

[1] Reprinted by its author in 1765 as Essay VII., with this brief heading and other variations: "This treatise was published before Rousseau's 'Emilius:' if there be a similitude in any one instance, it is hoped the author of the present essay will not be deemed a plagiarist."

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of having even our free schools kept a little out of town, it would certainly conduce to the health and vigor of perhaps the mind as well as the body. It may be thought whimsical, but it is truth—I have found by experience that they who have spent all their lives in cities contract not only an effeminacy of habit, but even of thinking.

But when I have said that the boarding-schools are preferable to free schools, as being in the country, this is certainly the only advantage I can allow them, otherwise it is impossible to conceive the ignorance of those who take upon them the important trust of education. Is any man unfit for any of the professions, he finds his last resource in setting up school. Do any become bankrupts in trade, they still set up a boarding-school, and drive a trade this way, when all others fail: nay, I have been told of butchers and barbers who have turned schoolmasters; and, more surprising still, made fortunes in their new profession.

Could we think ourselves in a country of civilized people, could it be conceived that we have any regard for posterity, when such are permitted to take the charge of the morals, genius, and health of those dear little pledges who may one day be the guardians of the liberties of Europe, and who may serve as the honor and bulwark of their aged parents? The care of our children, is it below the State? Is it fit to indulge the caprice of the ignorant with the disposal of their children in this particular? For the State to take the charge of all its children, as in Persia or Sparta, might at present be inconvenient; but, surely, with great ease it might cast an eye to their instructors. Of all members of society, I do not know a more useful or a more honorable one than a schoolmaster; at the same time, that I do not see any more generally despised, or whose talents are so ill rewarded.

Were the salaries of schoolmasters to be augmented from a diminution of useless sinecures, how might it turn to the advantage of this people—a people whom, without flattery, I may, in other respects, term the wisest and greatest upon earth! But while I would reward the deserving, I would dismiss those utterly unqualified for their employment: in short,

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I would make the business of a schoolmaster every way more respectable, by increasing their salaries and admitting only men of proper abilities.

There are already schoolmasters appointed, and they have some small salaries; but where at present there is but one schoolmaster appointed, there should at least be two; and wherever the salary is at present twenty pounds, it should be an hundred. Do we give immoderate benefices to those who instruct ourselves, and shall we deny even subsistence to those who instruct our children? Every member of society should be paid in proportion as he is necessary; and I will be bold enough to say that schoolmasters in a state are more necessary than clergymen, as children stand in more need of instruction than their parents.

But instead of this, as I have already observed, we send them to board in the country to the most ignorant set of men that can be imagined. But, lest the ignorance of the master be not sufficient, the child is generally consigned to the usher. This is generally some poor needy animal, little superior to a footman either in learning or spirit, invited to his place by an advertisement, and kept there merely from his being of a complying disposition, and making the children fond of him. "You give your child to be educated to a slave," says a philosopher to a rich man; "instead of one slave, you will then have two."

It were well, however, if parents, upon fixing their children in one of these houses, would examine the abilities of the usher as well as the master; for, whatever they are told to the contrary, the usher is generally the person most employed in their education. If, then, a gentleman, upon putting out his son to one of these houses, sees the usher disregarded by the master, he may depend upon it that he is equally disregarded by the boys: the truth is, in spite of all their endeavors to please, they are generally the laughing-stock of the school. Every trick is played upon the usher; the oddity of his manners, his dress, or his language, are a fund of eternal ridicule; the master himself now and then cannot avoid joining in the laugh, and the poor wretch, eternally resenting this ill-usage, seems

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to live in a state of war with all the family. This is a very proper person, is it not, to give children a relish for learning? They must esteem learning very much, when they see its professors used with such ceremony. If the usher be despised, the father may be assured his child will never be properly instructed.

But let me suppose that there are some schools without these inconveniences, where the master and ushers are men of learning, reputation, and assiduity. If there are to be found such, they cannot be prized in a state sufficiently. A boy will learn more true wisdom in a public school in a year than by a private education in five. It is not from masters, but from their equals, youth learn a knowledge of the world: the little tricks they play each other, the punishment that frequently attends the commission, is a just picture of the great world, and all the ways of men are practised in a public school in miniature. It is true, a child is early made acquainted with some vices in a school, but it is better to know these when a boy than be first taught them when a man; for their novelty then may have irresistible charms.

In a public education, boys early learn temperance; and if the parents and friends would give them less money upon their usual visits, it would be much to their advantage; since it may justly be said that a great part of their disorders arise from surfeit: *plus occidit gula quam gladius.* And now I am come to the article of health, it may not be amiss to observe that Mr. Locke and some others have advised that children should be inured to cold, to fatigue, and hardship from their youth; but Mr. Locke was but an indifferent physician. Habit, I grant, has great influence over our constitutions, but we have not precise ideas upon this subject.

We know that among savages, and even among our peasants, there are found children born with such constitutions that they cross rivers by swimming; endure cold, thirst, hunger, and want of sleep to a surprising degree; that when they happen to fall sick, they are cured without the help of medicine, by nature alone. Such examples are adduced to persuade us to imitate their manner of education, and accustom our-

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selves betimes to support the same fatigues. But had these gentlemen considered, first, that those savages and peasants are generally not so long-lived as they who have led a more indolent life; secondly, that the more laborious the life is, the less populous is the country: had they considered that what physicians call the *stamina vitæ* by fatigue and labor become rigid, and thus anticipate old age; that the number who survive those rude trials bears no proportion to those who die in the experiment—had these things been properly considered, they would not have thus extolled an education begun in fatigue and hardships. Peter the Great, willing to inure the children of his seamen to a life of hardship, ordered that they should drink only sea-water, but they unfortunately all died under the experiment.

But while I would exclude all unnecessary labors, yet still I would recommend temperance in the highest degree. No luxurious dishes with high seasoning, nothing given children to force an appetite, as little sugared or salted provisions as possible, though never so pleasing; but milk, morning and night, should be their constant food. This diet would make them more healthy than any of those slops that are usually cooked by the mistress of a boarding-school; besides, it corrects any consumptive habits, not unfrequently found among the children of city parents.

As boys should be educated with temperance, so the first greatest lesson that should be taught them is to admire frugality. It is by the exercise of this virtue alone they can ever expect to be useful members of society. It is true, lectures continually repeated upon this subject may make some boys, when they grow up, run into an extreme, and become misers; but it were well had we more misers than we have among us. I know few characters more useful in society, for a man's having a larger or smaller share of money lying useless by him no way injures the common wealth; since, should every miser now exhaust his stores, this might make gold more plenty, but it would not increase the commodities or pleasures of life: they would still remain as they are at present. It matters not, therefore, whether men are misers or not, if they

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be only frugal, laborious, and fill the station they have chosen. If they deny themselves the necessaries of life, society is no way injured by their folly.

Instead, therefore, of romances which praise young men of spirit who go through a variety of adventures, and at last conclude a life of dissipation, folly, and extravagance in riches and matrimony, there should be some men of wit employed to compose books that might equally interest the passions of our youth, where such an one might be praised for having resisted allurements when young, and how he at last became Lord Mayor; how he was married to a lady of great sense, fortune, and beauty: to be as explicit as possible, the old story of Whittington, were his cat left out, might be more serviceable to the tender mind than either Tom Jones, Joseph Andrews, or an hundred others, where frugality is the only good quality the hero is not possessed of. Were our schoolmasters, if any of them have sense enough to draw up such a work, thus employed, it would be much more serviceable to their pupils than all the grammars and dictionaries they may publish these ten years.

Children should early be instructed in the arts from which they would afterwards draw the greatest advantages. When the wonders of nature are never exposed to our view, we have no great desire to become acquainted with those parts of learning which pretend to account for the phenomena. One of the ancients complains that as soon as young men have left school, and are obliged to converse in the world, they fancy themselves transported into a new region. "Ut cum in forum venerint existiment se in aliam terrarum orbem delatos." We should early, therefore, instruct them in the experiments, if I may so express it, of knowledge, and leave to maturer age the accounting for the causes. But, instead of that, when boys begin natural philosophy in colleges, they have not the least curiosity for those parts of the science which are proposed for their instruction; they have never before seen the phenomena, and consequently have no curiosity to learn the reasons. Might natural philosophy, therefore, be made their pastime in school, by this means it would in college become their amusement.

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In several of the machines now in use, there would be ample field both for instruction and amusement: the different sorts of the phosphorus, the artificial pyrites, magnetism, electricity, the experiments upon the rarefaction and weight of the air, and those upon elastic bodies, might employ their idle hours, and none should be called from play to see such experiments but such as thought proper. At first, then, it would be sufficient if the instruments, and the effects of their combination, were only shown; the causes should be deferred to a maturer age, or to those times when natural curiosity prompts us to discover the wonders of nature. Man is placed in this world as a spectator; when he is tired with wondering at all the novelties about him, and not till then, does he desire to be made acquainted with the causes that create those wonders.

What I have observed with regard to natural philosophy, I would extend to every other science whatsoever. We should teach them as many of the facts as were possible, and defer the causes until they seemed of themselves desirous of knowing them. A mind thus leaving school, stored with all the simple experiences of science, would be the fittest in the world for the college course; and though such a youth might not appear so bright or so talkative as those who had learned the real principles and causes of some of the sciences, yet he would make a wiser man, and would retain a more lasting passion for letters, than he who was early burdened with the disagreeable institution of effect and cause.

In history, such stories alone should be laid before them as might catch the imagination; instead of this, they are too frequently obliged to toil through the four empires, as they are called, where their memories are burdened by a number of disgusting names, that destroy all their future relish for our best historians, who may be termed the truest teachers of wisdom.

Every species of flattery should be carefully avoided: a boy who happens to say a sprightly thing is generally applauded so much that he happens to continue a coxcomb sometimes all his life after. He is reputed a wit at fourteen, and becomes a blockhead at twenty. Nurses, footmen, and such should therefore be driven away as much as possible. I was even

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going to add that the mother herself should stifle her pleasure, or her vanity, when little master happens to say a good or a smart thing. Those modest, lubberly boys, who seem to want spirit, generally go through their business with more ease to themselves and more satisfaction to their instructors.

There has of late a gentleman appeared[1] who thinks the study of rhetoric essential to a perfect education. That bold male eloquence which, often without pleasing, convinces is generally destroyed by such institutions. Convincing eloquence, however, is infinitely more serviceable to its possessor than the most florid harangue or the most pathetic tones that can be imagined; and the man who is thoroughly convinced himself, who understands his subject, and the language he speaks in, will be more apt to silence opposition than he who studies the force of his periods, and fills our ears with sounds while our minds are destitute of conviction.

It was reckoned the fault of the orators at the decline of the Roman empire, when they had been long instructed by rhetoricians, that their periods were so harmonious that they could be sung as well as spoken. What a ridiculous figure must one of these gentlemen cut thus measuring syllables, and weighing words when he should plead the cause of his client! Two architects were once candidates for the building a certain temple at Athens: the first harangued the crowd very learnedly upon the different orders of architecture, and showed them in what manner the temple should be built; the other, who got up to speak after him, only observed that what his brother had spoken he could do; and thus he at once gained his cause.

To teach men to be orators is little less than to teach them to be poets; and, for my part, I should have too great a regard for my child to wish him a manor only in a bookseller's shop.

Another passion which the present age is apt to run into is to make children learn all things: the languages, the sciences, music, the exercises, and painting. Thus the child soon becomes a talker in all, but a master in none. He thus acquires

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[1] No doubt Mr. Thomas Sheridan, who had been reading lectures on elocution. See p. 42.

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a superficial fondness for everything, and only shows his ignorance when he attempts to exhibit his skill.

As I deliver my thoughts without method or connection, so the reader must not be surprised to find me once more addressing schoolmasters on the present method of teaching the learned languages, which is commonly by literal translations. I would ask such, if they were to travel a journey, whether those parts of the road in which they found the greatest difficulties would not be most strongly remembered? Boys who, if I may continue the allusion, gallop through one of the ancients with the assistance of a translation can have but a very slight acquaintance either with the author or his language. It is by the exercise of the mind alone that a language is learned; but a literal translation, on the opposite page, leaves no exercise for the memory at all. The boy will not be at the fatigue of remembering when his doubts are at once satisfied by a glance of the eye; whereas were every word to be sought from a dictionary, the learner would attempt to remember it, to save himself the trouble of looking out for it for the future.

To continue in the same pedantic strain, though no schoolmaster, of all the various grammars now taught in the schools about town, I would recommend only the old common one; I have forgot whether Lily's, or an emendation of him. The others may be improvements; but such improvements seem to me only mere grammatical niceties, no way influencing the learner, but perhaps loading him with trifling subtleties, which at a proper age he must be at some pains to forget.

Whatever pains a master may take to make the learning of the languages agreeable to his pupil, he may depend upon it it will be at first extremely unpleasant. The rudiments of every language, therefore, must be given as a task, not as an amusement. Attempting to deceive children into instruction of this kind is only deceiving ourselves, and I know no passion capable of conquering a child's natural laziness but fear. Solomon has said it before me; nor is there any more certain, though perhaps more disagreeable, truth than the proverb in verse, too well known to repeat on the present occasion. It is

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very probable that parents are told of some masters who never use the rod, and consequently are thought the properest instructors for their children; but, though tenderness is a requisite quality in an instructor, yet there is too often the truest tenderness in well-timed correction.

Some have justly observed that all passion should be banished on this terrible occasion; but, I know not, there is a frailty attending human nature that few masters are able to keep their temper whilst they correct. I knew a good-natured man who was sensible of his own weakness in this respect, and consequently had recourse to the following expedient to prevent his passions from being engaged, yet at the same time administer justice with impartiality. Whenever any of his pupils committed a fault he summoned a jury of his peers, I mean of the boys of his own or the next classes to him; his accusers stood forth; he had a liberty of pleading in his own defence, and one or two more had a liberty of pleading against him: when found guilty by the panel, he was consigned to the footman who attended in the house, who had previous orders to use his punishment with lenity. By this means the master took off the odium of punishment from himself; and the footman, between whom and the boys there could not be even the slightest intimacy, was placed in such a light as to be shunned by every boy in school.

And now I have gone thus far, perhaps you will think me some pedagogue, willing, by a well-timed puff, to increase the reputation of his own school; but such is not the case. The regard I have for society, for those tender minds who are the objects of the present essay, such are the only motives I have for offering those thoughts, calculated not to surprise by their novelty or the elegance of composition, but merely to remedy some defects which have crept into the present system of school education. If this letter should be inserted, perhaps I may trouble you in my next with some thoughts upon an university education, not with an intent to exhaust the subject, but to amend some few abuses.[1] I am, etc.

[1] This concluding paragraph was omitted by its author when the paper was reprinted in 1765, as Essay VII.

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ON THE INSTABILITY OF WORLDLY GRANDEUR.[1]

An alehouse-keeper near Islington, who had long lived at the sign of the French King, upon the commencement of the last war with France pulled down his old sign and put up the Queen of Hungary. Under the influence of her red face and golden sceptre he continued to sell ale till she was no longer the favorite of his customers; he changed her, therefore, some time ago, for the King of Prussia, who may probably be changed in turn for the next great man that shall be set up for vulgar admiration.

Our publican in this imitates the great exactly, who deal out their figures one after the other to the gazing crowd beneath them. When we have sufficiently wondered at one, that is taken in and another exhibited in its room, which seldom holds its station long, for the mob are ever pleased with variety.

I must own I have such an indifferent opinion of the vulgar that I am ever led to suspect the merit which raises their shout; at least, I am certain to find those great and sometimes good men who find satisfaction in such acclamations made worse by it; and history has too frequently taught me that the head which has grown this day giddy with the roar of the million has the very next been fixed upon a pole.

As Alexander VI. was entering a little town in the neighborhood of Rome, which had been just evacuated by the enemy, he perceived the townsmen busy in the market-place in pulling down from a gibbet a figure which had been designed to represent himself. There were also some knocking down a neighboring statue of one of the Orsini family, with whom he was at war, in order to put Alexander's effigy, when taken down, in its place. It is possible a man who knew less of the world would have condemned the adulation of those barefaced flatterers; but Alexander seemed pleased at their zeal, and, turning to Borgia his son, said with a smile, "*Vides, mi fili, quam leve discrimen patibulum inter et statuam*" (You

[1] Reprinted by its author in 1765, as Essay VIII.

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see, my son, the small difference between a gibbet and a statue). If the great could be taught any lesson, this might serve to teach them upon how weak a foundation their glory stands, which is built upon popular applause; for as such praise what seems like merit, they as quickly condemn what has only the appearance of guilt.

Popular glory is a perfect coquette; her lovers must toil, feel every inquietude, indulge every caprice, and perhaps at last be jilted into the bargain. True glory, on the other hand, resembles a woman of sense; her admirers must play no tricks; they feel no great anxiety, for they are sure in the end of being rewarded in proportion to their merit. When Swift used to appear in public, he generally had the mob shouting in his train. "P—x take these fools," he would say; "how much joy might all this bawling give my Lord Mayor!"

We have seen those virtues which have, while living, retired from the public eye, generally transmitted to posterity, as the truest objects of admiration and praise. Perhaps the character of the late Duke of Marlborough[1] may one day be set up, even above that of his more talked-of predecessor; since an assemblage of all the mild and amiable virtues is far superior to those vulgarly called the great ones. I must be pardoned for this short tribute to the memory of a man who, while living, would as much detest to receive anything that wore the appearance of flattery as I should to offer it.

I know not how to turn so trite a subject out of the beaten road of commonplace, except by illustrating it, rather by the assistance of my memory than my judgment, and, instead of making reflections, by telling a story.

A Chinese, who had long studied the works of Confucius, who knew the characters of fourteen thousand words, and could read a great part of every book that came in his way, once took it into his head to travel into Europe, and observe the customs of a people whom he thought not very much inferior even to his own countrymen in the arts of refining

[1] Charles, third Duke of Marlborough, died 20th October, 1758, at Munster, in Westphalia.

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upon every pleasure. Upon his arrival at Amsterdam, his passion for letters naturally led him to a bookseller's shop; and as he could speak a little Dutch, he civilly asked the bookseller for the works of the immortal Ilixofou. The bookseller assured him he had never heard the book mentioned before. "What, have you never heard of that immortal poet," returned the other, much surprised, "that light of the eyes, that favorite of kings, that rose of perfection! I suppose you know nothing of the immortal Fipsihihi, second cousin to the moon?"—"Nothing at all, indeed, sir," returned the other.—"Alas!" cries our traveller, "to what purpose, then, has one of these fasted to death, and the other offered himself up as a sacrifice to the Tartarean enemy, to gain a renown which has never travelled beyond the precincts of China!"

There is scarce a village in Europe, and not one university, that is not thus furnished with its little great men. The head of a petty corporation, who opposes the designs of a prince who would tyrannically force his subjects to save their best clothes for Sundays; the puny pedant, who finds one undiscovered property in the polype, describes an unheeded process in the skeleton of a mole, and whose mind, like his microscope, perceives nature only in detail; the rhymer, who makes smooth verses, and paints to our imagination when he should only speak to our hearts—all equally fancy themselves walking forward to immortality, and desire the crowd behind them to look on. The crowd takes them at their word. Patriot, philosopher, and poet are shouted in their train. Where was there ever so much merit seen; no times so important as our own; ages yet unborn shall gaze with wonder and applause! To such music the important pigmy moves forward, bustling and swelling, and aptly compared to a puddle in a storm.

'I have lived to see generals who once had crowds hallooing after them wherever they went, who were bepraised by newspapers and magazines, those echoes of the voice of the vulgar; and yet they have long sunk into merited obscurity, with scarce even an epitaph left to flatter. A few years ago the

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herring fishery employed all Grub Street;[1] it was the topic in every coffee-house, and the burden of every ballad. We were to drag up oceans of gold from the bottom of the sea; we were to supply all Europe with herrings upon our own terms. At present, we hear no more of all this. We have fished up very little gold that I can learn; nor do we furnish the world with herrings, as was expected. Let us wait but a few years longer, and we shall find all our expectations an herring fishery!

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE ACADEMIES OF ITALY.

THERE is not, perhaps, a country in Europe in which learning is so fast upon the decline as in Italy; yet not one in which there are such a number of academies instituted for its support. There is scarce a considerable town in the whole country which has not one or two institutions of this nature, where the learned, as they are pleased to call themselves, meet to harangue, to compliment each other, and praise the utility of their institution.

Jarchius has taken the trouble to give us a list of those clubs, or academies, which amount to five hundred and fifty, each distinguished by somewhat whimsical in the name. The academicians of Bologna, for instance, are divided into the Abbandonati, the Ausiosi, Oziosi, Arcadi, Confusi, Dubbiosi, etc. There are few of these who have not published their transactions, and scarce a member who is not looked upon as the most famous man in the world, at home.

Of all those societies I know of none whose works are worth being known out of the precincts of the city in which they were written, except the Cicalata Academica—or, as we might express it, the Tickling Society—of Florence. I have just now before me a manuscript oration, spoken by the late Tomaso Crudeli at that society, which will at once serve to give a better picture of the manner in which men of wit

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[1] "Now the people are going to jump down the gulf of luxury, and now nothing but a herring subscription can fish them up again."—*The Citizen of the World*, Letter CVII. See Vol. IV. p. 211.

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amuse themselves in that country than anything I could say upon the occasion. The oration is this:

"The younger the nymph, my dear companions, the more happy the lover. From fourteen to seventeen you are sure of finding love for love; from seventeen to twenty-one there is always a mixture of interest and affection. But when that period is past, no longer expect to receive, but to buy: no longer expect a nymph who gives, but who sells her favors. At this age, every glance is taught its duty; not a look, not a sigh, without design; the lady, like a skilful warrior, aims at the heart of another while she shields her own from danger.

"On the contrary, at fifteen you may expect nothing but simplicity, innocence, and nature. The passions are then sincere; the soul seems seated in the lips; the dear object feels present happiness, without being anxious for the future; her eyes brighten if her lover approaches; her smiles are borrowed from the Graces, and her very mistakes seem to complete her desires.

"Lucretia was just sixteen. The rose and lily took possession of her face, and her bosom, by its hue and its coldness, seemed covered with snow. So much beauty and so much virtue seldom want admirers. Orlandino, a youth of sense and merit, was among the number. He had long languished for an opportunity of declaring his passion, when Cupid, as if willing to indulge his happiness, brought the charming young couple by mere accident to an arbor, where every prying eye but that of love was absent. Orlandino talked of the sincerity of his passion, and mixed flattery with his addresses; but it was all in vain. The nymph was pre-engaged, and had long devoted to heaven those charms for which he sued. 'My dear Orlandino,' said she, 'you know I have long been dedicated to St. Catharine, and to her belongs all that lies below my girdle; all that is above, you may freely possess, but farther I cannot, must not, comply. The vow is passed; I wish it were undone, but now it is impossible.' You may conceive, my companions, the embarrassment our young lovers felt upon this occasion. They kneeled to St. Catharine, and though both despaired, both implored her assistance. Their tutelar

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saint was entreated to show some expedient by which both might continue to love, and yet both be happy. Their petition was sincere. St. Catharine was touched with compassion; for lo, a miracle! Lucretia's girdle unloosed, as if without hands; and though before bound round her middle, fell spontaneously down to her feet, and gave Orlandino the possession of all those beauties which lay above it."

No. VII.—SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1759.

OF ELOQUENCE.

Of all kinds of success that of an orator is the most pleasing. Upon other occasions the applause we deserve is conferred in our absence, and we are insensible of the pleasure we have given; but in eloquence the victory and the triumph are inseparable. We read our own glory in the face of every spectator; the audience is moved, the antagonist is defeated, and the whole circle bursts into unsolicited applause.

The rewards which attend excellence in this way are so pleasing that numbers have written professed treatises to teach us the art; schools have been established with no other intent; rhetoric has taken place among the institutions, and pedants have ranged under proper heads, and distinguished with long learned names, *some* of the strokes of nature, or of passion, which orators have used. I say only *some*, for a folio volume could not contain all the figures which have been used by the truly eloquent, and scarce a good speaker or writer but makes use of some that are peculiar or new.

Eloquence has preceded the rules of rhetoric, as languages have been formed before grammar. Nature renders men eloquent in great interests, or great passions. He that is sensibly touched sees things with a very different eye from the rest of mankind. All nature to him becomes an object of comparison and metaphor, without attending to it; he throws life into all, and inspires his audience with a part of his own enthusiasm.

It has been remarked that the lower parts of mankind gen-

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erally express themselves most figuratively, and that tropes are found in the most ordinary forms of conversation. Thus, in every language, the heart burns; the courage is roused; the eyes sparkle; the spirits are cast down; passion inflames; pride swells and pity sinks the soul. Nature everywhere speaks in those strong images, which, from their frequency, pass unnoticed.

Nature it is which inspires those rapturous enthusiasms, those irresistible turns; a strong passion, a pressing danger, calls up all the imagination, and gives the orator irresistible force. Thus, a captain of the first caliphs, seeing his soldiers fly, cried out, "Whither do you run? the enemy are not there! You have been told that the caliph is dead; but God is still living. He regards the brave, and will reward the courageous. Advance!"

A man, therefore, may be called eloquent who transfers the passion or sentiment with which he is moved himself into the breast of another; and this definition appears the more just, as it comprehends the graces of silence and of action. An intimate persuasion of the truth to be proved is the sentiment and passion to be transferred; and he who effects this is truly possessed of the talent of eloquence.

I have called eloquence a talent, and not an art, as so many rhetoricians have done; as art is acquired by exercise and study, and eloquence is the gift of nature. Rules will never make either a work or a discourse eloquent; they only serve to prevent faults, but not to introduce beauties; to prevent those passages which are truly eloquent and dictated by nature from being blended with others which might disgust or at least abate our passion.

What we clearly conceive, says Boileau, we can clearly express. I may add, that which is felt with emotion is expressed also with the same movements; the words arise as readily to paint our emotions as to express our thoughts with perspicuity. The cool care an orator takes to express passions which he does not feel only prevents his rising into that passion he would seem to feel. In a word, to feel your subject thoroughly, and to speak without fear, are the only rules of eloquence,

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properly so called, which I can offer. Examine a writer of genius on the most beautiful parts of his work, and he will always assure you that such passages are generally those which have given him the least trouble, for they came as if by inspiration. To pretend that cold and didactic precepts will make a man eloquent, is only to prove that he is incapable of eloquence.

But as, in being perspicuous, it is necessary to have a full idea of the subject, so in being eloquent it is not sufficient, if I may so express it, to feel by halves. The orator should be strongly impressed; which is generally the effect of a fine and exquisite sensibility, and not that transient and superficial emotion which he excites in the greatest part of his audience. It is even impossible to affect the hearers in any great degree without being affected ourselves. In vain it will be objected, that many writers have had the art to inspire their readers with a passion for virtue without being virtuous themselves; since it may be answered that sentiments of virtue filled their minds at the time they were writing. They felt the inspiration strongly while they praised justice, generosity, or good-nature; but, unhappily for them, these passions might have been discontinued when they laid down the pen. In vain will it be objected, again, that we can move without being moved, as we can convince without being convinced. It is much easier to deceive our reason than ourselves; a trifling defect in reasoning may be overseen, and lead a man astray; for it requires reason and time to detect the falsehood, but our passions are not so easily imposed upon: our eyes, our ears, and every sense are watchful to detect the imposture.

No discourse can be eloquent that does not elevate the mind. Pathetic eloquence, it is true, has for its only object to affect; but I appeal to men of sensibility whether their pathetic feelings are not accompanied with some degree of elevation. We may then call eloquence and sublimity the same thing; since it is impossible to be one without feeling the other. From hence it follows that we may be eloquent in any language, since no language refuses to paint those sentiments with which we are thoroughly impressed. What is

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usually called sublimity of style seems to be only an error. Eloquence is not in the words, but in the subject; and in great concerns the more simply anything is expressed, it is generally the more sublime. True eloquence does not consist, as the rhetoricians assure us, in saying great things in a sublime style, but in a simple style; for there is, properly speaking, no such thing as a sublime style; the sublimity lies only in the things; and when they are not so, the language may be turgid, affected, metaphorical, but not affecting.

What can be more simply expressed than the following extract from a celebrated preacher,[1] and yet what was ever more sublime? Speaking of the small number of the elect, he breaks out thus among his audience: "Let me suppose that this was the last hour of us all; that the heavens were opening over our heads; that time was passed, and eternity begun; that Jesus Christ in all his glory, that man of sorrows in all his glory, appeared on the tribunal, and that we were assembled here to receive our final decree of life or death eternal! Let me ask, impressed with terror like you, and not separating my lot from yours, but putting myself in the same situation in which we must all one day appear before God, our judge—let me ask, if Jesus Christ should now appear to make the terrible separation of the just from the unjust, do you think the greatest number would be saved? Do you think the number of the elect would even be equal to that of the sinners? Do you think, if all our works were examined with justice, would he find ten just persons in this great assembly? Monsters of ingratitude! would he find one?" Such passages as these are sublime in every language. The expression may be less striking or more indistinct, but the greatness of the idea still remains. In a word, we may be eloquent in every language and in every style, since elocution is only an assistant, but not a constitutor of eloquence.

Of what use, then, will it be said, are all the precepts given

[1] John Baptist Massillon, Bishop of Clermont, born 1663, died 1742. An edition of his works, edited by his nephew, in fourteen volumes, was printed at Paris in 1745–6.

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us upon this head, both by the ancients and moderns? I answer, that they cannot make us eloquent, but they will certainly prevent us from becoming ridiculous. They can seldom procure a single beauty, but they may banish a thousand faults. The true method of an orator is not to attempt always to move, always to affect, to be continually sublime, but at proper intervals to give rest both to his own and the passions of his audience. In these periods of relaxation, or of preparation rather, rules may teach him to avoid anything low, trivial, or disgusting. Thus criticism, properly speaking, is intended not to assist those parts which are sublime, but those which are naturally mean and humble, which are composed with coolness and caution, and where the orator rather endeavors not to offend than attempts to please.

I have hitherto insisted more strenuously on that eloquence which speaks to the passions, as it is a species of oratory almost unknown in England. At the bar it is quite discontinued, and I think with justice. In the senate it is used but sparingly, as the orator speaks to enlighten judges. But in the pulpit, in which the orator should chiefly address the vulgar, it seems strange that it should be entirely laid aside.

The vulgar of England are, without exception, the most barbarous and the most unknowing of any in Europe. A great part of their ignorance may be chiefly ascribed to their teachers, who, with the most pretty gentleman-like serenity, deliver their cool discourses and address the reason of men who have never reasoned in all their lives. They are told of cause and effect, of being self-existent, and the universal scale of beings. They are informed of the excellence of the Bangorian Controversy,[1] and the absurdity of an intermediate state. The spruce preacher reads his lucubration without lifting his nose from the text, and never ventures to earn the shame of an enthusiast.

By this means, though his audience feel not one word of all he says, he earns, however, among his acquaintance the char-

[1] A long and learned controversy, occasioned by a sermon on John xviii. 36, "My kingdom is not of this world," preached before George I., in 1717, by Hoadly, Bishop of Bangor, and published by royal command.

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acter of a man of sense; among his acquaintance only did I say, nay, even with his bishop.

The polite of every country have several motives to induce them to a rectitude of action; the love of virtue for its own sake, the shame of offending, and the desire of pleasing. The vulgar have but one, the enforcements of religion; and yet those who should push this motive home to their hearts are basely found to desert their post. They speak to the squire, the philosopher, and the pedant; but the poor, those who really want instruction, are left uninstructed.

I have attended most of our pulpit orators, who, it must be owned, write extremely well upon the text they assume. To give them their due also, they read their sermons with elegance and propriety; but this goes but a very short way in true eloquence. The speaker must be moved. In this, in this alone, our English divines are deficient. Were they to speak to a few calm dispassionate hearers, they certainly use the properest methods of address; but their audience is chiefly composed of the poor, who must be influenced by motives of reward and punishment, and whose only virtues lie in self-interest or fear.

How, then, are such to be addressed? Not by studied periods or cold disquisitions; not by the labors of the head, but the honest spontaneous dictates of the heart. Neither writing a sermon with regular periods and all the harmony of elegant expression; neither reading it with emphasis, propriety, and deliberation; neither pleasing with metaphor, simile, or rhetorical fustian; neither arguing coolly, and untying consequences united in *à priori*, nor bundling up inductions *à posteriori;* neither pedantic jargon nor academical trifling can persuade the poor. Writing a discourse coolly in the closet, then getting it by memory, and delivering it on Sundays, even that will not do. What, then, is to be done? I know of no expedient to speak, to speak at once intelligibly and feelingly, except to understand the language: to be convinced of the truth of the object, to be perfectly acquainted with the subject in view, to prepossess yourself with a low opinion of your audience, and to do the rest extempore. By

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this means strong expressions, new thoughts, rising passions, and the true declamatory style will naturally ensue.

Fine declamation does not consist in flowery periods, delicate allusions, or musical cadences, but in a plain, open, loose style, where the periods are long and obvious; where the same thought is often exhibited in several points of view: all this strong sense, a good memory, and a small share of experience will furnish to every orator; and without these a clergyman may be called a fine preacher, a judicious preacher, and a man of sound sense; he may make his hearers admire his understanding, but will seldom enlighten theirs.

When I think of the Methodist preachers among us, how seldom they are endued with common-sense, and yet how often and how justly they affect their hearers, I cannot avoid saying within myself—had these been bred gentlemen, and been endued with even the meanest share of understanding, what might they not effect! Did our bishops, who can add dignity to their expostulations, testify the same fervor, and entreat their hearers as well as argue, what might not be the consequence! The vulgar, by which I mean the bulk of mankind, would then have a double motive to love religion: first, from seeing its professors honored here; and, next, from the consequences hereafter. At present the enthusiasms of the poor are opposed to law: did law conspire with their enthusiasms, we should not only be the happiest nation upon earth, but the wisest also.

Enthusiasm in religion, which prevails only among the vulgar, should be the chief object of politics. A society of enthusiasts, governed by reason among the great, is the most indissoluble, the most virtuous, and the most efficient of its own decrees that can be imagined. Every country possessed of any degree of strength have had their enthusiasms, which ever serve as laws among the people. The Greeks had their *Kalokagatheia*, the Romans their *Amor Patriæ*, and we the truer and firmer bond of the *Protestant Religion*. The principle is the same in all; how much, then, is it the duty of those whom the law has appointed teachers of this religion to enforce its obligations, and to raise those enthusiasms among people by which alone political society can subsist.

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From eloquence, therefore, the morals of our people are to expect emendation; but how little can they be improved by men who get into the pulpit rather to show their parts than convince us of the truth of what they deliver; who are painfully correct in their style, musical in their tones; where every sentiment, every expression, seems the result of meditation and deep study.

Tillotson has been commended as the model of pulpit eloquence: thus far he should be imitated—where he generally strives to convince rather than to please; but to adopt his long, dry, and sometimes tedious discussions, which serve to amuse only divines, and are utterly neglected by the generality of mankind, to praise the intricacy of his periods, which are too long to be spoken, to continue his cool, phlegmatic manner of enforcing every truth, is certainly erroneous.[1] As I said before, the good preacher should adopt no model, write no sermons, study no periods; let him but understand his subject, the language he speaks, and be convinced of the truths he delivers. It is amazing to what heights eloquence of this kind may reach. This is that eloquence the ancients represented as lightning, bearing down every opposer; this the power which has turned whole assemblies into astonishment, admiration, and awe—that is described by the torrent, the flame, and every other instance of irresistible impetuosity.[2]

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[1] "I should not advise a preacher at this day to imitate Tillotson's style: though I don't know; I should be cautious of objecting to what has been applauded by so many suffrages."—JOHNSON in BOSWELL, by Croker, p. 579.

[2] "Would I describe a preacher, such as Paul,
Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own—
* * * * *
I would express him simple, grave, sincere;
In doctrine uncorrupt; in language plain,
And plain in manner. Decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture. Much impress'd
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
May feel it too. Affectionate in look
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace to guilty men."
COWPER, "The Task," bk. ii.

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But to attempt such noble heights belongs only to the truly great or the truly good. To discard the lazy manner of reading sermons, or speaking sermons by rote; to set up singly against the opposition of men who are attached to their own errors, and to endeavor to be great instead of being prudent, are qualities we seldom see united. A minister of the Church of England, who may be possessed of good sense and some hopes of preferment, will seldom give up such substantial advantages for the empty pleasure of improving society. By his present method he is liked by his friends, admired by his dependents, not displeasing to his bishop; he lives as well, eats and sleeps as well, as if a real orator, and an eager asserter of his mission: he will hardly, therefore, venture all this to be called, perhaps, an enthusiast; nor will he depart from customs established by the brotherhood, when, by such a conduct, he only singles himself out for contempt.

CUSTOM AND LAWS COMPARED.

What, say some, can give us a more contemptible idea of a large state than to find it mostly governed by custom; to have few written laws, and no boundaries to mark the jurisdiction between the senate and people? Among the number who speak in this manner is the great Montesquieu, who asserts that every nation is free in proportion to the number of its written laws, and seems to hint at a despotic and arbitrary conduct in the present King of Prussia, who has abridged the laws of his country into a very short compass.

As Tacitus and Montesquieu happen to differ in sentiment upon a subject of so much importance (for the Roman expressly asserts that the State is generally vicious in proportion to the number of its laws), it will not be amiss to examine it a little more minutely, and see whether a state which, like England, is burdened with a multiplicity of written laws, or which, like Switzerland, Geneva, and some other republics, is governed by custom and the determination of the judge, is best.

And to prove the superiority of custom to written law we shall at least find history conspiring. Custom, or the traditional observance of the practice of their forefathers, was what

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directed the Romans, as well in their public as private determinations. Custom was appealed to in pronouncing sentence against a criminal, where part of the formulary was *more majorum*. So Sallust, speaking of the expulsion of Tarquin, says, *mutato more*, and not *lege mutata;* and Virgil, *pacisque imponere morem*. So that in those times of the empire in which the people retained their liberty they were governed by custom; when they sunk under oppression and tyranny, they were restrained by new laws, and the laws of tradition abolished.

As getting the ancients on our side is half a victory, it will not be amiss to fortify the argument with an observation of Chrysostom's, that "the enslaved are the fittest to be governed by laws, and free men by custom." Custom partakes of the nature of parental injunction; it is kept by the people themselves, and observed with a willing obedience. The observance of it must therefore be a mark of freedom; and coming originally to a state from the reverenced founders of its liberty, will be an encouragement and assistance to it in the defence of that blessing; but a conquered people, a nation of slaves, must pretend to none of this freedom, or these happy distinctions, having, by degeneracy, lost all right to their brave forefathers' free institutions, their masters will in policy take the forfeiture; and the fixing a conquest must be done by giving laws, which may every moment serve to remind the people enslaved of their conquerors; nothing being more dangerous than to trust a late-subdued people with old customs, that presently upbraid their degeneracy and provoke them to revolt.

The wisdom of the Roman republic, in their veneration for custom and backwardness to introduce a new law, was perhaps the cause of their long continuance, and of the virtues of which they have set the world so many examples. But, to show in what that wisdom consists, it may be proper to observe that the benefit of new-written laws are merely confined to the consequences of their observance; but customary laws, keeping up a veneration for the founders, engage men in the imitation of their virtues as well as policy. To this may be

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ascribed the religious regard the Romans paid to their forefathers' memory, and their adhering for so many ages to the practice of the same virtues, which nothing contributed more to efface than the introduction of a voluminous body of new laws over the neck of venerable custom.

The simplicity, conciseness, and antiquity of custom gives an air of majesty and immutability that inspires awe and veneration; but new laws are too apt to be voluminous, perplexed, and indeterminate; from whence must necessarily arise neglect, contempt, and ignorance.

As every human institution is subject to gross imperfections, so laws must necessarily be liable to the same inconveniences, and their defects soon discovered. Thus through the weakness of one part all the rest are liable to be brought into contempt. But such weaknesses in a custom, for very obvious reasons, evade an examination; besides, a friendly prejudice always stands up in their favor.

But let us suppose a new law to be perfectly equitable and necessary, yet, if the procurers of it have betrayed a conduct that confesses by-ends and private motives, the disgust to the circumstances disposes us, unreasonably indeed, to an irreverence of the law itself; but we are indulgently blind to the most visible imperfections of an old custom. Though we perceive the defects ourselves, yet we remain persuaded that our wise forefathers had good reasons for what they did; and though such motives no longer continue, the benefit will still go along with the observance, though we do not know how. It is thus the Roman lawyers speak: "Non omnium quæ a majoribus constituta sunt, ratio reddi potest, et ideo rationes eorum quæ constituuntur inquiri non oportet, aliaquin multa eo his quæ certa sunt subvertuntur."

Those laws which preserve to themselves the greatest love and observance must needs be best; but custom, as it executes itself, must be necessarily superior to written laws in this respect, which are to be executed by another. Thus, nothing can be more certain than that numerous written laws are a sign of a degenerate community, and are frequently not the consequences of vicious morals in a state, but the causes.

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From hence we see how much greater benefit it would be to the State rather to abridge than increase its laws. We every day find them increasing: acts and reports, which may be termed the acts of judges, are every day becoming more voluminous, and loading the subject with new penalties. Laws ever increase in number and severity, until they at length are strained so tight as to break themselves. Such was the case of the latter empire, whose laws were at length become so strict that the barbarous invaders did not bring servitude, but liberty.

OF THE PRIDE AND LUXURY OF THE MIDDLING CLASS OF PEOPLE.[1]

Of all the follies and absurdities which this great metropolis labors under, there is not one, I believe, at present appears in a more glaring and ridiculous light than the pride and luxury of the middling class of people: their eager desire of being seen in a sphere far above their capacities and circumstances is daily, nay, hourly, instanced by the prodigious numbers of mechanics who flock to the races, gaming-tables, brothels, and all public diversions this fashionable town affords.

You shall see a grocer or a tallow-chandler sneak from behind the counter, clap on a laced coat and a bag, fly to the E. O. table, throw away fifty pieces with some sharping man of quality, while his industrious wife is selling a pennyworth of sugar or a pound of candles to support her fashionable spouse in his extravagances.

I was led into this reflection by an odd adventure which happened to me the other day at Epsom races, where I went, not through any desire, I do assure you, of laying bets or winning thousands, but at the earnest request of a friend, who had long indulged the curiosity of seeing the sport—very natural for an Englishman. When we had arrived at the course, and had taken several turns to observe the different objects that made up this whimsical group, a figure suddenly darted by us, mounted and dressed in all the elegance of those polite

[1] First published in the *Literary Magazine*.

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gentry who come to show you they have a little money; and, rather than pay their just debts at home, generously come abroad to bestow it on gamblers and pickpockets. As I had not an opportunity of viewing his face till his return, I gently walked after him, and met him as he came back; when, to my no small surprise, I beheld in this gay Narcissus the visage of Jack Varnish, an humble vender of prints. Disgusted at the sight, I pulled my friend by the sleeve, pressed him to return home, telling him all the way that I was so enraged at the fellow's impudence, I was resolved never to lay out another penny with him.

And now, pray, sir, let me beg of you to give this a place in your paper, that Mr. Varnish may understand he mistakes the thing quite if he imagines horse-racing commendable in a tradesman; and that he who is revelling every night in the arms of a common strumpet (though blessed with an indulgent wife) when he ought to be minding his business will never thrive in this world. He will find himself soon mistaken, his finances decrease, his friends shun him, customers fall off, and himself thrown into a jail. I would earnestly recommend this adage to every mechanic in London, "Keep your shop, and your shop will keep you." A strict observance of these words will, I am sure, in time gain them estates. Industry is the road to wealth, and honesty to happiness; and he who strenuously endeavors to pursue them both may never fear the critic's lash or the sharp cries of penury and want.

SABINUS AND OLINDA.

In a fair, rich, and flourishing country, whose clifts are washed by the German Ocean, lived Sabinus, a youth formed by nature to make a conquest wherever he thought proper; but the constancy of his disposition fixed him only with Olinda. He was, indeed, superior to her in fortune, but that defect on her side was so amply supplied by her merit that none was thought more worthy of his regards than she. He loved her, he was beloved by her; and in a short time, by joining hands publicly, they avowed the union of their hearts. But, alas! none, however fortunate, however happy, are exempt

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from the shafts of envy and the malignant effects of ungoverned appetite. How unsafe, how detestable, are they who have this fury for their guide! How certainly will it lead them from themselves, and plunge them in errors they would have shuddered at, even in apprehension! Ariana, a lady of many amiable qualities, very nearly allied to Sabinus, and highly esteemed by him, imagined herself slighted and injuriously treated since his marriage with Olinda. By uncautiously suffering this jealousy to corrode in her breast, she began to give a loose to passion; she forgot those many virtues for which she had been so long and so justly applauded. Causeless suspicion and mistaken resentment betrayed her into all the gloom of discontent: she sighed without ceasing; the happiness of others gave her intolerable pain; she thought of nothing but revenge. How unlike what she was — the cheerful, the prudent, the compassionate Ariana. She continually labored to disturb an union so firmly, so affectionately founded, and planned every scheme which she thought most likely to disturb it.

Fortune seemed willing to promote her unjust intentions. The circumstances of Sabinus had been long embarrassed by a tedious lawsuit, and the court determining the cause unexpectedly in favor of his opponent, it sunk his fortune to the lowest pitch of penury from the highest affluence. From the nearness of relationship, Sabinus expected from Ariana those assistances his present situation required; but she was insensible to all his entreaties and the justice of every remonstrance, unless he first separated from Olinda, whom she regarded with detestation. Upon a compliance with her desires in this respect, she promised her fortune, her interest, and her all should be at his command. Sabinus was shocked at the proposal; he loved his wife with inexpressible tenderness, and refused those offers with indignation which were to be purchased at so high a price. Ariana was no less displeased to find her offers rejected, and gave a loose to all that warmth which she had long endeavored to suppress. Reproach generally produces recrimination; the quarrel rose to such a height that Sabinus was marked for destruction, and the very

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next day, upon the strength of an old family debt, he was sent to jail, with none but Olinda to comfort him in his miseries.

In this mansion of distress they lived together with resignation and even with comfort. She provided the frugal meal, and he read to her while employed in the little offices of domestic concern. Their fellow-prisoners admired their contentment, and whenever they had a desire of relaxing into mirth, and enjoying those little comforts that a prison affords, Sabinus and Olinda were sure to be of the party. Instead of reproaching each other for their mutual wretchedness, they both lightened it by bearing each a share of the load imposed by Providence. Whenever Sabinus showed the least concern on his dear partner's account, she conjured him by the love he bore her, by those tender ties which now united them forever, not to discompose himself: that so long as his affection lasted she defied all the ills of fortune, and every loss of fame or friendship; that nothing could make her miserable but his seeming to want happiness, nothing pleased but his sympathizing with her pleasure. A continuance in prison soon robbed them of the little they had left, and famine began to make its horrid appearance; yet still was neither found to murmur; they both looked upon their little boy, who, insensible of their or his own distress, was playing about the room, with inexpressible yet silent anguish, when a messenger came to inform them that Ariana was dead, and that her will, in favor of a very distant relation who was now in another country, might easily be procured and burned, in which case all her large fortune would revert to him, as being the next heir at law.

A proposal of so base a nature filled our unhappy couple with horror; they ordered the messenger immediately out of the room, and, falling upon each other's neck, indulged an agony of sorrow; for now even all hopes of relief were banished. The messenger who made the proposal, however, was only a spy sent by Ariana to sound the dispositions of a man she loved at once and persecuted. This lady, though warped by wrong passions, was naturally kind, judicious, and friendly. She found that all her attempts to shake the constancy or the

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integrity of Sabinus were ineffectual; she had therefore begun to reflect, and to wonder how she could so long and so unprovoked injure such uncommon fortitude and affection.

She had, from the next room, herself heard the reception given to the messenger, and could not avoid feeling all the force of superior virtue: she therefore reassumed her former goodness of heart; she came into the room with tears in her eyes and acknowledged the severity of her former treatment. She bestowed her first care in providing them all the necessary supplies, and acknowledged them as the most deserving heirs of her fortune. From this moment Sabinus enjoyed an uninterrupted happiness with Olinda, and both were happy in the friendship and assistance of Ariana, who, dying soon after, left them in possession of a large estate, and in her last moments confessed that virtue was the only path to true glory, and that, however innocence may for a time be depressed, a steady perseverance will, in time, lead it to a certain victory.

THE SENTIMENTS OF A FRENCHMAN ON THE TEMPER OF THE ENGLISH.

Nothing is so uncommon among the English as that easy affability, that instant method of acquaintance, or that cheerfulness of disposition which make in France the charm of every society. Yet in this gloomy reserve they seem to pride themselves, and think themselves less happy if obliged to be more social. One may assert, without wronging them, that they do not study the method of going through life with pleasure and tranquillity, like the French. Might not this be a proof that they are not so much philosophers as they imagine? Philosophy is no more than the art of making ourselves happy; that is, of seeking pleasure in regularity, and reconciling what we owe to society with what is due to ourselves.

This cheerfulness, which is the characteristic of our nation, in the eye of an Englishman passes almost for folly. But is their gloominess a greater mark of their wisdom? and, folly against folly, is not the most cheerful sort the best? If our

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gayety makes them sad, they ought not to find it strange if their seriousness makes us laugh.

As this disposition to levity is not familiar to them, and as they look on everything as a fault which they do not find at home, the English who live among us are hurt by it. Several of their authors reproach us with it as a vice, or at least as a ridicule.

Mr. Addison styles us a comic nation.[1] In my opinion it is not acting the philosopher on this point to regard as a fault that quality which contributes most to the pleasure of society and happiness of life. Plato, convinced that whatever makes men happier makes them better, advises to neglect nothing that may excite and convert to an early habit this sense of joy in children. Seneca places it in the first rank of good things. Certain it is, at least, that gayety may be a concomitant of all sorts of virtue, but that there are some vices with which it is incompatible.

As to him who laughs at everything, and him who laughs at nothing, neither of them has sound judgment. All the difference I find between them is, that the last is constantly the most unhappy. Those who speak against cheerfulness prove nothing else but that they were born melancholic, and that in their hearts they rather envy than condemn that levity they affect to despise.

The Spectator, whose constant object was the good of mankind in general, and of his own nation in particular, should, according to his own principles, place cheerfulness among the most desirable qualities; and probably, whenever he contradicts himself in this particular, it is only to conform to the tempers of the people whom he addresses. He asserts that gayety is one great obstacle to the prudent conduct of women. But are those of a melancholic temper, as the English women generally are, less subject to the foibles of love? I am acquainted with some doctors in this science, to whose judgment I would more willingly refer than to his. And perhaps, in reality, persons naturally of a gay temper are too easily

[1] *The Spectator*, No. 435.

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taken off by different objects to give themselves up to all the excesses of this passion.

Mr. Hobbes, a celebrated philosopher of his nation, maintains that laughing proceeds from our pride alone.[1] This is only a paradox if asserted of laughing in general, and only argues that misanthropical disposition for which he was remarkable.

To bring the causes he assigns for laughing under suspicion, it is sufficient to remark, that proud people are commonly those who laugh least. Gravity is the inseparable companion of pride. To say that a man is vain because the humor of a writer, or the buffooneries of an harlequin, excite his laughter, would be advancing a great absurdity. We should distinguish between laughter inspired by joy and that which arises from mockery. The malicious sneer is improperly called laughter. It must be owned that pride is the parent of such laughter as this; but this is in itself vicious; whereas, the other sort has nothing in its principles or effects that deserves condemnation. We find this amiable in others; and is it unhappiness to feel a disposition towards it in ourselves?

When I see an Englishman laugh, I fancy I rather see him hunting after joy than having caught it; and this is more particularly remarkable in their women, whose tempers are inclined to melancholy. A laugh leaves no more traces on their countenance than a flash of lightning on the face of the heavens. The most laughing air is instantly succeeded by the most gloomy. One would be apt to think that their souls open with difficulty to joy, or at least that joy is not pleased with its habitation there.

In regard to fine raillery, it must be allowed that it is not natural to the English, and therefore those who endeavor at it make but an ill figure. Some of their authors have candidly confessed that pleasantry is quite foreign to their character; but according to the reason they give, they lose nothing by this confession. Bishop Sprat gives the following one:

[1] "The passion of laughter is nothing else but sudden glory, arising from some sudden conception of some eminency in ourselves, by comparison with the infirmity of others, or with our own formerly."—Hobbes' *Discourse of Human Nature.*

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"The English," says he, "have too much bravery to submit to be derided, and too much virtue and honor to mock others."

No. VIII.—SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1759.

ON DECEIT AND FALSEHOOD.

[The following account is so judiciously conceived that I am convinced the reader will be more pleased with it than with anything of mine, so I shall make no apology for this new publication.]

To the Author, etc.

SIR,—Deceit and falsehood have ever been an overmatch for truth, and followed and admired by the majority of mankind. If we inquire after the reason of this, we shall find it in our own imaginations, which are amused and entertained with the perpetual novelty and variety that fiction affords, but find no manner of delight in the uniform simplicity of homely truth, which still sues them under the same appearance.

He, therefore, that would gain our hearts must make his court to our fancy; which, being sovereign controller of the passions, lets them loose, and inflames them more or less, in proportion to the force and efficacy of the first cause, which is ever the more powerful the more new it is. Thus, in mathematical demonstrations themselves, though they seem to aim at pure truth and instruction, and to be addressed to our reason alone, yet I think it is pretty plain that our understanding is only made a drudge to gratify our invention and curiosity, and we are pleased not so much because our discoveries are certain, as because they are new.

I do not deny but the world is still pleased with things that pleased it many ages ago; but it should at the same time be considered that man is naturally so much of a logician as to distinguish between matters that are plain and easy and others that are hard and inconceivable. What we understand, we overlook and despise, and what we know nothing of, we hug and delight in. Thus, there are such things as perpetual novelties; for we are pleased no longer than we are amazed, and nothing so much contents us as that which confounds us.

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This weakness in human nature gave occasion to a party of men to make such gainful markets as they have done of our credulity. All objects and facts whatever now ceased to be what they had been forever before, and received what make and meaning it was found convenient to put upon them: what people eat, and drank, and saw, was not what they eat, and drank, and saw, but something farther, which they were fond of, because they were ignorant of it. In short, nothing was itself, but something beyond itself; and by these artifices and amusements the heads of the world were so turned and intoxicated that, at last, there was scarce a sound set of brains left in it.

In this state of giddiness and infatuation it was no very hard task to persuade the already deluded that there was an actual society and communion between human creatures and spiritual demons. And when they had thus put people into the power and clutches of the devil, none but they alone could have either skill or strength to bring the prisoners back again.

But, so far did they carry this dreadful drollery, and so fond were they of it, that to maintain it and themselves in profitable repute, they literally sacrificed for it, and made impious victims of, numberless old women and other miserable persons, who either through ignorance could not say what they were bid to say, or through madness said what they should not have said. Fear and stupidity made them incapable of defending themselves, and frenzy and infatuation made them confess guilty impossibilities, which produced cruel sentences, and then inhuman executions.

Some of these wretched mortals, finding themselves either hateful or terrible to all, and befriended by none, and perhaps wanting the common necessaries of life, came at last to abhor themselves as much as they were abhorred by others, and grew willing to be burned or hanged out of a world which was no other to them than a scene of persecution and anguish.

Others, of strong imaginations and little understandings, were by positive and repeated charges against them, of committing mischievous and supernatural facts and villanies, de-

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luded to judge of themselves by the judgment of their enemies, whose weakness or malice prompted them to be accusers. And many have been condemned as witches and dealers with the devil for no other reason but their knowing more than those who accused, tried, and passed sentence upon them.

In these cases, credulity is a much greater error than infidelity, and it is safer to believe nothing than too much. A man that believes little or nothing of witchcraft will destroy nobody for being under the imputation of it; and, so far, he certainly acts with humanity to others and safety to himself: but he that credits all, or too much, upon that article, is obliged, if he acts consistently with his persuasion, to kill all those whom he takes to be the killers of mankind; and such are witches. It would be a jest and contradiction to say that he is for sparing them who are harmless of that tribe, since the received notion of their supposed contract with the devil implies that they are engaged by covenant and inclination to do all the mischief they possibly can.

I have heard many stories of witches, and read many accusations against them; but I do not remember any that would have induced me to have consigned over to the halter or the flame any of those deplorable wretches who, as they share our likeness and nature, ought to share our compassion, as persons cruelly accused of impossibilities.

But we love to delude ourselves, and often fancy or forge an effect, and then set ourselves, as gravely as ridiculously, to find out the cause. Thus, for example, when a dream of the hyp has given us false terrors, or imaginary pains, we immediately conclude that the infernal tyrant owes us a spite, and inflicts his wrath and stripes upon us by the hands of some of his sworn servants among us. For this end an old woman is promoted to a seat in Satan's privy council, and appointed his executioner in chief within her district. So ready and civil are we to allow the devil the dominion over us, and even to provide him with butchers and hangmen of our own make and nature.

I have often wondered why we did not, in choosing our proper officers for Beelzebub, lay the lot rather upon men than

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women, the former being more bold and robust, and more equal to that bloody service; but, upon inquiry, I find it has been so ordered for two reasons: first, the men having the whole direction of this affair are wise enough to slip their own necks out of the collar; and, secondly, an old woman is grown by custom the most avoided and most unpitied creature under the sun, the very name carrying contempt and satire in it. And so far, indeed, we pay but an uncourtly sort of respect to Satan, in sacrificing to him nothing but the dry sticks of human nature.

We have a *wondering quality* within us, which finds huge gratification when we see strange feats done, and cannot at the same time see the doer, or the cause. Such actions are sure to be attributed to some witch or dæmon; for if we come to find they are slyly performed by artists of our own species and by causes purely natural, our delight dies with our amazement.

It is, therefore, one of the most unthankful offices in the world to go about to expose the mistaken notions of witchcraft and spirits; it is robbing mankind of a valuable imagination, and of the privilege of being deceived. Those who at any time undertook the task have always met with rough treatment and ill language for their pains, and seldom escaped the imputation of atheism, because they would not allow the devil to be too powerful for the Almighty. For my part, I am so much a heretic as to believe that God Almighty, and not the devil, governs the world.

If we inquire what are the common marks and symptoms by which witches are discovered to be such, we shall see how reasonably and mercifully those poor creatures were burned and hanged who unhappily fell under that name.

In the first place, the old woman must be prodigiously ugly; her eyes hollow and red, her face shrivelled; she goes double, and her voice trembles. It frequently happens that this rueful figure frightens a child into the palpitation of the heart: home he runs, and tells his mamma that goody such a one looked at him, and he is very ill. The good woman cries out her dear baby is bewitched, and sends for the parson and the constable.

It is moreover necessary that she be very poor. It is true

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her master Satan has mines and hidden treasures in his gift; but no matter, she is for all that very poor, and lives on alms. She goes to Sisly the cook-maid for a dish of broth, or the heel of a loaf, and Sisly denies them to her. The old woman goes away muttering, and perhaps in less than a month's time Sisly hears the voice of a cat, and strains her ankles, which are certain signs that she is bewitched.

A farmer sees his cattle die of the murrain, and the sheep of the rot, and poor goody is forced to be the cause of their death, because she was seen talking to herself the evening before such an ewe departed, and had been gathering sticks at the side of the wood where such a cow run mad.

The old woman has always for her companion an old gray cat, which is a disguised devil too, and confederate with goody in works of darkness. They frequently go journeys into Egypt upon a broom-staff, in half an hour's time, and now and then goody and her cat change shapes. The neighbors often overhear them in deep and solemn discourse together, plotting some dreadful mischief, you may be sure.

There is a famous way of trying witches, recommended by King James I. The old woman is tied hand and foot, and thrown into the river, and if she swims she is guilty, and taken out and burned; but if she is innocent she sinks, and is only drowned.

The witches are said to meet their master frequently in churches and church-yards. I wonder at the boldness of Satan and his congregation, in revelling and playing mountebank farces on consecrated ground; and I have as often wondered at the oversight and ill policy of some people in allowing it possible.

It would have been both dangerous and impious to have treated this subject at one certain time in this ludicrous manner. It used to be managed with all possible gravity, and even terror; and, indeed, it was made a tragedy in all its parts, and thousands were sacrificed, or rather murdered, by such evidence and colors as, God be thanked! we are at this day ashamed of. An old woman may be miserable now, and not be hanged for it.

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AN ACCOUNT OF THE AUGUSTAN AGE OF ENGLAND.

THE history of the rise of language and learning is calculated to gratify curiosity rather than to satisfy the understanding. An account of that period only, when language and learning arrived at its highest perfection, is the most conducive to real improvement, since it at once raises emulation and directs to the proper objects. The age of Leo X. in Italy is confessed to be the Augustan age with them. The French writers seem agreed to give the same appellation to that of Louis XIV., but the English are yet undetermined with respect to themselves.

Some have looked upon the writers in the times of Queen Elizabeth as the true standard for future imitation; others have descended to the reign of James I., and others still lower, to that of Charles II. Were I to be permitted to offer an opinion upon this subject, I should readily give my vote for the reign of Queen Anne, or some years before that period. It was then that taste was united to genius; and as before our writers charmed with their strength of thinking, so then they pleased with strength and grace united. In that period of British glory, though no writer attracts our attention singly, yet, like stars lost in each other's brightness, they have cast such a lustre upon the age in which they lived that their minutest transactions will be attended to by posterity with a greater eagerness than the most important occurrences of even empires which have been transacted in greater obscurity.

At that period there seemed to be a just balance between patronage and the press. Before it, men were little esteemed whose only merit was genius; and since, men who can prudently be content to catch the public are certain of living without dependence. But the writers of the period of which I am speaking were sufficiently esteemed by the great, and not rewarded enough by booksellers to set them above independence. Fame consequently then was the truest road to happiness; a sedulous attention to the mechanical business of the day makes the present never-failing resource.

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The age of Charles II., which our countrymen term the age of wit and immorality, produced some writers that at once served to improve our language and corrupt our hearts. The king himself had a large share of knowledge and some wit, and his courtiers were generally men who had been brought up in the school of affliction and experience. For this reason, when the sunshine of their fortune returned, they gave too great a loose to pleasure, and language was by them cultivated only as a mode of elegance. Hence it became more enervated, and was dashed with quaintnesses, which gave the public writings of those times a very illiberal air.

L'Estrange, who was by no means so bad a writer as some have represented him, was sunk in party faction, and having generally the worst side of the argument, often had recourse to scolding, pertness, and consequently a vulgarity that discovers itself even in his more liberal compositions. He was the first writer who regularly enlisted himself under the banners of a party for pay, and fought for it through right and wrong for upwards of forty literary campaigns. This intrepidity gained him the esteem of Cromwell himself, and the papers he wrote even just before the Revolution, almost with the rope about his neck, have his usual characters of impudence and perseverance.[1] That he was a standard writer cannot be disowned; because a great many very eminent authors formed their style by his.[2] But his standard was far from being a just one; though, when party considerations are set aside, he certainly was possessed of elegance, ease, and perspicuity.

Dryden, though a great and undisputed genius, had the same cast as L'Estrange. Even his plays discover him to be

[1] Swift calls him "a superficial meddling coxcomb."—Note on Burnet's "Own Times," ii. 211, ed. 1823.

[2] "His [Bunyan's] is a homespun style, not a manufactured one; and what a difference is there between its homeliness and the flippant vulgarity of the Roger L'Estrange and Tom Brown school."—SOUTHEY'S "Life of Bunyan," p. lxxxviii. To which Southey adds in a note: "Let me not be understood as passing an indiscriminate censure upon Sir Roger L'Estrange's style. No better specimens of idiomatic English are to be found than in some of his writings; but no baser corruptions and vilifications than in some of his translations."

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a party man, and the same principle infects his style in subjects of the lightest nature; but the English tongue, as it stands at present, is greatly his debtor. He first gave it regular harmony, and discovered its latent powers. It was his pen that formed the Congreves, the Priors, and the Addisons, who succeeded him; and had it not been for Dryden, we never should have known a Pope, at least in the meridian lustre he now displays. But Dryden's excellencies as a writer were not confined to poetry alone. There is in his prose writings an ease and elegance that have never yet been so well united in works of taste or criticism.

The English language owes very little to Otway, though, next to Shakespeare, the greatest genius England ever produced in tragedy. His excellencies lay in painting directly from nature, in catching every emotion just as it rises from the soul, and in all the powers of the moving and pathetic. He appears to have had no learning, no critical knowledge, and to have lived in great distress. When he died (which he did in an obscure house near the Minories), he had about him the copy of a tragedy, which it seems he had sold for a trifle to Bentley the bookseller.[1] I have seen an advertisement at the end of one of L'Estrange's political papers, offering a reward to any one who should bring it to his shop.[2] What an invaluable treasure was there irretrievably lost by the ignorance and neglect of the age he lived in!

Lee had a great command of language and vast force of expression, both which the best of our succeeding dramatic poets thought proper to take for their models. Rowe, in particular, seems to have caught that manner, though in all other respects inferior. The other poets of that reign contributed but little towards improving the English tongue, and it is not certain whether they did not injure rather than improve it.

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[1] To whom he dedicated his play of "The Soldier's Fortune."

[2] In the *Observator* for November 27, 1686, appeared the following advertisement: "Whereas Mr. Thomas Otway some time before his death made four acts of a play, whoever can give notice in whose hands the copy lies, either to Mr. Thomas Betterton or Mr. William Smith, at the Theatre Royal, shall be well rewarded for his pains." The piece was not recovered.

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Immorality has its cant as well as party, and many shocking expressions now crept into the language, and became the transient fashion of the day. The upper galleries, by the prevalence of party spirit, were courted with great assiduity, and a horse-laugh following ribaldry was the highest instance of applause, the chastity as well as energy of diction being overlooked or neglected.

Virtuous sentiment was recovered, but energy of style never was. This, though disregarded in plays and party writings, still prevailed amongst men of character and business. The despatches of Sir Richard Fanshawe, Sir William Godolphin, Lord Arlington, and many other ministers of state, are all of them, with respect to diction, manly, bold, and nervous. Sir William Temple, though a man of no learning, had great knowledge and experience. He wrote always like a man of sense and a gentleman; and his style is the model by which the best prose writers in the reign of Queen Anne formed theirs.[1] The beauties of Mr. Locke's style, though not so much celebrated, are as striking as that of his understanding. He never says more nor less than he ought, and never makes use of a word that he could have changed for a better. The same observation holds good of Dr. Samuel Clarke.

Mr. Locke was a philosopher; his antagonist Stillingfleet, bishop of Worcester, was a man of learning, and therefore the contest between them was unequal. The clearness of Mr. Locke's head renders his language perspicuous; the learning of Stillingfleet's clouds his. This is an instance of the superiority of good sense over learning, towards the improvement of every language.

There is nothing peculiar to the language of Archbishop Tillotson, but his manner of writing is inimitable; for one who reads him wonders why he himself did not think and speak in that very manner. The turn of his periods is agreeable though artless, and everything he says seems to flow spon-

[1] "Sir William Temple was the first writer who gave cadence to English prose. Before his time they were careless of arrangement, and did not mind whether a sentence ended with an important word or an insignificant word, or with what part of speech it was concluded."—JOHNSON, Boswell by Croker, p. 582.

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taneously from inward conviction. Barrow, though greatly his superior in learning, falls short of him in other respects.

The time seems to be at hand when justice will be done to Mr. Cowley's prose as well as poetical writings; and though his friend, Dr. Sprat, bishop of Rochester, in his diction, falls far short of the abilities for which he has been celebrated, yet there is sometimes a happy flow in his periods, something that looks like eloquence.[1] The style of his successor, Atterbury, has been much commended by his friends, which always happens when a man distinguishes himself in party, but there is in it nothing extraordinary.[2] Even the speech which he made for himself at the bar of the House of Lords before he was sent into exile is void of eloquence, though it has been cried up by his friends to such a degree that his enemies have suffered it to pass uncensured.

The philosophical manner of Lord Shaftesbury's writing is nearer to that of Cicero than any English author has yet arrived at; but perhaps had Cicero wrote in English, his composition would have greatly exceeded that of our countryman. The diction of the latter is beautiful, but such beauty as, upon nearer inspection, carries with it evident symptoms of affectation. This has been attended with very disagreeable consequences. Nothing is so easy to copy as affectation, and his lordship's rank and fame have procured him more imitators in Britain than any other writer I know: all faithfully preserving his blemishes, but, unhappily, not one of his beauties.

Mr. Trenchard[3] and Dr. Davenant[4] were political writers of

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[1] "Those who judge of Sprat by his verses must consider him as a servile imitator, who, without one spark of Cowley's admirable genius, mimicked whatever was least commendable in Cowley's manner; but those who are acquainted with Sprat's prose writings will form a very different estimate of his powers. He was indeed a great master of our language."—MACAULAY'S "History," ii. 95, 9th ed.

[2] Johnson praised it to Boswell as "one of the best!"—See BOSWELL by Croker, p. 578.

[3] Author of a "Short History of Standing Armies," "Considerations on Public Debts," etc. He died in 1723.

[4] Dr. Charles D'Avenant, eldest son of Sir William D'Avenant. His Essays on Trade and Revenue were collected in 1771, in five vols. 8vo, by Sir Charles Whitworth. He died in 1714.

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great abilities in diction, and their pamphlets are now standards in that way of writing. They were followed by Dean Swift, who, though in other respects far their superior, never could arise to that manliness and clearness of diction in political writing for which they were so justly famous.

They were all of them exceeded by the late Lord Bolingbroke, whose strength lay in that province; for as a philosopher and a critic he was ill qualified, being destitute of virtue for the one and of learning for the other. His writings against Sir Robert Walpole are incomparably the best part of his works. The personal and perpetual antipathy he had for that family, to whose places he thought his own abilities had a right, gave a glow to his style and an edge to his manner that never has been yet equalled in political writing. His misfortunes and disappointments gave his mind a turn which his friends mistook for philosophy, and at one time of his life he had the art to impose the same belief upon some of his enemies. His "Idea of a Patriot King," which I reckon (as indeed it was) amongst his writings against Sir Robert Walpole, is a masterpiece of diction.[1] Even in his other works his style is excellent; but where a man either does not or will not understand the subject he writes on there must always be a deficiency. In politics he was generally master of what he undertook, in morals never.

Mr. Addison, for a happy and natural style, will be always an honor to British literature. His diction, indeed, wants strength, but it is equal to all the subjects he undertakes to handle, as he never (at least in his finished works) attempts anything either in the argumentative or demonstrative way.

Though Sir Richard Steele's reputation as a public writer was owing to his connections with Mr. Addison, yet, after their intimacy was formed, Steele sunk in his merit as an author. This was not owing so much to the evident superiority on the part of Addison as to the unnatural efforts which Steele made to equal or eclipse him.[2] This emulation destroyed that

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[1] Compare Goldsmith in his "Life of Bolingbroke," in Vol. VII. of this edition.

[2] Fielding, on the other hand, insinuates that Addison was indebted to Steele

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genuine flow of diction which is discoverable in all his former compositions.

Whilst their writings engaged attention and the favor of the public, reiterated but unsuccessful endeavors were made towards forming a grammar of the English language. The authors of those efforts[1] went upon wrong principles. Instead of endeavoring to retrench the absurdities of our language and bringing it to a certain criterion, their grammars were no other than a collection of rules attempting to naturalize those absurdities and bring them under a regular system.

Somewhat effectual, however, might have been done towards fixing the standard of the English language had it not been for the spirit of party; for both Whigs and Tories being ambitious to stand at the head of so great a design, the queen's death happened before any plan of an academy could be resolved on.

Meanwhile the necessity of such an institution became every day more apparent. The periodical and political writers who then swarmed adopted the very worst manner of L'Estrange, till not only all decency, but all propriety of language, was lost in the nation. Leslie, a pert writer, with some wit and learning, insulted the government every week with the grossest abuse.[2] His style and manner, both of which were illiberal, was imitated by Ridpath,[3] De Foe, Dunton,[4]

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more than he cared to acknowledge. See "A Journey from this World to the Next," chapter viii.

[1] Goldsmith alludes to Swift's "Proposal for Correcting, Improving, and Ascertaining the English Tongue," addressed to Robert Harley, earl of Oxford; and "written," says Johnson, "without much knowledge of the general nature of language, and without any accurate inquiry into the history of other tongues."—"Life of Swift."

[2] Charles Leslie, a nonjuror, and author of the "Short Method with the Deists," etc. "A reasoner," as Johnson remarked to Henderson, "who was not to be reasoned against."—Boswell, by Croker, p. 759. He died in 1722.

[3] George Ridpath, author of a Whig journal called the *Flying Post*—

"To Dulness Ridpath is as dear as Mist."—Pope.

[4] John Dunton, bookseller and miscellaneous writer, died 1733. He projected "The Athenian Mercury," and wrote an amusing work, his own "Life and Errors," now too much neglected.

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and others of the opposite party; and Toland[1] pleaded the cause of atheism and immorality in much the same strain: his subject seemed to debase his diction, and he ever failed most in one when he grew most licentious in the other.

Towards the end of Queen Anne's reign some of the greatest men in England devoted their time to party, and then a much better manner obtained in political writing. Mr. Walpole, Mr. Addison, Mr. Maynwaring, Mr. Steele, and many members of both houses of Parliament drew their pens for the Whigs; but they seem to have been overmatched, though not in argument yet in writing, by Bolingbroke, Prior, Swift, Arbuthnot, and the other friends of the opposite party. They who oppose a ministry have always a better field for ridicule and reproof than they who defend it.

Since that period our writers have either been encouraged above their merits or below them. Some who were possessed of the meanest abilities acquired the highest preferments, while others, who seemed born to reflect a lustre upon their age, perished by want and neglect. Moore, Savage, and Amhurst[2] were possessed of great abilities; yet they were suffered to feel all the miseries that usually attend the ingenious and the imprudent, that attend men of strong passions and no phlegmatic reserve in their command.

At present, were a man to attempt to improve his fortune or increase his friendship by poetry, he would soon feel the anxiety of disappointment. The press lies open, and is a benefactor to every sort of literature but that alone.

I am at a loss whether to ascribe this falling off of the public to a vicious taste in the poet or in them. Perhaps both are to be reprehended. The poet, either dryly didactive, gives

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[1] John Toland, a celebrated deistical and political writer, died 1722.

> "Toland and Tindal, prompt at priests to jeer,
> Yet silent bow'd to 'Christ's no Kingdom here.'"—POPE.

[2] See note on "Inquiry," Vol. III. p. 56. "Let us not aggravate those natural inconveniences by neglect; we have had sufficient instances of that kind already. Sale, Savage, Amhurst, Moore, will suffice for one age at least."—*Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning* (1759).

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us rules which might appear abstruse even in a system of ethics, or, triflingly volatile, writes upon the most unworthy subjects: content if he can give music instead of sense; content if he can paint to the imagination without any desires or endeavors to affect; the public therefore with justice discard such empty sound, which has nothing but jingle, or, what is worse, the unmusical flow of blank verse, to recommend it. The late method also that our newspapers have fallen into of giving an epitome of every new publication must greatly damp the writer's genius. He finds himself in this case at the mercy of men who have neither abilities nor learning to distinguish his merit. He finds his own compositions mixed with the sordid trash of every daily scribbler. There is a sufficient specimen given of his work to abate curiosity, and yet so mutilated as to render him contemptible. His first, and perhaps his second, work by these means sink among the crudities of the age into oblivion. Fame, he finds, begins to turn her back; he therefore flies to profit which invites him, and he enrolls himself in the lists of dulness and of avarice for life.

Yet there are still among us men of the greatest abilities, and who, in some parts of learning, have surpassed their predecessors. Justice and friendship might here impel me to speak of names which will shine out to all posterity, but prudence restrains me from what I should otherwise eagerly embrace. Envy might rise against every honored name I should mention, since scarcely one of them has not those who are his enemies, or those who despise him, etc.

OF THE OPERA IN ENGLAND.

The rise and fall of our amusements pretty much resembles that of empire. They this day flourish without any visible cause for such vigor; the next day they decay away without any reason that can be assigned for their downfall. Some years ago the Italian Opera was the only fashionable amusement among our nobility. The managers of the playhouses dreaded it as a mortal enemy, and our very poets listed themselves in the opposition; at present the house seems deserted,

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the castrati sing to empty benches; even Prince Vologeso[1] himself, a youth of great expectations, sings himself out of breath, and rattles his chain to no purpose.

To say the truth, the opera, as it is conducted among us, is but a very humdrum amusement; in other countries the decorations are entirely magnificent, the singers all excellent, and the burlettas or interludes quite entertaining—the best poets compose the words and the best masters the music; but with us it is otherwise: the decorations are but trifling and cheap; the singers, Mattei[2] only excepted, but indifferent. Instead of interlude, we have those sorts of skipping dances which are calculated for the galleries of the theatre. Every performer sings his favorite song, and the music is only a medley of old Italian airs, or some meagre modern capriccio.

When such is the case, it is not to be wondered if the opera is pretty much neglected: the lower orders of people have neither taste nor fortune to relish such an entertainment; they would find more satisfaction in the "Roast Beef of Old England" than in the finest closes of an eunuch; they sleep amidst all the agony of recitative. On the other hand, people of fortune or taste can hardly be pleased where there is a visible poverty in the decorations and an entire want of taste in the composition.[3]

Would it not surprise one that when Metastasio is so well known in England, and so universally admired, the manager or the composer should have recourse to any other operas than those written by him. I might venture to say that "written by Metastasio" put up in the bills of the day would alone be sufficient to fill an house, since thus the admirers of sense as well as sound might find entertainment.

The performers also should be entreated to sing only their

[1] A pasticcio, in which Cornacini first appeared in this country.

[2] See note on p. 37.

[3] "He [Tom Killegrew] tells me that he hath ever endeavored in the late king's time and in this to introduce a good musique; but he never could do it, there never having been any musique here better than ballads. And says 'Hermitt Poor' and 'Chiny Chese' [Chevy Chase] was all the musique we had; and yet no ordinary fiddlers get so much money as ours do here, which speaks our rudeness still."—Pepys, 12th Feb., 1666–67.

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parts, without clapping in any of their own favorite airs. I must own that such songs are generally to me the most disagreeable in the world. Every singer generally chooses a favorite air, not from the excellency of the music, but from the difficulty. Such songs are generally chosen as surprise rather than please, where the performer may show his compass, his breath, and his volubility.

From hence proceed those unnatural startings, those unmusical closings, and shakes lengthened out to a painful continuance. Such, indeed, may show a voice, but it must give a truly delicate ear the utmost uneasiness. Such tricks are not music: neither Corelli nor Pergolesi ever permitted them; and they begin even to be discontinued in Italy, where they first had their rise.

And, now I am upon the subject, our composers also should affect greater simplicity. Let their bass-clef have all the variety they can give it; let the body of the music (if I may so express it) be as various as they please, but let them avoid ornamenting a barren groundwork; let them not attempt by flourishing to cheat us of solid harmony.

The works of M. Rameau are never heard without a surprising effect. I can attribute it only to this simplicity he everywhere observes, insomuch that some of his finest harmonies are often only octave and unison. This simple manner has greater powers than is generally imagined; and, were not such a demonstration misplaced, I think, from the principles of music, it might be proved to be most agreeable.

But, to leave general reflection. With the present set of performers, the operas, if the conductor thinks proper, may be carried on with some success, since they have all some merit, if not as actors, at least as singers. Signora Mattei[1] is at once both a perfect actress and a very fine singer: she is possessed of a fine sensibility in her manner, and seldom indulges those extravagant and unmusical flights of voice complained of before. Cornacini,[2] on the other hand, is a very

[1] See note on p. 37.

[2] "The following season [to 1759] began with 'Vologeso,' a pasticcio, in which

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indifferent actor, has a most unmeaning face, seems not to feel his part, is infected with a passion of showing his compass; but, to recompense all these defects, his voice is melodious, he has vast compass and great volubility, his swell and shake are perfectly fine, unless that he continues the latter too long. In short, whatever the defects of his action may be, they are amply recompensed by his excellency as a singer; nor can I avoid fancying that he might make a much greater figure in an oratorio than upon the stage.

However, upon the whole, I know not whether ever operas can be kept up in England; they seem to be entirely exotic, and require the nicest management and care. Instead of this, the care of them is assigned to men unacquainted with the genius and disposition of the people they would amuse, and whose only motives are immediate gain. Whether a discontinuance of such entertainments would be more to the loss or the advantage of the nation, I will not take upon me to determine, since it is as much our interest to induce foreigners of taste among us, on the one hand, as it is to discourage those trifling members of society who generally compose the operatical *dramatis personæ*, on the other.

Cornacchini, a new first-man, superseded Potenza; the public, however, gained but little by the change, as his voice was not good, and his style of singing by no means grand or captivating."—BURNEY'S *Hist. of Music*, vol. iv. p. 471.

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ESSAYS.

BY

MR. GOLDSMITH.

Collecta Revirescunt.

London:
Printed for W. Griffin, in Fetter Lane.[1]
MDCCLXV.

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[1] Griffin the next year removed to Catharine Street in the Strand, where he set up the sign of Garrick's Head. The second edition of these "Essays" was published in Catharine Street.

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These "Essays," collected by their author from his anonymous communications to periodicals—*The Bee*,[1] *The Busy Body*,[2] *The British Magazine*,[3] etc. (with nine from "The Citizen of the World," 1762)—appeared on the 3d of June, 1765, with the following title:

"Essays. By Mr. Goldsmith. Collecta Revirescunt. London: Printed for W. Griffin, in Fetter Lane. 1765." [12°.]

The second edition, corrected and enlarged by two Essays (now Nos. 26 and 27), appeared the next year:

"Essays by Oliver Goldsmith. Collecta Revirescunt. The Second Edition, Corrected. London: Printed for W. Griffin, in Catharine Street. 1766." pp. 248. [12°. Price 3s., bound.]

This, the last edition published in Goldsmith's lifetime, is the foundation of the text of this reprint. I have, however, compared the text with the edition of 1775, containing the same number of Essays ("London: Printed for J. and F. Rivington, B. Law, G. Robinson, S. Bladon, and T. Evans, Strand"), and with the edition of 1798 (3 vols. post 8vo), said to be superintended by Mr. Thomas Wright, the father of Mr. J. Wright, who saw the edition of 1837 (4 vols. 8vo—Murray) through the press.

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[1] See p. 8.

[2] The first number of *The Busy Body* appeared on Tuesday, the 9th of November, 1759—three days after the appearance of *The Bee*. *The Busy Body* was a periodical paper, printed by J. Pottinger, at the Dunciad, in Paternoster Row—price twopence—every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. After its twelfth number it ceased as a distinct work. The numbers were then collected into a thin volume, now very scarce. The papers contributed by Goldsmith were four in number: "The Logicians Refuted," a poem; "On the Clubs of London" (Essay IV.); "On Public Rejoicings for Victory" (Unacknowledged Essays, I.); and "Stanzas on the Taking of Quebec."

[3] Edited by Smollett. Goldsmith, it is said, contributed in all twenty-one papers, only three of which he admitted into his Collected Essays.

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THE PREFACE.

The following Essays have already appeared at different times and in different publications. The pamphlets in which they were inserted being generally unsuccessful, these shared the common fate without assisting the booksellers' aims or extending the writer's reputation. The public were too strenuously employed with their own follies to be assiduous in estimating mine, so that many of my best attempts in this way have fallen victims to the transient topic of the times—the ghost in Cock Lane[1] or the siege[2] of Ticonderoga.

But though they have passed pretty silently into the world, I can by no means complain of their circulation. The magazines and papers of the day have, indeed, been liberal enough in this respect. Most of these Essays have been regularly reprinted twice or thrice a year, and conveyed to the public through the kennel of some engaging compilation. If there be a pride in multiplied editions, I have seen some of my labors sixteen times reprinted and claimed by different parents as their own. I have seen them flourished at the beginning with praise, and signed at the end with the names of Philautos, Philalethes, Phileleutheros, and Philanthropos.[3] These gentlemen have kindly stood sponsors to my productions, and, to flatter me more, have always taken my errors on themselves.[4]

It is time, however, at last, to vindicate my claims; and as these entertainers of the public, as they call themselves, have partly lived upon me for some years, let me now try if I cannot live a little upon myself. I would desire, in this case, to imitate the fat man whom I have somewhere read of in a shipwreck, who, when the sailors, pressed

[1] See note on p. 166, and Vol. VIII. p. 175, "The Mystery Revealed."

[2] See Vol. VI. p. 11.

[3] "The public were more importantly employed than to observe the easy simplicity of my style or the harmony of my periods. Sheet after sheet was thrown off to oblivion. My Essays were buried among the essays upon liberty, Eastern tales, and cures for the bite of a mad dog; while Philautos, Philalethes, Phileleutheros, and Philanthropos all wrote better because they wrote faster than I."—*The Vicar of Wakefield*, chap. xx.

[4] "Passed them as their own."—*First Edition.*

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by famine, were taking slices from his posteriors to satisfy their hunger, insisted, with great justice, on having the first cut for himself.

Yet, after all, I cannot be angry with any one who have taken it into their heads to think that whatever I write is worth reprinting, particularly when I consider how great a majority will think it scarce worth reading. Trifling and superficial are terms of reproach that are easily objected, and that carry an air of penetration in the observer. These faults have been objected to the following Essays; and it must be owned, in some measure, that the charge is true. However, I could have made them more metaphysical had I thought fit, but I would ask whether in a short essay it is not necessary to be superficial? Before we have prepared to enter into the depths of a subject, in the usual forms, we have got to the bottom of our scanty page, and thus lose the honors of a victory by too tedious a preparation for the combat.

There is another fault in this collection of trifles, which, I fear, will not be so easily pardoned. It will be alleged that the humor of them (if any be found) is stale and hackneyed. This may be true enough as matters now stand, but I may with great truth assert that the humor was new when I wrote it. Since that time, indeed, many of the topics which were first started here have been hunted down, and many of the thoughts blown upon. In fact, these Essays were considered as quietly laid in the grave of oblivion, and our modern compilers, like sextons and executioners, think it their undoubted right to pillage the dead.

However, whatever right I have to complain of the public, they can as yet have no just reason to complain of me. If I have written dull essays, they have hitherto treated them as dull essays. Thus far we are, at least, upon par; and until they think fit to make me their humble debtor by praise, I am resolved not to lose a single inch of my self-importance. Instead, therefore, of attempting to establish a credit amongst them, it will perhaps be wiser to apply to some more distant correspondent; and, as my drafts are in some danger of being protested at home, it may not be imprudent upon this occasion to draw my bills upon Posterity.[1]

[1] Here the first edition added, "Mr. Posterity. Sir,—Nine hundred and ninety-nine years after sight hereof, pay the bearer, or order, a thousand pounds' worth of praise, free from all deductions whatsoever, it being a commodity that will then be very serviceable to him, and place it to the accompt of, etc." This was omitted in the second edition of 1766 and in the edition of 1775 (the third, I see reason to believe), though restored to the text in the edition of 1798 (3 vols., post 8vo), edited by Mr. Thomas Wright.

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ESSAYS.

ESSAY I.[1]

INTRODUCTORY PAPER.[2]

THERE is not, perhaps, a more whimsical figure in nature than a man of real modesty who assumes an air of impudence; who, while his heart beats with anxiety, studies ease and affects good-humor. In this situation, however, every unexperienced writer, as I am, finds himself. Impressed with the terrors of the tribunal before which he is going to appear, his natural humor turns to pertness, and for real wit he is obliged to substitute vivacity.

For my part, as I was never distinguished for address, and have often blundered in making my bow, I am at a loss whether to be merry or sad on this solemn occasion. Should I modestly decline all merit, it is too probable the hasty reader may take me at my word. If, on the other hand, like laborers in the magazine trade, I humbly presume to promise an epitome of all the good things that were ever said or written, those readers I most desire to please may forsake me.

My bookseller, in this dilemma perceiving my embarrassment, instantly offered his assistance and advice: "You must know, sir," says he, "that the republic of letters is at present divided into several classes. One writer excels at a plan or a title-page, another works away the body of the book, and a third is a dab at an index. Thus, a magazine is not the result of any single man's industry, but goes through as many hands

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[1] Originally No. I. of *The Bee*. See p. 11.

[2] The contents of each Essay are the additions of Goldsmith's editors. They are useful, and I have therefore retained them.

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as a new pin before it is fit for the public. I fancy, sir," continues he, "I can provide an eminent hand, and upon moderate terms, to draw up a promising plan to smooth up our readers a little, and pay them, as Colonel Charteris paid his seraglio, at the rate of three-halfpence in hand and three shillings more in promises."

He was proceeding in his advice, which, however, I thought proper to decline by assuring him that as I intended to pursue no fixed method, so it was impossible to form any regular plan; determined never to be tedious in order to be logical, wherever pleasure presented I was resolved to follow.

It will be improper, therefore, to pall the reader's curiosity by lessening his surprise, or anticipate any pleasure I am able to procure him by saying what shall come next. Happy could any effort of mine but repress one criminal pleasure, or but for a moment fill up an interval of anxiety! How gladly would I lead mankind from the vain prospects of life to prospects of innocence and ease, where every breeze breathes health, and every sound is but the echo of tranquillity!

But, whatever may be the merit of his intentions, every writer is now convinced that he must be chiefly indebted to good fortune for finding readers willing to allow him any degree of reputation. It has been remarked that almost every character which has excited either attention or pity has owed part of its success to merit, and part to an happy concurrence of circumstances in its favor. Had Cæsar or Cromwell exchanged countries, the one might have been a sergeant and the other an exciseman. So it is with wit, which generally succeeds more from being happily addressed than from its native poignancy. A jest calculated to spread at a gaming-table may be received with perfect indifference should it happen to drop in a mackerel-boat. We have all seen dunces triumph in some companies, where men of real humor were disregarded, by a general combination in favor of stupidity. To drive the observation as far as it will go, should the labors of a writer who designs his performances for readers of a more refined appetite fall into the hands of a devourer of compilations, what can he expect but contempt and confusion? If his merits are

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to be determined by judges who estimate the value of a book from its bulk or its frontispiece, every rival must acquire an easy superiority who with persuasive eloquence promises four extraordinary pages of letter-press, or three beautiful prints curiously colored from nature.

Thus, then, though I cannot promise as much entertainment or as much elegance as others have done, yet the reader may be assured he shall have as much of both as I can. He shall, at least, find me alive while I study his entertainment; for I solemnly assure him I was never yet possessed of the secret of writing and sleeping.

During the course of this paper, therefore, all the wit and learning I have are heartily at his service; which, if, after so candid a confession, he should, notwithstanding, still find intolerably dull or low or sad stuff, this, I protest, is more than I know. I have a clear conscience, and am entirely out of the secret.

Yet I would not have him, upon the perusal of a single paper, pronounce me incorrigible: he may try a second, which, as there is a studied difference in subject and style, may be more suited to his taste; if this also fails, I must refer him to a third, or even to a fourth, in case of extremity. If he should still continue refractory, and find me dull to the last, I must inform him, with Bayes in "The Rehearsal,"[1] that I think him a very odd kind of a fellow, and desire no more of his acquaintance. But still, if my readers impute the general tenor of my subject to me as a fault, I must beg leave to tell them a story.

A traveller, in his way to Italy, found himself in a country where the inhabitants had each a large excrescence depending from the chin; a deformity which, as it was endemic, and the people little used to strangers, it had been the custom, time immemorial, to look upon as the greatest beauty. Ladies grew toasts from the size of their chins, and no men were beaux whose faces were not broadest at the bottom. It was Sunday, a country church was at hand, and our traveller was willing

[1] "The Rehearsal" maintained its position on the stage till the retirement of Garrick. Cibber and Garrick were famous as Bayes, and both made skilful adaptations of scenes suitable to the season in which either played in it.

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to perform the duties of the day. Upon his first appearance at the church-door, the eyes of all were naturally fixed upon the stranger; but what was their amazement when they found that he actually wanted that emblem of beauty, a pursed chin! Stifled bursts of laughter, winks, and whispers circulated from visage to visage; the prismatic figure of the stranger's face was a fund of infinite gayety. Our traveller could no longer patiently continue an object for deformity to point at. "Good folks," said he, "I perceive that I am a very ridiculous figure here, but I assure you I am reckoned no way deformed at Homer."

ESSAY II.

THE STORY OF ALCANDER AND SEPTIMIUS.

Taken from a Byzantine Historian.[1]

Athens, long after the decline of the Roman empire, still continued the seat of learning, politeness, and wisdom. Theodoric the Ostrogoth repaired the schools which barbarity was suffering to fall into decay, and continued those pensions to men of learning which avaricious governors had monopolized.

In this city, and about this period, Alcander and Septimius were fellow-students together. The one, the most subtle reasoner of all the Lyceum; the other, the most eloquent speaker in the academic grove. Mutual admiration soon begot a friendship. Their fortunes were nearly equal, and they were natives of the two most celebrated cities in the world; for Alcander was of Athens, Septimius came from Rome.

In this state of harmony they lived for some time together, when Alcander, after passing the first part of his youth in the indolence of philosophy, thought at length of entering into the busy world; and, as a step previous to this, placed his affections on Hypatia, a lady of exquisite beauty. The day of their intended nuptials was fixed, the previous ceremonies

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[1] Originally No. I. of *The Bee*. See p. 19. Boccaccio is the real name of Goldsmith's imaginary Byzantine.

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were performed, and nothing now remained but her being conducted in triumph to the apartment of the intended bridegroom.

Alcander's exultation in his own happiness, or being unable to enjoy any satisfaction without making his friend Septimius a partner, prevailed upon him to introduce Hypatia to his fellow-student, which he did with all the gayety of a man who found himself equally happy in friendship and love. But this was an interview fatal to the future peace of both; for Septimius no sooner saw her but he was smitten with an involuntary passion; and, though he used every effort to suppress desires at once so imprudent and unjust, the emotions of his mind in a short time became so strong that they brought on a fever which the physicians judged incurable.

During this illness, Alcander watched him with all the anxiety of fondness, and brought his mistress to join in those amiable offices of friendship. The sagacity of the physicians, by these means, soon discovered that the cause of their patient's disorder was love; and Alcander, being apprised of their discovery, at length extorted a confession from the reluctant dying lover.

It would but delay the narrative to describe the conflict between love and friendship in the breast of Alcander on this occasion; it is enough to say that the Athenians were at that time arrived at such refinement in morals that every virtue was carried to excess. In short, forgetful of his own felicity, he gave up his intended bride, in all her charms, to the young Roman. They were married privately by his connivance; and this unlooked-for change of fortune wrought as unexpected a change in the constitution of the now happy Septimius. In a few days he was perfectly recovered, and set out with his fair partner for Rome. Here, by an exertion of those talents which he was so eminently possessed of, Septimius in a few years arrived at the highest dignities of the State, and was constituted the city judge, or prætor.

In the meantime, Alcander not only felt the pain of being separated from his friend and his mistress, but a prosecution was also commenced against him by the relations of Hypatia

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for having basely given up his bride, as was suggested, for money. His innocence of the crime laid to his charge, and even his eloquence in his own defence, were not able to withstand the influence of a powerful party. He was cast, and condemned to pay an enormous fine. However, being unable to raise so large a sum at the time appointed, his possessions were confiscated, he himself was stripped of the habit of freedom, exposed as a slave in the market-place, and sold to the highest bidder.

A merchant of Thrace becoming his purchaser, Alcander, with some other companions of distress, was carried into that region of desolation and sterility. His stated employment was to follow the herds of an imperious master, and his success in hunting was all that was allowed him to supply his precarious subsistence. Every morning waked him to a renewal of famine or toil, and every change of season served but to aggravate his unsheltered distress. After some years of bondage, however, an opportunity of escaping offered; he embraced it with ardor; so that, travelling by night and lodging in caverns by day, to shorten a long story, he at last arrived in Rome. The same day on which Alcander arrived, Septimius sat administering justice in the forum, whither our wanderer came, expecting to be instantly known and publicly acknowledged by his former friend. Here he stood the whole day among the crowd, watching the eyes of the judge, and expecting to be taken notice of; but he was so much altered by a long succession of hardships that he continued unnoted among the rest; and, in the evening, when he was going up to the prætor's chair, he was brutally repulsed by the attending lictors. The attention of the poor is generally driven from one ungrateful object to another; for night coming on, he now found himself under a necessity of seeking a place to lie in, and yet knew not where to apply. All emaciated and in rags as he was, none of the citizens would harbor so much wretchedness, and sleeping in the streets might be attended with interruption or danger; in short, he was obliged to take up his lodging in one of the tombs without the city, the usual retreat of guilt, poverty, and despair. In this mansion of horror, laying

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his head upon an inverted urn, he forgot his miseries for a while in sleep, and found on his flinty couch more ease than beds of down can supply to the guilty.

As he continued here, about midnight, two robbers came to make this their retreat; but, happening to disagree about the division of their plunder, one of them stabbed the other to the heart, and left him weltering in blood at the entrance. In these circumstances he was found next morning dead at the mouth of the vault. This naturally inducing a further inquiry, an alarm was spread; the cave was examined, and Alcander, being found, was immediately apprehended and accused of robbery and murder. The circumstances against him were strong, and the wretchedness of his appearance confirmed suspicion. Misfortune and he were now so long acquainted that he at last became regardless of life. He detested a world where he had found only ingratitude, falsehood, and cruelty; he was determined to make no defence; and, thus lowering with resolution, he was dragged, bound with cords, before the tribunal of Septimius. As the proofs were positive against him, and he offered nothing in his own vindication, the judge was proceeding to doom him to a most cruel and ignominious death, when the attention of the multitude was soon divided by another object. The robber who had been really guilty was apprehended selling his plunder, and, struck with a panic, had confessed his crime. He was brought bound to the same tribunal, and acquitted every other person of any partnership in his guilt. Alcander's innocence therefore appeared, but the sullen rashness of his conduct remained a wonder to the surrounding multitude; but their astonishment was still farther increased when they saw their judge start from his tribunal to embrace the supposed criminal. Septimius recollected his friend and former benefactor, and hung upon his neck with tears of pity and of joy. Need the sequel be related? Alcander was acquitted, shared the friendship and honors of the principal citizens of Rome, lived afterwards in happiness and ease, and left it to be engraved on his tomb, that "no circumstances are so desperate which Providence may not relieve."

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ESSAY III.[1]

ON HAPPINESS OF TEMPER.

When I reflect on the unambitious retirement in which I passed the earlier part of my life in the country, I cannot avoid feeling some pain in thinking that those happy days are never to return. In that retreat all nature seemed capable of affording pleasure. I then made no refinements on happiness, but could be pleased with the most awkward efforts of rustic mirth; thought "cross-purposes" the highest stretch of human wit, and "questions and commands" the most rational way of spending the evening. Happy could so charming an illusion still continue! I find that age and knowledge only contribute to sour our dispositions. My present enjoyments may be more refined, but they are infinitely less pleasing. The pleasure the best actor gives can no way compare to that I have received from a country wag who imitated a Quaker's sermon. The music of the finest singer is dissonance to what I felt when our old dairy-maid sung me into tears with "Johnny Armstrong's Last Good-night," or the "Cruelty of Barbara Allen."

Writers of every age have endeavored to show that pleasure is in us, and not in the objects offered for our amusement. If the soul be happily disposed, everything becomes capable of affording entertainment, and distress will almost want a name. Every occurrence passes in review like the figures of a procession: some may be awkward, others ill-dressed; but none but a fool is for this enraged with the master of the ceremonies.

I remember to have once seen a slave in a fortification in Flanders, who appeared no way touched with his situation. He was maimed, deformed, and chained; obliged to toil from the appearance of day till nightfall, and condemned to this

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[1] Originally No. II. of *The Bee*. See p. 37.

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for life; yet, with all these circumstances of apparent wretchedness, he sung—would have danced but that he wanted a leg—and appeared the merriest, happiest man of all the garrison. What a practical philosopher was here! An happy constitution supplied philosophy; and, though seemingly destitute of wisdom, he was really wise. No reading or study had contributed to disenchant the fairy-land around him. Everything furnished him with an opportunity of mirth; and though some thought him, from his insensibility, a fool, he was such an idiot as philosophers should wish to imitate: for all philosophy is only forcing the trade of happiness when nature seems to deny the means.

They who, like our slave, can place themselves on that side of the world in which everything appears in a pleasing light will find something in every occurrence to excite their good-humor. The most calamitous events, either to themselves or others, can bring no new affliction; the whole world is to them a theatre on which comedies only are acted. All the bustle of heroism or the rants of ambition serve only to heighten the absurdity of the scene and make the humor more poignant. They feel, in short, as little anguish at their own distress or the complaints of others as the undertaker, though dressed in black, feels sorrow at a funeral.

Of all the men I ever read of, the famous Cardinal de Retz possessed this happiness of temper in the highest degree. As he was a man of gallantry, and despised all that wore the pedantic appearance of philosophy, wherever pleasure was to be sold, he was generally foremost to raise the auction. Being an universal admirer of the fair sex, when he found one lady cruel, he generally fell in love with another, from whom he expected a more favorable reception. If she too rejected his addresses, he never thought of retiring into deserts or pining in hopeless distress. He persuaded himself that, instead of loving the lady, he only fancied that he had loved her, and so all was well again. When fortune wore her angriest look, and he at last fell into the power of his most deadly enemy, Cardinal Mazarine (being confined a close prisoner in the Castle of Valenciennes), he never attempted to support his

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distress by wisdom or philosophy, for he pretended to neither. He only laughed at himself and his persecutor, and seemed infinitely pleased at his new situation. In this mansion of distress, though secluded from his friends, though denied all the amusements and even the conveniences of life, he still retained his good-humor, laughed at all the little spite of his enemies, and carried the jest so far as to be revenged by writing the life of his jailer.

All that the wisdom of the proud can teach is to be stubborn or sullen under misfortunes. The cardinal's example will instruct us to be merry in circumstances of the highest affliction. It matters not whether our good-humor be construed by others into insensibility or even idiotism; it is happiness to ourselves, and none but a fool would measure his satisfaction by what the world thinks of it: for my own part, I never pass by one of our prisons for debt that I do not envy that felicity which is still going forward among those people who forget the cares of the world by being shut out from its ambition.

The happiest silly fellow I ever knew was of the number of those good-natured creatures that are said to do no harm to any but themselves. Whenever he fell into any misery, he usually called it *seeing life*. If his head was broke by a chairman, or his pocket picked by a sharper, he comforted himself by imitating the Hibernian dialect of the one or the more fashionable cant of the other. Nothing came amiss to him. His inattention to money matters had incensed his father to such a degree that all the intercession of friends in his favor was fruitless. The old gentleman was on his deathbed. The whole family, and Dick among the number, gathered around him. "I leave my second son, Andrew," said the expiring miser, "my whole estate, and desire him to be frugal." Andrew, in a sorrowful tone, as is usual on these occasions, prayed Heaven to prolong his life and health to enjoy it himself. "I recommend Simon, my third son, to the care of his elder brother, and leave him, besides, four thousand pounds."—"Ah! father," cried Simon (in great affliction, to be sure), "may Heaven give you life and health to enjoy it

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Cardinal de Retz

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yourself." At last, turning to poor Dick, "As for you, you have always been a sad dog; you'll never come to good; you'll never be rich. I'll leave you a shilling to buy an halter."—"Ah! father," cries Dick, without any emotion, "may Heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself." This was all the trouble the loss of fortune gave this thoughtless, imprudent creature. However, the tenderness of an uncle recompensed the neglect of a father; and my friend is now not only excessively good-humored, but competently rich.

Yes, let the world cry out at a bankrupt who appears at a ball; at an author who laughs at the public which pronounces him a dunce; at a general who smiles at the reproach of the vulgar, or the lady who keeps her good-humor in spite of scandal; but such is the wisest behavior that any of us can possibly assume. It is certainly a better way to oppose calamity by dissipation than to take up the arms of reason or resolution to oppose it: by the first method we forget our miseries, by the last we only conceal them from others; by struggling with misfortunes, we are sure to receive some wounds in the conflict; but a sure method to come off victorious is by running away.

ESSAY IV.[1]

DESCRIPTION OF VARIOUS CLUBS.

I REMEMBER to have read in some philosopher (I believe in Tom Brown's works) that, let a man's character, sentiments, or complexion be what they will, he can find company in London to match them. If he be splenetic, he may every day meet companions on the seats in St. James's Park, with whose groans he may mix his own, and pathetically talk of the weather. If he be passionate, he may vent his rage among the old orators at Slaughter's Coffee-house,[2] and damn the nation because it keeps him from starving. If he be phleg-

[1] First printed in *The Busy Body* of 13th October, 1759. See p. 146.

[2] In St. Martin's Lane. It existed as late as 1843.

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matic, he may sit in silence at the Humdrum Club in Ivy Lane; and, if actually mad, he may find very good company in Moorfields, either at Bedlam or the Foundery, ready to cultivate a nearer acquaintance.

But although such as have a knowledge of the town may easily class themselves with tempers congenial to their own, a countryman who comes to live in London finds nothing more difficult. With regard to myself, none ever tried with more assiduity or came off with such indifferent success. I spent a whole season in the search, during which time my name has been enrolled in societies, lodges, convocations, and meetings without number. To some I was introduced by a friend, to others invited by an advertisement; to these I introduced myself, and to those I changed my name to gain admittance. In short, no coquette was ever more solicitous to match her ribbons to her complexion than I to suit my club to my temper, for I was too obstinate to bring my temper to conform to it.

The first club I entered, upon coming to town, was that of the Choice Spirits. The name was entirely suited to my taste; I was a lover of mirth, good-humor, and even sometimes of fun, from my childhood.

As no other passport was requisite but the payment of two shillings at the door, I introduced myself without farther ceremony to the members, who were already assembled, and had, for some time, begun upon business. The Grand, with a mallet in his hand, presided at the head of the table. I could not avoid, upon my entrance, making use of all my skill in physiognomy in order to discover that superiority of genius in men who had taken a title so superior to the rest of mankind. I expected to see the lines of every face marked with strong thinking; but, though I had some skill in this science, I could for my life discover nothing but a pert simper, fat, or profound stupidity.

My speculations were soon interrupted by the Grand, who had knocked down Mr. Spriggins for a song. I was, upon this, whispered by one of the company who sat next me that I should now see something touched off to a nicety, for Mr.

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Spriggins was going to give us "Mad Tom" in all its glory. Mr. Spriggins endeavored to excuse himself; for, as he was to act a madman and a king, it was impossible to go through the part properly without a crown and chains. His excuses were overruled by a great majority, and with much vociferation. The president ordered up the jack-chain, and, instead of a crown, our performer covered his brows with an inverted jordan. After he had rattled his chain and shook his head, to the great delight of the whole company, he began his song. As I have heard few young fellows offer to sing in company that did not expose themselves, it was no great disappointment to me to find Mr. Spriggins among the number; however, not to seem an odd fish, I rose from my seat in rapture, cried out, Bravo! encore! and slapped the table as loud as any of the rest.

The gentleman who sat next me seemed highly pleased with my taste and the ardor of my approbation, and, whispering, told me that I had suffered an immense loss; for, had I come a few minutes sooner, I might have heard "Gee-ho Dobbin" sung in a tip-top manner by the pimple-nosed spirit at the president's right elbow: but he was evaporated before I came.

As I was expressing my uneasiness at this disappointment, I found the attention of the company employed upon a fat figure, who, with a voice more rough than the Staffordshire Giant's, was giving us the "Softly Sweet, in Lydian Measure," of "Alexander's Feast." After a short pause of admiration, to this succeeded a Welsh dialogue, with the humors of Teague and Taffy; after that came on Old Jackson, with a story between every stanza; next was sung the "Dust-cart," and then "Solomon's Song." The glass began now to circulate pretty freely; those who were silent when sober would now be heard in their turn; every man had his song, and he saw no reason why he should not be heard as well as any of the rest. One begged to be heard while he gave "Death and the Lady" in high taste; another sung to a plate which he kept trundling on the edges. Nothing was now heard but singing; voice rose above voice, and the whole became one universal shout, when the landlord came to acquaint the company that the reckon-

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ing was drank out. Rabelais calls the moments in which a reckoning is mentioned the most melancholy of our lives. Never was so much noise so quickly quelled as by this short but pathetic oration of our landlord. "Drank out" was echoed in a tone of discontent round the table. Drank out already! that was very odd that so much punch could be drank out already! impossible! The landlord, however, seeming resolved not to retreat from his first assurances, the company was dissolved, and a president chosen for the night ensuing.

A friend of mine, to whom I was complaining, some time after, of the entertainment I have been describing, proposed to bring me to the club that he frequented, which, he fancied, would suit the gravity of my temper exactly. "We have at the Muzzy Club," says he, "no riotous mirth nor awkward ribaldry; no confusion or bawling; all is conducted with wisdom and decency. Besides, some of our members are worth forty thousand pounds; men of prudence and foresight every one of them: these are the proper acquaintance, and to such I will to-night introduce you." I was charmed at the proposal: to be acquainted with men worth forty thousand pounds, and to talk wisdom the whole night, were offers that threw me into rapture.

At seven o'clock I was accordingly introduced by my friend, not, indeed, to the company—for, though I made my best bow, they seemed insensible of my approach—but to the table at which they were sitting. Upon my entering the room, I could not avoid feeling a secret veneration, from the solemnity of the scene before me: the members kept a profound silence, each with a pipe in his mouth and a pewter pot in his hand, and with faces that might easily be construed into absolute wisdom. Happy society, thought I to myself, where the members think before they speak, deliver nothing rashly, but convey their thoughts to each other pregnant with meaning and matured by reflection!

In this pleasing speculation I continued a full half-hour, expecting each moment that somebody would begin to open his mouth. Every time the pipe was laid down, I expected it was to speak; but it was only to spit. At length, resolving

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to break the charm myself and overcome their extreme diffidence, for to this I imputed their silence, I rubbed my hands, and, looking as wise as possible, observed that the nights began to grow a little coolish at this time of the year. This, as it was directed to none of the company in particular, none thought himself obliged to answer; wherefore I continued still to rub my hands and look wise. My next effort was addressed to a gentleman who sat next me, to whom I observed that the beer was extremely good: my neighbor made no reply, but by a large puff of tobacco-smoke.

I now began to be uneasy in this dumb society, till one of them a little relieved me by observing that bread had not risen these three weeks. "Ay," says another, still keeping the pipe in his mouth, "that puts me in mind of a pleasant story about that—hem!—very well; you must know—but, before I begin—Sir, my service to you—where was I?"

My next club goes by the name of the Harmonical Society; probably from that love of order and friendship which every person commends in institutions of this nature. The landlord was himself founder. The money spent is fourpence each; and they sometimes whip for a double reckoning. To this club few recommendations are requisite, except the introductory fourpence and my landlord's good word, which, as he gains by it, he never refuses.

We all here talked and behaved as everybody else usually does on his club night: we discussed the topic of the day, drank each other's healths, snuffed the candles with our fingers, and filled our pipes from the same plate of tobacco. The company saluted each other in the common manner. Mr. Bellows-mender hoped Mr. Currycomb-maker had not caught cold going home the last club-night; and he returned the compliment by hoping that young Master Bellows-mender had got well again of the chin-cough. Doctor Twist told us a story of a parliament-man with whom he was intimately acquainted; while the bug-man, at the same time, was telling a better story of a noble lord with whom he could do anything. A gentleman in a black wig and leather breeches, at t'other end of the table, was engaged in a long narrative of the ghost

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in Cock Lane:[1] he had read it in the papers of the day, and was telling it to some that sat next him, who could not read. Near him Mr. Dibbins was disputing on the old subject of religion with a Jew peddler, over the table, while the president vainly knocked down Mr. Leathersides for a song. Besides the combinations of these voices, which I could hear altogether, and which formed an upper part to the concert, there were several others playing under parts by themselves, and endeavoring to fasten on some luckless neighbor's ear, who was himself bent upon the same design against some other.

We have often heard of the speech of a corporation, and this induced me to transcribe a speech of this club, taken in short-hand, word for word, as it was spoken by every member of the company. It may be necessary to observe that the man who told of the ghost had the loudest voice and the longest story to tell, so that his continuing narrative filled every chasm in the conversation.

"So, sir, d'ye perceive me, the ghost giving three loud raps at the bedpost—Says my lord to me, My dear Smokeum, you know there is no man upon the face of the yearth for whom I have so high—A damnable false heretical opinion of all sound doctrine and good learning; for I'll tell it aloud, and spare not that—Silence for a song; Mr. Leathersides for a song—'As I was a walking upon the highway, I met a young damsel'—Then what brings you here? says the parson to the ghost—Sanchoniathon, Manetho, and Berosus—The whole way from Islington turnpike to Dog-house Bar'—Dam—As for Abel Drugger, sir, he's damned low in it; my prentice boy has more of the gentleman than he—For murder will out one time or another; and none but a ghost, you know, gentle-

[1] Of this ghost—the most famous one that has ever appeared in England—Goldsmith wrote "a pamphlet respecting," for which he received from Newbery, on March 5, 1762, the sum of three guineas, as appears by his receipt now in Mr. Murray's possession. It appeared anonymously under the title (there is reason to believe) of "The Mystery Revealed," containing a series of Transactions and Authentic Memorials respecting the Supposed Cock Lane Ghost. Printed for W. Bristow in "St. Paul's Church-yard," pp. 34. See art. "Cock Lane" in "Cunningham's Handbook of London," 2d ed.; Prior's "Life," i. 388; and *Notes and Queries*, vol. v. p. 77.

[2] See note 2, Vol. IV. p. 263.

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men, can—Damme if I don't; for my friend, whom you know, gentlemen, and who is a parliament-man, a man of consequence, a dear, honest creature, to be sure; we were laughing last night at—Death and damnation upon all his posterity by simply barely tasting—Sour grapes, as the fox said once when he could not reach them; and I'll, I'll tell you a story about that that will make you burst your sides with laughing: A fox once—Will nobody listen to the song—'As I was a walking upon the highway, I met a young damsel both buxom and gay'—No ghost, gentlemen, can be murdered; nor did I ever hear but of one ghost killed in all my life, and that was stabbed in the belly with a—My blood and soul if I don't—Mr. Bellows-mender, I have the honor of drinking your very good health—Blast me if I do—dam—blood—bugs—fire—whizz—blid—tit—rat—trip."[1]

Were I to be angry at men for being fools, I could here find ample room for declamation; but, alas! I have been a fool myself; and why should I be angry with them for being something so natural to every child of humanity?

Fatigued with this society, I was introduced, the following night, to a club of fashion. On taking my place, I found the conversation sufficiently easy and tolerably good-natured; for my lord and Sir Paul were not yet arrived. I now thought myself completely fitted, and, resolving to seek no farther, determined to take up my residence here for the winter; while my temper began to open insensibly to the cheerfulness I saw diffused on every face in the room. But the delusion soon vanished when the waiter came to apprise us that his lordship and Sir Paul were just arrived.

From this moment all our felicity was at an end; our new guests bustled into the room, and took their seats at the head of the table. Adieu now all confidence; every creature strove who should most recommend himself to our members of distinction. Each seemed quite regardless of pleasing any but our new guests; and, what before wore the appearance of friendship was now turned into rivalry.

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[1] Here the first edition adds "The rest all riot, nonsense, and rapid confusion."

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Yet I could not observe that, amidst all this flattery and obsequious attention, our great men took any notice of the rest of the company. Their whole discourse was addressed to each other. Sir Paul told his lordship a long story of Moravia the Jew; and his lordship gave Sir Paul a very long account of his new method of managing silk-worms: he led him, and consequently the rest of the company, through all the stages of feeding, sunning, and hatching; with an episode on mulberry-trees, a digression upon grass seeds, and a long parenthesis about his new postilion. In this manner we travelled on, wishing every story to be the last; but all in vain—

"Hills over hills, and Alps on Alps arose." [1]

The last club in which I was enrolled a member was a society of moral philosophers, as they called themselves, who assembled twice a week, in order to show the absurdity of the present mode of religion, and establish a new one in its stead.

I found the members very warmly disputing when I arrived; not, indeed, about religion or ethics, but about who had neglected to lay down his preliminary sixpence upon entering the room. The president swore that he had laid his own down, and so swore all the company.

During this contest, I had an opportunity of observing the laws, and also the members, of the society. The president, who had been, as I was told, lately a bankrupt, was a tall, pale figure, with a long black wig; the next to him was dressed in a large white wig and a black cravat; a third, by the brownness of his complexion, seemed a native of Jamaica; and a fourth, by his hue, appeared to be a blacksmith. But their rules will give the most just idea of their learning and principles:

I. We being a laudable society of moral philosophers, intends to dispute twice a week about religion and priestcraft. Leaving behind us old wives' tales, and following good learning and sound sense: and if so be that any other persons has

[1] Altered from Pope.

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a mind to be of the society, they shall be entitled so to do, upon paying the sum of three shillings, to be spent by the company in punch.

II. That no member get drunk before nine of the clock, upon pain of forfeiting threepence, to be spent by the company in punch.

III. That, as members are sometimes apt to go away without paying, every person shall pay sixpence upon his entering the room; and all disputes shall be settled by a majority; and all fines shall be paid in punch.

IV. That sixpence shall be every night given to the president, in order to buy books of learning for the good of the society; the president has already put himself to a good deal of expense in buying books for the club; particularly, the works of Tully, Socrates, and Cicero, which he will soon read to the society.

V. All them who brings a new argument against religion, and who, being a philosopher and a man of learning, as the rest of us is, shall be admitted to the freedom of the society, upon paying sixpence only, to be spent in punch.

VI. Whenever we are to have an extraordinary meeting, it shall be advertised by some outlandish name in the newspapers.

Saunders Mac Wild, *President.*
Anthony Blewit, *Vice-president,* his † mark.
William Turpin, *Secretary.*

ESSAY V.[1]

ON THE USE OF LANGUAGE.

It is usually said by grammarians that the use of language is to express our wants and desires; but men who know the world hold, and I think with some show of reason, that he who best knows how to keep his necessities private is the most likely person to have them redressed; and that the true

[1] Originally in No. III. of *The Bee.* See p. 43.

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use of speech is not so much to express our wants as to conceal them.[1]

When we reflect on the manner in which mankind generally confer their favors, there appears something so attractive in riches that the large heap generally collects from the smaller; and the poor find as much pleasure in increasing the enormous mass of the rich as the miser who owns it sees happiness in its increase. Nor is there in this anything repugnant to the laws of morality. Seneca himself allows that, in conferring benefits, the present should always be suited to the dignity of the receiver. Thus, the rich receive large presents, and are thanked for accepting them. Men of middling stations are obliged to be content with presents something less; while the beggar, who may be truly said to want indeed, is well paid if a farthing rewards his warmest solicitations.

Every man who has seen the world, and has had his ups and downs in life, as the expression is, must have frequently experienced the truth of this doctrine, and must know that to have much, or to seem to have it, is the only way to have more. Ovid finely compares a man of broken fortune to a falling column; the lower it sinks, the greater weight it is obliged to sustain. Thus, when a man's circumstances are such that he has no occasion to borrow, he finds numbers willing to lend him; but should his wants be such that he sues for a trifle, it is two to one whether he may be trusted with the smallest sum. A certain young fellow whom I knew, whenever he had occasion to ask his friend for a guinea, used to prelude his request as if he wanted two hundred, and talked so familiarly of large sums that none could ever think he wanted a small one. The same gentleman, whenever he wanted credit for a suit of clothes, always made the proposal in a laced coat; for he found by experience that if he appeared shabby on these occasions, his tailor had taken an oath against trusting; or, what was every whit as bad, his foreman was out of the way, and should not be at home for some time.

There can be no inducement to reveal our wants except to

[1] See note 2, p. 43.

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find pity, and by this means relief; but before a poor man opens his mind in such circumstances, he should first consider whether he is contented to lose the esteem of the person he solicits, and whether he is willing to give up friendship to excite compassion. Pity and friendship are passions incompatible with each other; and it is impossible that both can reside in any breast, for the smallest space, without impairing each other. Friendship is made up of esteem and pleasure; pity is composed of sorrow and contempt: the mind may for some time fluctuate between them, but it can never entertain both at once.

In fact, pity, though it may often relieve, is but, at best, a short-lived passion, and seldom affords distress more than transitory assistance: with some it scarce lasts from the first impulse till the hand can be put into the pocket; with others it may continue for twice that space; and on some of extraordinary sensibility I have seen it operate for half an hour together. But still, last as it may, it generally produces but beggarly effects; and where, from this motive, we give five farthings, from others we give pounds. Whatever be our feelings from the first impulse of distress, when the same distress solicits a second time we then feel with diminished sensibility; and, like the repetition of an echo, every stroke becomes weaker, till at last our sensations lose all mixture of sorrow, and degenerate into downright contempt.

These speculations bring to my mind the fate of a very good-natured fellow who is now no more. He was bred in a counting-house, and his father, dying just as he was out of his time, left him an handsome fortune and many friends to advise with. The restraint in which my friend had been brought up had thrown a gloom upon his temper, which some regarded as prudence; and, from such considerations, he had every day repeated offers of friendship. Such as had money were ready to offer him their assistance that way; and they who had daughters, frequently, in the warmth of affection, advised him to marry. My friend, however, was in good circumstances; he wanted neither money, friends, nor a wife, and therefore modestly declined their proposals.

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Some errors, however, in the management of his affairs, and several losses in trade, soon brought him to a different way of thinking; and he at last considered that it was his best way to let his friends know that their offers were at length acceptable. His first address was to a scrivener who had formerly made him frequent offers of money and friendship at a time when, perhaps, he knew those offers would have been refused. As a man, therefore, confident of not being refused, he requested the use of an hundred guineas for a few days, as he just then had occasion for money. "And pray, sir," replied the scrivener, "do you want all this money?"—"Want it, sir!" says the other; "if I did not want it, I should not have asked it."—"I am sorry for that," says the friend; "for those who want money when they borrow will always want money when they should come to pay. To say the truth, sir, money is money now, and I believe it is all sunk in the bottom of the sea, for my part: he that has got a little is a fool if he does not keep what he has got."

Not quite disconcerted by this refusal, our adventurer was resolved to apply to another, whom he knew was the very best friend he had in the world. The gentleman whom he now addressed received his proposal with all the affability that could be expected from generous friendship. "Let me see, you want an hundred guineas; and pray, dear Jack, would not fifty answer?"—"If you have but fifty to spare, sir, I must be contented."—"Fifty to spare! I do not say that, for I believe I have but twenty about me."—"Then I must borrow the other thirty from some other friend."—"And pray," replied the friend, "would it not be the best way to borrow the whole money from that other friend? and then one note will serve for all, you know. You know, my dear sir, that you need make no ceremony with me at any time; you know I'm your friend; and when you choose a bit of dinner, or so—You, Tom, see the gentleman down. You won't forget to dine with us now and then. Your very humble servant."

Distressed, but not discouraged, at this treatment, he was at last resolved to find that assistance from love which he could not have from friendship. A young lady, a distant relation

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by the mother's side, had a fortune in her own hands; and, as she had already made all the advances that her sex's modesty would permit, he made his proposal with confidence. He soon, however, perceived that no bankrupt ever found the fair one kind. She had lately fallen deeply in love with another, who had more money, and the whole neighborhood thought it would be a match.

Every day now began to strip my poor friend of his former finery; his clothes flew piece by piece to the pawnbroker's, and he seemed at length equipped in the genuine livery of misfortune. But still he thought himself secure from actual necessity. The numberless invitations he had received to dine, even after his losses, were yet unanswered; he was therefore now resolved to accept of a dinner because he wanted one; and in this manner he actually lived among his friends a whole week without being openly affronted. The last place I saw him in was at a reverend divine's. He had, as he fancied, just nicked the time of dinner, for he came in as the cloth was laying. He took a chair without being desired, and talked for some time without being attended to. He assured the company that nothing procured so good an appetite as a walk in the Park, where he had been that morning. He went on, and praised the figure of the damask table-cloth; talked of a feast where he had been the day before, but that the venison was overdone. But all this procured him no invitation; finding, therefore, the gentleman of the house insensible to all his fetches, he thought proper at last to retire, and mend his appetite by a second walk in the Park.

You, then, O ye beggars of my acquaintance, whether in rags or lace, whether in Kent Street[1] or the Mall, whether at the Smyrna[2] or St. Giles's, might I be permitted to advise as a

[1] A low street in the Borough, leading into Kent, long the habitation of broom-men and mumpers.

"Let us lament, in sorrow sore,
For Kent Street well may say
That had she liv'd a twelvemonth more
She had not died to-day."

An Elegy on Mrs. Mary Blaize. See Vol. I. p. 110.

[2] The Smyrna Coffee-house in Pall Mall, over against Marlborough House. See p. 47.

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friend, never seem to want the favor which you solicit. Apply to every passion but human pity for redress. You may find permanent relief from vanity, from self-interest, or from avarice; but from compassion—never. The very eloquence of a poor man is disgusting; and that mouth which is opened, even by wisdom, is seldom expected to close without the horrors of a petition.

To ward off the gripe of poverty, you must pretend to be a stranger to her, and she will at least use you with ceremony. If you be caught dining upon a halfpenny porringer of pease-soup and potatoes, praise the wholesomeness of your frugal repast. You may observe that Dr. Cheyne has prescribed pease-broth for the gravel; hint that you are not one of those who are always making a deity of your belly. If, again, you are obliged to wear a flimsy stuff in the midst of winter, be the first to remark that stuffs are very much worn at Paris; or, if there be found some irreparable defects in any part of your equipage which cannot be concealed by all the arts of sitting cross-legged, coaxing, or darning, say that neither you nor Sampson Gideon[1] were ever very fond of dress. If you be a philosopher, hint that Plato or Seneca are the tailors you choose to employ; assure the company that man ought to be content with a bare covering, since what now is so much his pride was formerly his shame. In short, however caught, never give out, but ascribe to the frugality of your disposition what others might be apt to attribute to the narrowness of your circumstances. To be poor, and to seem poor, is a certain method never to rise. Pride in the great is hateful, in the wise it is ridiculous; but beggarly pride is a rational vanity which I have been taught to applaud and excuse.

[1] See note 2, p. 48.

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ESSAY VI.

ON GENEROSITY AND JUSTICE.

Lysippus is a man whose greatness of soul the whole world admires. His generosity is such that it prevents a demand, and saves the receiver the trouble and the confusion of a request. His liberality also does not oblige more by its greatness than by his inimitable grace in giving. Sometimes he even distributes his bounties to strangers, and has been known to do good offices to those who professed themselves his enemies. All the world are unanimous in the praise of his generosity; there is only one sort of people who complain of his conduct. Lysippus does not pay his debts.

It is no difficult matter to account for a conduct so seemingly incompatible with itself. There is greatness in being generous, and there is only simple justice in his satisfying creditors. Generosity is the part of a soul raised above the vulgar. There is in it something of what we admire in heroes, and praise with a degree of rapture. Justice, on the contrary, is a mere mechanic virtue, only fit for tradesmen, and what is practised by every broker in Change Alley.[1]

In paying his debts a man barely does his duty, and it is an action attended with no sort of glory. Should Lysippus satisfy his creditors, who would be at the pains of telling it to the world? Generosity is a virtue of a very different complexion. It is raised above duty, and from its elevation attracts the attention and the praises of us little mortals below.

In this manner do men generally reason upon justice and generosity. The first is despised, though a virtue essential to the good of society; and the other attracts our esteem, which too frequently proceeds from an impetuosity of temper, rather

[1] A famous alley near the Royal Exchange in London. Here stood Jonathan's Coffee-house, the earliest resort of stock-jobbers and the original of what is now the Stock Exchange.

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directed by vanity than reason. Lysippus is told that his banker asks a debt of forty pounds, and that a distressed acquaintance petitions for the same sum. He gives it, without hesitating, to the latter; for he demands as a favor what the former requires as a debt.

Mankind in general are not sufficiently acquainted with the import of the word justice: it is commonly believed to consist only in a performance of those duties to which the laws of society can oblige us. This, I allow, is sometimes the import of the word, and in this sense justice is distinguished from equity; but there is a justice still more extensive, and which can be shown to embrace all the virtues united.

Justice may be defined that virtue which impels us to give to every person what is his due. In this extended sense of the word, it comprehends the practice of every virtue which reason prescribes or society should expect. Our duty to our Maker, to each other, and to ourselves are fully answered if we give them what we owe them. Thus justice, properly speaking, is the only virtue, and all the rest have their origin in it.

The qualities of candor, fortitude, charity, and generosity, for instance, are not in their own nature virtues; and if ever they deserve the title, it is owing only to justice, which impels and directs them. Without such a moderator, candor might become indiscretion, fortitude obstinacy, charity imprudence, and generosity mistaken profusion.

A disinterested action, if it be not conducted by justice, is, at best, indifferent in its nature, and not unfrequently even turns to vice. The expenses of society, of presents, of entertainments, and the other helps to cheerfulness, are actions merely indifferent when not repugnant to a better method of disposing of our superfluities; but they become vicious when they obstruct or exhaust our abilities from a more virtuous disposition of our circumstances.

True generosity is a duty as indispensably necessary as those imposed upon us by law. It is a rule imposed upon us by reason, which should be the sovereign law of a rational being. But this generosity does not consist in obeying every impulse of humanity, in following blind passion for our guide, and

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impairing our circumstances by present benefactions, so as to render us incapable of future ones.

Misers are generally characterized as men without honor or without humanity, who live only to accumulate, and to this passion sacrifice every other happiness. They have been described as madmen, who, in the midst of abundance, banish every pleasure, and make from imaginary wants real necessities. But few, very few, correspond to this exaggerated picture; and perhaps there is not one in whom all these circumstances are found united. Instead of this, we find the sober and the industrious branded by the vain and the idle with this odious appellation; men who, by frugality and labor, raise themselves above their equals, and contribute their share of industry to the common stock.

Whatever the vain or the ignorant may say, well were it for society had we more of these characters amongst us. In general, these close men are found at last the true benefactors of society. With an avaricious man we seldom lose in our dealings, but too frequently in our commerce with prodigality.

A French priest whose name was Godinot went for a long time by the name of the Griper. He refused to relieve the most apparent wretchedness, and by a skilful management of his vineyard had the good fortune to acquire immense sums of money. The inhabitants of Rheims, who were his fellow-citizens, detested him; and the populace, who seldom love a miser, wherever he went, followed him with shouts of contempt. He still, however, continued his former simplicity of life, his amazing and unremitted frugality. He had long perceived the wants of the poor in the city, particularly in having no water but what they were obliged to buy at an advanced price; wherefore that whole fortune which he had been amassing he laid out in an aqueduct, by which he did the poor more useful and lasting service than if he had distributed his whole income in charity every day at his door.

Among men long conversant with books, we too frequently find those misplaced virtues of which I have been now complaining. We find the studious animated with a strong passion for the great virtues, as they are mistakenly called, and utterly

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forgetful of the ordinary ones. The declamations of philosophy are generally rather exhausted on those supererogatory duties than on such as are indispensably necessary. A man, therefore, who has taken his ideas of mankind from study alone generally comes into the world with an heart melting at every fictitious distress. Thus he is induced, by misplaced liberality, to put himself into the indigent circumstances of the person he relieves.

I shall conclude this paper with the advice of one of the ancients to a young man whom he saw giving away all his substance to pretended distress. "It is possible that the person you relieve may be an honest man, and I know that you who relieve him are such. You see, then, by your generosity, that you rob a man who is certainly deserving to bestow it on one who may possibly be a rogue. And while you are unjust in rewarding uncertain merit, you are doubly guilty by stripping yourself."

ESSAY VII.[1]

ON THE EDUCATION OF YOUTH.

[N. B. This treatise was published before Rousseau's "Emilius." If there be a similitude in any one instance, it is hoped the author of the present Essay will not be deemed a plagiarist.]

As few subjects are more interesting to society, so few have been more frequently written upon than the education of youth. Yet it is a little surprising that it has been treated almost by all in a declamatory manner. They have insisted largely on the advantages that result from it, both to individuals and to society, and have expatiated in the praise of what none have ever been so hardy as to call in question.

Instead of giving us fine but empty harangues upon this subject; instead of indulging each his particular and whimsical systems, it had been much better if the writers on this subject had treated it in a more scientific manner, repressed all the

[1] Originally No. VI. of *The Bee*. See p. 95.

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sallies of imagination, and given us the result of their observations with didactic simplicity. Upon this subject, the smallest errors are of the most dangerous consequence; and the author should venture the imputation of stupidity upon a topic where his slightest deviations may tend to injure posterity.

However, such are the whimsical and erroneous productions written upon this subject. Their authors have studied to be uncommon, not to be just; and at present we want a treatise upon education, not to tell us anything new, but to explode the errors which have been introduced by the admirers of novelty. It is in this manner books become numerous; a desire of novelty produces a book, and other books are required to destroy this production.[1]

The manner in which our youth of London are at present educated is, some in free schools in the city, but the far greater number in boarding-schools about town. The parent justly consults the health of his child, and finds an education in the country tends to promote this much more than a continuance in town. Thus far he is right; if there were a possibility of having even our free schools kept a little out of town, it would certainly conduce to the health and vigor of perhaps the mind as well as the body. It may be thought whimsical, but it is truth—I have found by experience that they who have spent all their lives in cities contract not only an effeminacy of habit, but even of thinking.

But when I have said that the boarding-schools are preferable to free schools, as being in the country, this is certainly the only advantage I can allow them, otherwise it is impossible to conceive the ignorance of those who take upon them the important trust of education. Is any man unfit for any of the professions, he finds his last resource in setting up a school. Do any become bankrupts in trade, they still set up a boarding-school, and drive a trade this way when all others

[1] Here the first edition adds, following *The Bee*, p. 95, "I shall therefore throw out a few thoughts upon this subject which, though known, have not been attended to by others, and shall dismiss all attempts to please, while I study only instruction."

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fail; nay, I have been told of butchers and barbers who have turned schoolmasters, and, more surprising still, made fortunes in their new profession.

Could we think ourselves in a country of civilized people, could it be conceived that we have any regard for posterity, when such are permitted to take the charge of the morals, genius, and health of those dear little pledges who may one day be the guardians of the liberties of Europe, and who may serve as the honor and bulwark of their aged parents? The care of our children, is it below the State? Is it fit to indulge the caprice of the ignorant with the disposal of their children in this particular? For the State to take the charge of all its children, as in Persia or Sparta, might at present be inconvenient; but, surely, with great ease it might cast an eye to their instructors. Of all professions in society, I do not know a more useful or a more honorable one than a schoolmaster; at the same time that I do not see any more generally despised, or whose talents are so ill rewarded.

Were the salaries of schoolmasters to be augmented from a diminution of useless sinecures, how might it turn to the advantage of this people—a people whom, without flattery, I may, in other respects, term the wisest and greatest upon earth! But while I would reward the deserving, I would dismiss those utterly unqualified for their employment: in short, I would make the business of a schoolmaster every way more respectable, by increasing their salaries and admitting only men of proper abilities.

It is true we have already schoolmasters appointed, and they have some small salaries; but where at present there is only one schoolmaster appointed, there should at least be two; and wherever the salary is at present twenty pounds, it should be augmented to an hundred. Do we give immoderate benefices to those who instruct ourselves, and shall we deny even subsistence to those who instruct our children? Every member of society should be paid in proportion as he is necessary; and I will be bold enough to say that schoolmasters in a state are more necessary than clergymen, as children stand in more need of instruction than their parents.

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But instead of this, as I have already observed, we send them to board in the country to the most ignorant set of men that can be imagined. But, lest the ignorance of the master be not sufficient, the child is generally consigned to the usher. This is commonly some poor needy animal, little superior to a footman either in learning or spirit, invited to his place by an advertisement, and kept there merely from his being of a complying disposition, and making the children fond of him. "You give your child to be educated to a slave," says a philosopher to a rich man; "instead of one slave, you will then have two."

It were well, however, if parents, upon fixing their children in one of these houses, would examine the abilities of the usher as well as the master; for, whatever they are told to the contrary, the usher is generally the person most employed in their education. If, then, a gentleman, upon putting out his son to one of these houses, sees the usher disregarded by the master, he may depend upon it that he is equally disregarded by the boys: the truth is, in spite of all their endeavors to please, they are generally the laughing-stock of the school. Every trick is played upon the usher; the oddity of his manners, his dress, or his language are a fund of eternal ridicule; the master himself now and then cannot avoid joining in the laugh; and the poor wretch, eternally resenting this ill-usage, seems to live in a state of war with all the family. This is a very proper person, is it not, to give children a relish for learning? They must esteem learning very much when they see its professors used with such ceremony. If the usher be despised, the father may be assured his child will never be properly instructed.

But let me suppose that there are some schools without these inconveniencies, where the masters and ushers are men of learning, reputation, and assiduity. If there are to be found such, they cannot be prized in a state sufficiently. A boy will learn more true wisdom in a public school in a year than by a private education in five. It is not from masters, but from their equals, youth learn a knowledge of the world; the little tricks they play each other, the punishment that frequently attends the commission, is a just picture of the great world,

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and all the ways of men are practised in a public school in miniature. It is true, a child is early made acquainted with some vices in a school, but it is better to know these when a boy than be first taught them when a man; for their novelty then may have irresistible charms.

In a public education, boys early learn temperance; and if the parents and friends would give them less money upon their usual visits, it would be much to their advantage; since it may justly be said that a great part of their disorders arise from surfeit: *plus occidit gula quam gladius.* And, now I am come to the article of health, it may not be amiss to observe that Mr. Locke and some others have advised that children should be inured to cold, to fatigue, and hardship from their youth; but Mr. Locke was but an indifferent physician. Habit, I grant, has great influence over our constitutions, but we have not precise ideas upon this subject.

We know that among savages, and even among our peasants, there are found children born with such constitutions that they cross rivers by swimming; endure cold, thirst, hunger, and want of sleep to a surprising degree; that when they happen to fall sick, they are cured without the help of medicine, by nature alone. Such examples are adduced to persuade us to imitate their manner of education, and accustom ourselves betimes to support the same fatigues. But had these gentlemen considered, first, how many lives are lost in this ascetic discipline; had they considered that these savages and peasants are generally not so long-lived as they who have led a more indolent life; that the more laborious the life is, the less populous is the country: had they considered that what physicians call the *stamina vitæ* by fatigue and labor become rigid, and thus anticipate old age; that the number who survive those rude trials bears no proportion to those who die in the experiment—had these things been properly considered, they would not have thus extolled an education begun in fatigue and hardships. Peter the Great, willing to inure the children of his seamen to a life of hardship, ordered that they should only drink sea-water, but they unfortunately all died under the trial.

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But while I would exclude all unnecessary labors, yet still I would recommend temperance in the highest degree. No luxurious dishes with high seasoning, nothing given children to force an appetite, as little sugared or salted provisions as possible, though ever so pleasing; but milk, morning and night, should be their constant food. This diet would make them more healthy than any of those slops that are usually cooked by the mistress of a boarding-school; besides, it corrects any consumptive habits, not infrequently found amongst the children of city parents.

As boys should be educated with temperance, so the first greatest lesson that should be taught them is to admire frugality. It is by the exercise of this virtue alone they can ever expect to be useful members of society. It is true, lectures continually repeated upon this subject may make some boys, when they grow up, run into an extreme, and become misers; but it were well had we more misers than we have among us. I know few characters more useful in society, for a man's having a larger or smaller share of money lying useless by him no way injures the commonwealth; since, should every miser now exhaust his stores, this might make gold more plenty, but it would not increase the commodities or pleasures of life: they would still remain as they are at present. It matters not, therefore, whether men are misers or not, if they be only frugal, laborious, and fill the station they have chosen. If they deny themselves the necessaries of life, society is in no way injured by their folly.

Instead, therefore, of romances which praise young men of spirit who go through a variety of adventures, and at last conclude a life of dissipation, folly, and extravagance in riches and matrimony, there should be some men of wit employed to compose books that might equally interest the passions of our youth, where such an one might be praised for having resisted allurements when young, and how he at last became Lord Mayor; how he was married to a lady of great sense, fortune, and beauty: to be as explicit as possible, the old story of Whittington, were his cat left out, might be more serviceable to the tender mind than either Tom Jones, Joseph

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Andrews, or an hundred others, where frugality is the only good quality the hero is not possessed of. Were our schoolmasters, if any of them have sense enough to draw up such a work, thus employed, it would be much more serviceable to their pupils than all the grammars and dictionaries they may publish these ten years.

Children should early be instructed in the arts from which they may afterwards draw the greatest advantages. When the wonders of nature are never exposed to our view, we have no great desire to become acquainted with those parts of learning which pretend to account for the phenomena. One of the ancients complains that as soon as young men have left school and are obliged to converse in the world, they fancy themselves transported into a new region. "Ut cum in forum venerint existiment se in aliam terrarum orbem delatos." We should early, therefore, instruct them in the experiments, if I may so express it, of knowledge, and leave to maturer age the accounting for the causes. But, instead of that, when boys begin natural philosophy in colleges, they have not the least curiosity for those parts of the science which are proposed for their instruction; they have never before seen the phenomena, and consequently have no curiosity to learn the reasons. Might natural philosophy, therefore, be made their pastime at school, by this means it would in college become their amusement.

In several of the machines now in use, there would be ample field both for instruction and amusement: the different sorts of the phosphorus, the artificial pyrites, magnetism, electricity, the experiments upon the rarefaction and weight of the air, and those upon elastic bodies, might employ their idle hours, and none should be called from play to see such experiments but such as thought proper. At first, then, it would be sufficient if the instruments, and the effects of their combination, were only shown; the causes should be deferred to a maturer age, or to those times when natural curiosity prompts us to discover the wonders of nature. Man is placed in this world as a spectator; when he is tired of wondering at all the novelties about him, and not till then, does he desire

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to be made acquainted with the causes that create those wonders.

What I have observed with regard to natural philosophy, I would extend to every other science whatsoever. We should teach them as many of the facts as were possible, and defer the causes until they seemed of themselves desirous of knowing them. A mind thus leaving school, stored with all the simple experiences of science, would be the fittest in the world for the college course; and though such a youth might not appear so bright or so talkative as those who had learned the real principles and causes of some of the sciences, yet he would make a wiser man, and would retain a more lasting passion for letters, than he who was early burdened with the disagreeable institution of cause and effect.

In history, such stories alone should be laid before them as might catch the imagination; instead of this, they are too frequently obliged to toil through the four empires, as they are called, where their memories are burdened by a number of disgusting names, that destroy all their future relish for our best historians, who may be termed the truest teachers of wisdom.

Every species of flattery should be carefully avoided: a boy who happens to say a sprightly thing is generally applauded so much that he sometimes continues a coxcomb all his life after. He is reputed a wit at fourteen, and becomes a blockhead at twenty. Nurses, footmen, and such should therefore be driven away as much as possible. I was even going to add that the mother herself should stifle her pleasure, or her vanity, when little master happens to say a good or a smart thing. Those modest, lubberly boys, who seem to want spirit, generally go through their business with more ease to themselves and more satisfaction to their instructors.

There has of late a gentleman appeared[1] who thinks the study of rhetoric essential to a perfect education. That bold male eloquence which, often without pleasing, convinces is generally destroyed by such an institution. Convincing elo-

[1] See note on p. 102.

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quence is infinitely more serviceable to its possessor than the most florid harangue or the most pathetic tones that can be imagined; and the man who is thoroughly convinced himself, who understands his subject, and the language he speaks in, will be more apt to silence opposition than he who studies the force of his periods, and fills our ears with sounds while our minds are destitute of conviction.

It was reckoned the fault of the orators at the decline of the Roman empire, when they had been long instructed by rhetoricians, that their periods were so harmonious as that they could be sung as well as spoken. What a ridiculous figure must one of these gentlemen cut, thus measuring syllables and weighing words when he should plead the cause of his client! Two architects were once candidates for the building a certain temple at Athens: the first harangued the crowd very learnedly upon the different orders of architecture, and showed them in what manner the temple should be built; the other, who got up after him, only observed that what his brother had spoken he could do; and thus he at once gained his cause.

To teach men to be orators is little less than to teach them to be poets; and, for my part, I should have too great a regard for my child to wish him a manor only in a bookseller's shop.

Another passion which the present age is apt to run into is to make children learn all things: the languages, the sciences, music, the exercises, and painting. Thus the child soon becomes a talker in all, but a master in none. He thus acquires a superficial fondness for everything, and only shows his ignorance when he attempts to exhibit his skill.

As I deliver my thoughts without method or connection, so the reader must not be surprised to find me once more addressing schoolmasters on the present method of teaching the learned languages, which is commonly by literal translations. I would ask such, if they were to travel a journey, whether those parts of the road in which they found the greatest difficulties would not be the most strongly remembered? Boys who, if I may continue the allusion, gallop through one of the ancients with the assistance of a transla-

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tion can have but a very slight acquaintance either with the author or his language. It is by the exercise of the mind alone that a language is learned; but a literal translation, on the opposite page, leaves no exercise for the memory at all. The boy will not be at the fatigue of remembering, when his doubts are at once satisfied by a glance of the eye; whereas, were every word to be sought from a dictionary, the learner would attempt to remember them, to save himself the trouble of looking out for the future.

To continue in the same pedantic strain, of all the various grammars now taught in the schools about town, I would recommend only the old common one; I have forgot whether Lily's, or an emendation of him. The others may be improvements; but such improvements seem to me only mere grammatical niceties, no way influencing the learner, but perhaps loading him with trifling subtleties, which, at a proper age, he must be at some pains to forget.

Whatever pains a master may take to make the learning of the languages agreeable to his pupil, he may depend upon it it will be at first extremely unpleasant. The rudiments of every language, therefore, must be given as a task, not as an amusement. Attempting to deceive children into instruction of this kind is only deceiving ourselves, and I know no passion capable of conquering a child's natural laziness but fear. Solomon has said it before me; nor is there any more certain, though perhaps more disagreeable, truth than the proverb in verse, too well known to repeat on the present occasion. It is very probable that parents are told of some masters who never use the rod, and consequently are thought the properest instructors for their children; but, though tenderness is a requisite quality in an instructor, yet there is too often the truest tenderness in well-timed correction.

Some have justly observed that all passion should be banished on this terrible occasion; but, I know not how, there is a frailty attending human nature that few masters are able to keep their temper whilst they correct. I knew a good-natured man who was sensible of his own weakness in this respect, and consequently had recourse to the following expedient to

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prevent his passions from being engaged, yet at the same time administer justice with impartiality. Whenever any of his pupils committed a fault, he summoned a jury of his peers, I mean of the boys of his own or the next classes to him; his accusers stood forth; he had liberty of pleading in his own defence, and one or two more had the liberty of pleading against him: when found guilty by the panel, he was consigned to the footman who attended in the house, and had previous orders to punish, but with lenity. By this means the master took off the odium of punishment from himself; and the footman, between whom and the boys there could not be even the slightest intimacy, was placed in such a light as to be shunned by every boy in the school.

ESSAY VIII.[1]

ON THE INSTABILITY OF POPULAR FAVOR.

An alehouse-keeper near Islington, who had long lived at the sign of the French King, upon the commencement of the last war with France pulled down his old sign and put up that of the Queen of Hungary. Under the influence of her red face and golden sceptre, he continued to sell ale till she was no longer the favorite of his customers; he changed her, therefore, some time ago, for the King of Prussia, who may probably be changed in turn for the next great man that shall be set up for vulgar admiration.[2]

In this manner the great are dealt out, one after the other, to the gazing crowd. When we have sufficiently wondered at

[1] Originally in No. VI. of *The Bee.* See p. 105.

[2] Public-house signs are supplied by the great brewers. When Wilkie was painting his "Chelsea Pensioner," he made a careful study of the locality of his picture (Jew's Row, Chelsea); but when he came to finish his work, he found that he required another look at the sign in the Row, of the Duke of York. He immediately visited the old spot, but the sign was gone. He returned home vexed, and mentioned his vexation to his friend Burnet. "Do you remember the name of the brewer whose beer is sold at the house?"—"Ay, ay," was Wilkie's rejoinder; "it was Meux's."—"Then ask at Meux's for the sign." This Wilkie did, and carried the sign to Kensington, rejoicing, in a hackney-coach.

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one of them, he is taken in, and another exhibited in his room, who seldom holds his station long; for the mob are ever pleased with variety.[1]

I must own I have such an indifferent opinion of the vulgar that I am ever led to suspect that merit which raises their shout; at least, I am certain to find those great and sometimes good men who find satisfaction in such acclamations made worse by it; and history has too frequently taught me that the head which has grown this day giddy with the roar of the million has the very next been fixed upon a pole.

As Alexander VI. was entering a little town in the neighborhood of Rome, which had been just evacuated by the enemy, he perceived the townsmen busy in the market-place in pulling down from a gibbet a figure which had been designed to represent himself. There were some also knocking down a neighboring statue of one of the Orsini family, with whom he was at war, in order to put Alexander's effigy in its place. It is possible a man who knew less of the world would have condemned the adulation of those barefaced flatterers; but Alexander seemed pleased at their zeal, and, turning to Borgia, his son, said, with a smile, "*Vides, mi fili, quam leve discrimen patibulum inter et statuam*" (You see, my son, the small difference between a gibbet and a statue). If the great could be taught any lesson, this might serve to teach them upon how weak a foundation their glory stands which is built upon popular applause; for, as popular applause is excited by what seems like merit, it as quickly condemns what has only the appearance of guilt.

Popular glory is a perfect coquette; her lovers must toil, feel every inquietude, indulge every caprice, and perhaps at last be jilted for their pains. True glory, on the other hand, resembles a woman of sense; her admirers must play no tricks;

[1] "I was yesterday out of town, and the very signs as I passed through the villages made me make very quaint reflections on the mortality of fame and popularity. I observed how the Duke's head [Cumberland's] had succeeded almost universally to Admiral Vernon's, as his had left but few traces of the Duke of Ormond's. I pondered these things in my heart, and said unto myself, 'Surely all glory is as but a sign.'"—WALPOLE *to Conway*, April 16, 1747.

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they feel no great anxiety, for they are sure, in the end, of being rewarded in proportion to their merit. When Swift used to appear in public, he generally had the mob shouting in his train. "Pox take these fools," he would say; "how much joy might all this bawling give my Lord Mayor!"

We have seen those virtues which have, while living, retired from the public eye, generally transmitted to posterity, as the truest objects of admiration and praise. Perhaps the character of the late Duke of Marlborough[1] may one day be set up, even above that of his more-talked-of predecessor; since an assemblage of all the mild and amiable virtues are far superior to those vulgarly called the great ones. I must be pardoned for this short tribute to the memory of a man who, while living, would as much detest to receive anything that wore the appearance of flattery as I should to offer it.

I know not how to turn so trite a subject out of the beaten road of commonplace except by illustrating it, rather by the assistance of my memory than judgment, and, instead of making reflections, by telling a story.

A Chinese, who had long studied the works of Confucius, who knew the characters of fourteen thousand words, and could read a great part of every book that came in his way, once took it into his head to travel into Europe, and observe the customs of a people whom he thought not very much inferior even to his own countrymen. Upon his arrival at Amsterdam, his passion for letters naturally led him to a bookseller's shop; and, as he could speak a little Dutch, he civilly asked the bookseller for the works of the immortal Xixofou. The bookseller assured him he had never heard the book mentioned before.[2] "Alas!" cries our traveller, "to what purpose, then, has he fasted to death, to gain a renown which has never travelled beyond the precincts of China!"

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[1] See note, p. 106.

[2] Here *The Bee* (p. 107) and the first edition of the "Essays" add, "'What, have you never heard of that immortal poet?' returned the other, much surprised, 'that light of the eyes, that favorite of kings, that rose of perfection! I suppose you know nothing of the immortal Fipsihihi, second cousin to the moon?'—'Nothing at all, indeed, sir,' returned the other," etc.

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There is scarce a village in Europe, and not one university, that is not thus furnished with its little great men. The head of a petty corporation, who opposes the designs of a prince, who would tyrannically force his subjects to save their best clothes for Sundays; the puny pedant, who finds one undiscovered property in the polype, or describes an unheeded process in the skeleton of a mole, and whose mind, like his microscope, perceives nature only in detail; the rhymer, who makes smooth verses, and paints to our imagination when he should only speak to our hearts—all equally fancy themselves walking forward to immortality, and desire the crowd behind them to look on. The crowd takes them at their word. Patriot, philosopher, and poet are shouted in their train. "Where was there ever so much merit seen; no time so important as our own; ages yet unborn shall gaze with wonder and applause!" To such music the important pigmy moves forward, bustling and swelling, and aptly compared to a puddle in a storm.

I have lived to see generals who once had crowds hallooing after them wherever they went, who were bepraised by newspapers and magazines, those echoes of the voice of the vulgar; and yet they have long sunk into merited obscurity, with scarce even an epitaph left to flatter. A few years ago the herring-fishery employed all Grub Street; it was the topic in every coffee-house, and the burden of every ballad. We were to drag up oceans of gold from the bottom of the sea; we were to supply all Europe with herrings upon our own terms. At present, we hear no more of all this. We have fished up very little gold that I can learn; nor do we furnish the world with herrings, as was expected. Let us wait but a few years longer, and we shall find all our expectations an herring-fishery.[1]

[1] See note on p. 108.

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ESSAY IX.

SPECIMEN OF A MAGAZINE IN MINIATURE.

We essayists, who are allowed but one subject at a time, are by no means so fortunate as the writers of magazines, who write upon several. If a magaziner be dull upon the Spanish war, he soon has us up again with the ghost in Cock Lane;[1] if the reader begins to doze upon that, he is quickly roused by an Eastern tale; tales prepare us for poetry, and poetry for the meteorological history of the weather.[2] The reader, like the sailor's horse, when he begins to tire, has at least the comfortable refreshment of having the spur changed.

As I see no reason why these should carry off all the rewards of genius, I have some thoughts for the future of making my essays a magazine in miniature: I shall hop from subject to subject, and, if properly encouraged, I intend in time to adorn my *feuille volante* with pictures colored to the perfection. But to begin in the usual form.

A Modest Address to the Public in Behalf of the Infernal Magazine.

The public has been so often imposed upon by the unperforming promises of others that it is with the utmost modesty we assure them of our inviolable design to give the very best collection that ever astonished society. The public we honor and regard, and therefore to instruct and entertain them is our highest ambition, with labors calculated as well to the head as the heart. If four extraordinary pages of letter-press be any recommendation of our wit, we may at least boast the honor of vindicating our own abilities. To say more in favor of the "Infernal Magazine" would be unworthy the public; to say less would be injurious to ourselves. As we have no

[1] See note on p. 166; see also p. 151.

[2] Here the first edition adds "It is the life and soul of a magazine never to be long dull upon one subject: and" the reader, etc.

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interested motives for this undertaking, being a society of gentlemen of distinction, we disdain to eat or write like hirelings; we are all gentlemen resolved to sell our magazine for sixpence, merely for our own amusement.

Be careful to ask for the "Infernal Magazine."

DEDICATION TO THE TRIPOLINE AMBASSADOR.[1]

May it please your Excellency,

As your taste in the fine arts is universally allowed and admired, permit the authors of the "Infernal Magazine" to lay the following sheets humbly at your Excellency's toe; and, should our labors ever have the happiness of one day adorning the courts of Fez, we doubt not that the influence wherewith we are honored shall be ever retained with the most warm ardor by,

May it please your Excellency,
Your most devoted humble servants,
The Authors of the "Infernal Magazine."

A SPEECH SPOKEN IN THE POLITICAL CLUB AT CATEATON NOT TO DECLARE WAR AGAINST SPAIN.[2]

My honest friends and brother politicians, I perceive that the intended war with Spain makes many of you uneasy. Yesterday, as we were told, the stocks rose, and you were glad; to-day they fall, and you are again miserable. But, my dear friends, what is the rising or the falling of the stocks to us, who have no money? Let Nathan Ben Funk, the Dutch Jew, be glad or sorry for this; but, my good Mr. Bellows-mender, what is all this to you or me? You must mend broken bellows and I write bad prose as long as we live, whether we like a Spanish war or not. Believe me, my honest friends, whatever you may talk of liberty and your own reason, both that liberty and reason are conditionally resigned by every poor man in every society; and, as we are born to work, so others are born to watch over us while we are work-

[1] In first edition, "Dedication to *that most ingenious of all Patrons*, the Tripoline Ambassador."

[2] In first edition, "A Speech spoken by the Indigent Philosopher to Persuade his Club at Cateaton to Declare War against Spain."

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ing. In the name of common-sense, then, my good friends, let the great keep watch over us, and let us mind our business, and perhaps we may at last get money ourselves, and set beggars to work in our turn. I have a Latin sentence that is worth its weight in gold, and which I shall beg leave to translate for your instruction. An author, called Lily's Grammar, finely observes that "*Æs in præsenti perfectum format;*" that is, "Ready money makes a man perfect:" let us then, to become perfect men, get ready money, and let them that will spend theirs by going to war with Spain.

RULES FOR BEHAVIOR DRAWN UP BY AN INDIGENT PHILOSOPHER.

If you be a rich man, you may enter the room with three loud hems, march deliberately up to the chimney, and turn your back to the fire. If you be a poor man, I would advise you to shrink into the room as fast as you can, and place yourself, as usual, upon the corner of some chair in a corner.

When you are desired to sing in company, I would advise you to refuse. It is a thousand to one but that you torment us with affectation, ignorance of music, or a bad voice. This is a very good rule.

If you be young and live with an old man, I would advise you not to like gravy; I was disinherited myself for liking gravy.

Don't laugh much in public; the spectators that are not as merry as you will hate you, either because they envy your happiness or fancy themselves the subject of your mirth.

RULES FOR RAISING THE DEVIL. TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN OF DANÆUS DE SORTIARIIS, A WRITER CONTEMPORARY WITH CALVIN, AND ONE OF THE REFORMERS OF OUR CHURCH.

The person who desires to raise the devil is to sacrifice a dog, a cat, and a hen, all of his own property, to Beelzebub. He is to swear an eternal obedience, and then to receive a mark in some unseen place, either under the eyelid or in the roof of the mouth, inflicted by the devil himself. Upon this he has power given him over three spirits: one for earth, another for air, and a third for the sea. Upon certain times the devil holds an assembly of magicians, in which each is to give an account of what evil he has done, and what he wishes

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to do. At this assembly he appears in the shape of an old man, or often like a goat with large horns. They, upon this occasion, renew their vows of obedience; and then form a grand dance in honor of their false deity. The devil instructs them in every method of injuring mankind, in gathering poisons, and of riding upon occasion through the air. He shows them the whole method, upon examination, of giving evasive answers; his spirits have power to assume the form of angels of light, and there is but one method of detecting them—viz., to ask them, in proper form, what method is the most certain to propagate the faith over all the world? To this they are not permitted by the Superior Power to make a false reply, nor are they willing to give the true one, wherefore they continue silent, and are thus detected.

ESSAY X.[1]

BEAU TIBBS, A CHARACTER.

Though naturally pensive, yet I am fond of gay company, and take every opportunity of thus dismissing the mind from duty. From this motive I am often found in the centre of a crowd; and wherever pleasure is to be sold, am always a purchaser. In those places, without being remarked by any, I join in whatever goes forward, work my passions into a similitude of frivolous earnestness, shout as they shout, and condemn as they happen to disapprove. A mind thus sunk for a while below its natural standard is qualified for stronger flights, as those first retire who would spring forward with greater vigor.

Attracted by the serenity of the evening, a friend and I lately went to gaze upon the company in one of the public walks near the city. Here we sauntered together for some time, either praising the beauty of such as were handsome, or the dresses of such as had nothing else to recommend them. We had gone thus deliberately forward for some time, when my friend, stopping on a sudden, caught me by the elbow and

[1] Also Letter LIV of "The Citizen of the World."

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led me out of the public walk. I could perceive, by the quickness of his pace and by his frequently looking behind, that he was attempting to avoid somebody who followed. We now turned to the right, then to the left. As we went forward, he still went faster, but in vain: the person whom he attempted to escape hunted us through every doubling, and gained upon us each moment; so that at last we fairly stood still, resolving to face what we could not avoid.

Our pursuer soon came up, and joined us with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance. "My dear Charles," cries he, shaking my friend's hand, "where have you been hiding this half a century? Positively I had fancied you were gone down to cultivate matrimony and your estate in the country." During the reply, I had an opportunity of surveying the appearance of our new companion. His hat was pinched up with peculiar smartness; his looks were pale, thin, and sharp; round his neck he wore a broad black ribbon, and in his bosom a buckle studded with glass; his coat was trimmed with tarnished twist; he wore by his side a sword with a black hilt; and his stockings of silk, though newly washed, were grown yellow by long service. I was so much engaged with the peculiarity of his dress that I attended only to the latter part of my friend's reply, in which he complimented Mr. Tibbs on the taste of his clothes and the bloom in his countenance. "Pshaw, pshaw, Charles!" cried the figure; "no more of that, if you love me. You know I hate flattery—on my soul I do; and yet, to be sure, an intimacy with the great will improve one's appearance, and a course of venison will fatten. And yet, faith, I despise the great as much as you do; but there are a great many damned honest fellows among them, and we must not quarrel with one half because the other wants breeding. If they were all such as my Lord Mudler, one of the most good-natured creatures that ever squeezed a lemon, I should myself be among the number of their admirers. I was yesterday to dine at the Duchess of Piccadilly's. My lord was there. 'Ned,' says he to me—'Ned,' says he, 'I'll hold gold to silver I can tell where you were poaching last night.'—'Poaching, my lord!' says I; 'faith you have missed already, for I stayed

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at home and let the girls poach for me. That's my way; I take a fine woman as some animals do their prey—stand still, and, swoop, they fall into my mouth.'"

"Ah, Tibbs, thou art an happy fellow," cried my companion, with looks of infinite pity. "I hope your fortune is as much improved as your understanding in such company?"—"Improved," replied the other; "you shall know—but let it go no further—a great secret—five hundred a year to begin with. My lord's word of honor for it. His lordship took me down in his own chariot yesterday, and we had a *tête-à-tête* dinner in the country, where we talked of nothing else."—"I fancy you forgot, sir," cried I, "you told us but this moment of your dining yesterday in town!"—"Did I say so?" replied he, coolly; "to be sure, if I said so it was so—dined in town. Egad, now I do remember, I did dine in town; but I dined in the country too; for you must know, my boys, I eat two dinners. By-the-bye, I am grown as nice as the devil in my eating. I'll tell you a pleasant affair about that: we were a select party of us to dine at Lady Grogram's, an affected piece, but let it go no farther—a secret. Well, says I, 'I'll hold a thousand guineas, and say done first, that—' But, dear Charles, you are an honest creature; lend me half a crown for a minute or two, or so, just till— But harkee, ask me for it the next time we meet, or it may be twenty to one but I forget to pay you."

When he left us, our conversation naturally turned upon so extraordinary a character. "His very dress," cries my friend, "is not less extraordinary than his conduct. If you meet him this day, you find him in rags; if the next, in embroidery. With those persons of distinction of whom he talks so familiarly he has scarce a coffee-house acquaintance. However, both for the interests of society, and perhaps for his own, Heaven has made him poor, and while all the world perceives his wants, he fancies them concealed from every eye. An agreeable companion, because he understands flattery; and all must be pleased with the first part of his conversation, though all are sure of its ending with a demand on their purse. While his youth countenances the levity of his conduct, he

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may thus earn a precarious subsistence; but when age comes on, the gravity of which is incompatible with buffoonery, then will he find himself forsaken by all; condemned, in the decline of life, to hang upon some rich family whom he once despised, there to undergo all the ingenuity of studied contempt, to be employed only as a spy upon the servants, or a bugbear to frighten children into duty."

ESSAY XI.[1]

BEAU TIBBS (CONTINUED).

THERE are some acquaintances whom it is no easy matter to shake off. My little Beau yesterday overtook me again in one of the public walks, and, slapping me on the shoulder, saluted me with an air of the most perfect familiarity. His dress was the same as usual, except that he had more powder in his hair; wore a dirtier shirt, and had on a pair of temple spectacles, with his hat under his arm.

As I knew him to be an harmless amusing little thing, I could not return his smiles with any degree of severity; so we walked forward on terms of the utmost intimacy, and in a few minutes discussed all the usual topics of a general conversation.[2]

The oddities that marked his character, however, soon began to appear; he bowed to several well-dressed persons, who, by their manner of returning the compliment, appeared perfect strangers. At intervals he drew out a pocket-book, seeming to take memorandums before all the company with much importance and assiduity. In this manner he led me through the length of the whole Mall, fretting at his absurdities, and fancying myself laughed at as well as he by every spectator.

When we were got to the end of our procession, "Blast me," cries he, with an air of vivacity, "I never saw the Park so thin in my life before; there's no company at all to-day.

[1] Also Letter LV. of "The Citizen of the World."

[2] "The Citizen of the World" (iv. 36) and the first edition of the "Essays" read "topics preliminary to particular conversation."

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Not a single face to be seen."—"No company!" interrupted I, peevishly; "no company where there is such a crowd! Why, man, there is too much. What are the thousands that have been laughing at us but company!"—"Lord, my dear," returned he, with the utmost good-humor, "you seem immensely chagrined; but, blast me, when the world laughs at me, I laugh at the world, and so we are even. My Lord Trip, Bill Squash, the Creolian, and I sometimes make a party at being ridiculous. But I see you are grave; so if you are for a fine grave sentimental companion, you shall dine with my wife to-day; I must insist on't; I'll introduce you to Mrs. Tibbs, a lady of as elegant qualifications as any in nature. She was bred—but that's between ourselves—under the inspection of the Countess of Shoreditch. A charming body of voice! But no more of that, she shall give us a song. You shall see my little girl too, Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Tibbs,[1] a sweet, pretty creature. I design her for my Lord Drumstick's eldest son: but that's in friendship; let it go no farther. She's but six years old, and yet she walks a minuet, and plays on the guitar immensely already. I intend she shall be as perfect as possible in every accomplishment. In the first place, I'll make her a scholar; I'll teach her Greek myself, and I intend to learn that language purposely to instruct her—but let that be a secret."

Thus saying, without waiting for a reply, he took me by the arm and hauled me along. We passed through many dark alleys and winding ways; for, from some motives to me unknown, he seemed to have a particular aversion to every frequented street; at last, however, we got to the door of a dismal-looking house in the outlets of the town, where he informed me he chose to reside for the benefit of the air.

We entered the lower door, which seemed ever to lie most hospitably open; and I began to ascend an old and creaking staircase; when, as he mounted to show me the way, he demanded whether I delighted in prospects; to which answer-

[1] Goldsmith was attached to this conjunction of Christian-names. The Miss Skeggs of "The Vicar of Wakefield," as well as the Miss Tibbs of the "Essays" and of "The Citizen of the World," is a "Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia."

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ing in the affirmative, "Then," says he, "I shall show you one of the most charming out of my windows; we shall see the ships sailing, and the whole country for twenty miles round, tip-top, quite high. My Lord Swamp would give ten thousand guineas for such a one; but, as I sometimes pleasantly tell him, I always love to keep my prospects at home, that my friends may come to see me the oftener."

By this time we were arrived as high as the stairs would permit us to ascend, till we came to what he was facetiously pleased to call the first floor down the chimney; and knocking at the door, a voice with a Scotch accent, from within, demanded, "Wha's there?" My conductor answered that it was him. But this not satisfying the querist, the voice again repeated the demand; to which he answered louder than before, and now the door was opened by an old maid-servant with cautious reluctance.

When we were got in, he welcomed me to his house with great ceremony, and, turning to the old woman, asked where her lady was. "Good troth," replied she, in the Northern dialect, "she's washing your twa shirts at the next door, because they have taken an oath against lending out the tub any longer."—"My two shirts!" cries he, in a tone that faltered with confusion; "what does the idiot mean?"—"I ken what I mean well enough," replied the other; "she's washing your twa shirts at the next door, because—"—"Fire and fury! no more of thy stupid explanations," cried he. "Go and inform her we have got company. Were that Scotch hag," continued he, turning to me, "to be forever in my family, she would never learn politeness, nor forget that absurd poisonous accent of hers, or testify the smallest specimen of breeding or high life; and yet it is very surprising too, as I had her from a Parliament man, a friend of mine, from the Highlands, one of the politest men in the world; but that's a secret."

We waited some time for Mrs. Tibbs's arrival, during which interval I had a full opportunity of surveying the chamber and all its furniture, which consisted of four chairs with old wrought bottoms that, he assured me, were his wife's embroidery; a square table that had been once japanned; a cradle in

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one corner, a lumbering cabinet in the other; a broken shepherdess, and a mandarin without an head, were stuck over the chimney; and round the walls several paltry, unframed pictures, which he observed were all of his own drawing. "What do you think, sir, of that head in the corner, done in the manner of Grisoni? There's the true keeping in it. It's my own face; and, though there happens to be no likeness, a countess offered me an hundred for its fellow. I refused her, for, hang it, that would be mechanical, you know."

The wife at last made her appearance—at once a slattern and a coquette; much emaciated, but still carrying the remains of beauty. She made twenty apologies for being seen in such an odious dishabille, but hoped to be excused, as she had stayed out all night at Vauxhall Gardens with the countess, who was excessively fond of the horns. "And, indeed, my dear," added she, turning to her husband, "his lordship drank your health in a bumper."—"Poor Jack," cries he; "a dear, good-natured creature; I know he loves me. But I hope, my dear, you have given orders for dinner. You need make no great preparations neither; there are but three of us. Something elegant, and little will do: a turbot, an ortolan, or a—"—"Or what do you think, my dear," interrupts the wife, "of a nice, pretty bit of ox-cheek, piping hot, and dressed with a little of my own sauce?"—"The very thing," replies he; "it will eat best with some smart bottled beer; but be sure to let's have the sauce his grace was so fond of. I hate your immense loads of meat; that is country all over—extreme disgusting to those who are in the least acquainted with high life."

By this time my curiosity began to abate and my appetite to increase; the company of fools may at first make us smile, but at last never fails of rendering us melancholy. I therefore pretended to recollect a prior engagement, and, after having shown my respects to the house, by giving the old servant a piece of money at the door, I took my leave; Mr. Tibbs assuring me that dinner, if I stayed, would be ready at least in less than two hours.

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ESSAY XII.[1]

ON THE IRRESOLUTION OF YOUTH.

As it has been observed that few are better qualified to give others advice than those who have taken the least of it themselves, so in this respect I find myself perfectly authorized to offer mine; and must take leave to throw together a few observations upon that part of a young man's conduct on his entering into life, as it is called.

The most usual way among young men who have no resolution of their own is first to ask one friend's advice, and follow it for some time; then to ask advice of another, and turn to that; so of a third, still unsteady, always changing. However, every change of this nature is for the worse. People may tell you of your being unfit for some peculiar occupations in life; but heed them not: whatever employment you follow with perseverance and assiduity will be found fit for you; it will be your support in youth and comfort in age. In learning the useful part of every profession, very moderate abilities will suffice: great abilities are generally obnoxious to the possessors. Life has been compared to a race; but the allusion still improves by observing that the most swift are ever the most apt to stray from the course.

To know one profession only is enough for one man to know; and this, whatever the professors may tell you to the contrary, is soon learned. Be contented, therefore, with one good employment; for if you understand two at a time, people will give you business in neither.

A conjurer and a tailor once happened to converse together. "Alas!" cries the tailor, "what an unhappy poor creature am I! If people ever take it into their heads to live without clothes, I am undone; I have no other trade to have recourse

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[1] Also Letter LXI. of "The Citizen of the World."

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to."—"Indeed, friend, I pity you sincerely," replies the conjurer; "but, thank Heaven, things are not quite so bad with me; for if one trick should fail, I have an hundred tricks more for them yet. However, if at any time you are reduced to beggary, apply to me, and I will relieve you." A famine overspread the land: the tailor made a shift to live, because his customers could not be without clothes; but the poor conjurer, with all his hundred tricks, could find none that had money to throw away. It was in vain that he promised to eat fire or to vomit pins; no single creature would relieve him, till he was at last obliged to beg from the very tailor whose calling he had formerly despised.

There are no obstructions more fatal to fortune than pride and resentment. If you must resent injuries at all, at least suppress your indignation till you become rich, and then show away. The resentment of a poor man is like the efforts of a harmless insect to sting; it may get him crushed, but cannot defend him. Who values that anger which is consumed only in empty menaces?

Once upon a time a goose fed its young by a pond-side; and a goose in such circumstances is always extremely proud and excessive punctilious. If any other animal, without the least design to offend, happened to pass that way, the goose was immediately at it. The pond, she said, was hers, and she would maintain her right in it, and support her honor, while she had a bill to hiss or a wing to flutter. In this manner she drove away ducks, pigs, and chickens; nay, even the insidious cat was seen to scamper. A lounging mastiff, however, happened to pass by, and thought it no harm if he should lap a little of the water, as he was thirsty. The guardian goose flew at him like a fury, pecked at him with her beak, and flapped him with her feathers. The dog grew angry, and had twenty times a mind to give her a sly snap; but, suppressing his indignation because his master was nigh, "A pox take thee," cries he, "for a fool! Sure those who have neither strength nor weapons to fight, at least should be civil." So saying, he went forward to the pond, quenched his thirst, in spite of the goose, and followed his master.

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Another obstruction to the fortune of youth is that, while they are willing to take offence from none, they are also equally desirous of giving nobody offence. From hence they endeavor to please all, comply with every request, and attempt to suit themselves to every company; have no will of their own; but, like wax, catch every contiguous impression. By thus attempting to give universal satisfaction, they at last find themselves miserably disappointed; to bring the generality of admirers on our side, it is sufficient to attempt pleasing a very few.

A painter of eminence was once resolved to finish a piece which should please the whole world. When, therefore, he had drawn a picture, in which his utmost skill was exhausted, it was exposed in the public market-place, with directions at the bottom for every spectator to mark with a brush, that lay by, every limb and feature which seemed erroneous. The spectators came, and, in general, applauded; but each, willing to show his talent at criticism, stigmatized whatever he thought proper. At evening, when the painter came, he was mortified to find the picture one universal blot: not a single stroke that had not the marks of disapprobation. Not satisfied with this trial, the next day he was resolved to try them in a different manner; and, exposing his picture as before, desired that every spectator would mark those beauties he approved or admired. The people complied, and the artist, returning, found his picture covered with the marks of beauty; every stroke that had been yesterday condemned now received the character of approbation. "Well," cries the painter, "I now find that the best way to please all the world is to attempt pleasing one half of it."

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ESSAY XIII.[1]

ON MAD DOGS.

Indulgent nature seems to have exempted this island from many of those epidemic evils which are so fatal in other parts of the world. A want of rain for a few days beyond the expected season, in some parts of the globe, spreads famine, desolation, and terror over the whole country; but, in this fortunate land of Britain, the inhabitant courts health in every breeze, and the husbandman ever sows in joyful expectation.

But, though the nation be exempt from real evils, it is not more happy on this account than others. The people are afflicted, it is true, with neither famine nor pestilence; but, then, there is a disorder peculiar to the country which every season makes strange ravages among them: it spreads with pestilential rapidity, and infects almost every rank of people. What is still more strange, the natives have no name for this peculiar malady, though well known to foreign physicians by the appellation of Epidemic Terror.

A season is never known to pass in which the people are not visited by this cruel calamity in one shape or another, seemingly different, though ever the same; one year it issues from a baker's shop in the shape of a sixpenny loaf, the next it takes the appearance of a comet with a fiery tail, the third it threatens like a flat-bottomed boat, and the fourth it carries consternation in the bite of a mad dog. The people, when once infected, lose their relish for happiness, saunter about with looks of despondence, ask after the calamities of the day, and receive no comfort but in heightening each other's distress. It is insignificant how remote or near, how weak or powerful, the object of terror may be, when once they resolve to fright and be frighted; the merest trifles sow consternation

[1] Also Letter LXIX. of "The Citizen of the World."

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and dismay; each proportions his fears, not to the object, but to the dread he discovers in the countenance of others; for, when once the fermentation is begun, it goes on of itself, though the original cause be discontinued which first set it in motion.

A dread of mad dogs is the epidemic terror which now prevails, and the whole nation is at present actually groaning under the malignity of its influence. The people sally from their houses with that circumspection which is prudent in such as expect a mad dog at every turning. The physician publishes his prescription, the beadle prepares his halter, and a few of unusual bravery arm themselves with boots and buff gloves, in order to face the enemy if he should offer to attack them. In short, the whole people stand bravely upon their defence, and seem, by their present spirit, to show a resolution of being tamely bit by mad dogs no longer.

Their manner of knowing whether a dog be mad or no somewhat resembles the ancient Gothic custom of trying witches. The old woman suspected was tied hand and foot and thrown into the water. If she swam, then she was instantly carried off to be burned for a witch; if she sunk, then indeed she was acquitted of the charge, but drowned in the experiment. In the same manner a crowd gather round a dog suspected of madness, and they begin by teasing the devoted animal on every side. If he attempts to stand upon the defensive and bite, then is he unanimously found guilty, for "a mad dog always snaps at everything." If, on the contrary, he strives to escape by running away, then he can expect no compassion, "for mad dogs always run straight forward before them."

It is pleasant enough for a neutral being like me, who have no share in those ideal calamities, to mark the stages of this national disease. The terror at first feebly enters with a disregarded story of a little dog, that had gone through a neighboring village, which was thought to be mad by several who had seen him. The next account comes that a mastiff ran through a certain town and had bit five geese, which immediately ran mad, foamed at the bill, and died in great agonies

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soon after. Then comes an affecting history of a little boy bit in the leg, and gone down to be dipped in the salt-water. When the people have sufficiently shuddered at that, they are next congealed with a frightful account of a man who was said lately to have died from a bite he had received some years before. This relation only prepares the way for another, still more hideous: as how the master of a family, with seven small children, were all bit by a mad lapdog; and how the poor father first perceived the infection by calling for a draught of water, where he saw the lapdog swimming in the cup.

When epidemic terror is thus once excited, every morning comes loaded with some new disaster. As in stories of ghosts each loves to hear the account, though it only serves to make him uneasy; so here each listens with eagerness, and adds to the tidings with new circumstances of peculiar horror. A lady, for instance, in the country, of very weak nerves, has been frighted by the barking of a dog; and this, alas! too frequently happens. The story soon is improved and spreads, that a mad dog had frighted a lady of distinction. These circumstances begin to grow terrible before they have reached the neighboring village; and there the report is that a lady of quality was bit by a mad mastiff. This account every moment gathers new strength, and grows more dismal as it approaches the capital; and by the time it has arrived in town, the lady is described with wild eyes, foaming mouth, running mad upon all four, barking like a dog, biting her servants, and at last smothered between two beds by the advice of her doctors; while the mad mastiff is, in the meantime, ranging the whole country over, slavering at the mouth, and seeking whom he may devour.

My landlady, a good-natured woman, but a little credulous, waked me some mornings ago, before the usual hour, with horror and astonishment in her look. She desired me, if I had any regard for my safety, to keep within; for, a few days ago, so dismal an accident had happened as to put all the world upon their guard. A mad dog down in the country, she assured me, had bit a farmer, who, soon becoming mad,

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ran into his own yard and bit a fine brindled cow; the cow quickly became as mad as the man, began to foam at the mouth, and, raising herself up, walked about on her hind-legs, sometimes barking like a dog, and sometimes attempting to talk like the farmer. Upon examining the grounds of this story, I found my landlady had it from one neighbor, who had it from another neighbor, who heard it from very good authority.

Were most stories of this nature well examined, it would be found that numbers of such as have been said to suffer were no way injured; and that of those who have been actually bitten, not one in an hundred was bit by a mad dog. Such accounts in general, therefore, only serve to make the people miserable by false terrors, and sometimes fright the patient into actual frenzy by creating those very symptoms they pretended to deplore.

But even allowing three or four to die in a season of this terrible death (and four is probably too large a concession), yet still it is not considered how many are preserved in their health and in their property by this devoted animal's services. The midnight robber is kept at a distance; the insidious thief is often detected; the healthful chase repairs many a worn constitution; and the poor man finds in his dog a willing assistant, eager to lessen his toil, and content with the smallest retribution.

"A dog," says one of the English poets,[1] "is an honest creature, and I am a friend to dogs." Of all the beasts that graze the lawn or hunt the forest, a dog is the only animal that, leaving his fellows, attempts to cultivate the friendship of man; to man he looks, in all his necessities, with a speaking eye for assistance; exerts for him all the little service in his power with cheerfulness and pleasure; for him bears famine and fatigue with patience and resignation; no injuries can abate his fidelity; no distress induce him to forsake his benefactor; studious to please, and fearing to offend, he is still an humble, steadfast dependent; and in him alone fawning is

[1] See note, Vol. IV. p. 90.

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not flattery. How unkind, then, to torture this faithful creature, who has left the forest to claim the protection of man! How ungrateful a return to the trusty animal for all its services!

ESSAY XIV.[1]

ON THE INCREASED LOVE OF LIFE WITH AGE.

Age, that lessens the enjoyment of life, increases our desire of living. Those dangers which, in the vigor of youth, we had learned to despise assume new terrors as we grow old. Our caution increasing as our years increase, fear becomes at last the prevailing passion of the mind; and the small remainder of life is taken up in useless efforts to keep off our end or provide for a continued existence.

Strange contradiction in our nature, and to which even the wise are liable! If I should judge of that part of life which lies before me by that which I have already seen, the prospect is hideous.[2] Experience tells me that my past enjoyments have brought no real felicity; and sensation assures me that those I have felt are stronger than those which are yet to come. Yet experience and sensation in vain persuade: hope, more powerful than either, dresses out the distant prospect in fancied beauty; some happiness, in long perspective, still beckons me to pursue; and, like a losing gamester, every new disappointment increases my ardor to continue the game.

Whence, then, is this increased love of life which grows upon us with our years? whence comes it that we thus make greater efforts to preserve our existence at a period when it becomes scarce worth the keeping? Is it that nature, attentive to the preservation of mankind, increases our wishes to live, while she lessens our enjoyments; and, as she robs the senses of every pleasure, equips imagination in the spoil? Life would be insupportable to an old man who, loaded with infirmities, feared death no more than when in the vigor of

[1] Also Letter LXXIII. of "The Citizen of the World."

[2] See note on "The Citizen of the World," Letter LXXIII. Vol. IV. p. 103.

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manhood; the numberless calamities of decaying nature, and the consciousness of surviving every pleasure, would at once induce him, with his own hand, to terminate the scene of misery. But, happily, the contempt of death forsakes him at a time when it could only be prejudicial; and life acquires an imaginary value, in proportion as its real value is no more.

Our attachment to every object around us increases, in general, from the length of our acquaintance with it. "I would not choose," says a French philosopher, "to see an old post pulled up with which I had been long acquainted." A mind long habituated to a certain set of objects insensibly becomes fond of seeing them; visits them from habit, and parts from them with reluctance. From hence proceeds the avarice of the old in every kind of possession: they love the world and all that it produces; they love life and all its advantages; not because it gives them pleasure, but because they have known it long.

Chinvang the Chaste, ascending the throne of China, commanded that all who were unjustly detained in prison during the preceding reigns should be set free. Among the number who came to thank their deliverer on this occasion there appeared a majestic old man, who, falling at the emperor's feet, addressed him as follows: "Great father of China, behold a wretch, now eighty-five years old, who was shut up in a dungeon at the age of twenty-two. I was imprisoned, though a stranger to crime, or without being even confronted by my accusers. I have now lived in solitude and darkness for more than fifty years, and am grown familiar with distress. As yet, dazzled with the splendor of that sun to which you have restored me, I have been wandering the streets to find out some friend that would assist or relieve or remember me; but my friends, my family, and relations are all dead, and I am forgotten. Permit me then, O Chinvang, to wear out the wretched remains of life in my former prison; the walls of my dungeon are to me more pleasing than the most splendid palace. I have not long to live, and shall be unhappy except I spend the rest of my days where my youth was passed—in that prison from whence you were pleased to release me."

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The old man's passion for confinement is similar to that we all have for life. We are habituated to the prison, we look round with discontent, are displeased with the abode, and yet the length of our captivity only increases our fondness for the cell. The trees we have planted, the houses we have built, or the posterity we have begotten, all serve to bind us closer to earth, and embitter our parting. Life sues the young like a new acquaintance; the companion, as yet unexhausted, is at once instructive and amusing; its company pleases, yet, for all this, it is but little regarded. To us, who are declined in years, life appears like an old friend: its jests have been anticipated in former conversation; it has no new story to make us smile, no new improvement with which to surprise, yet still we love it; destitute of every enjoyment, still we love it; husband the wasting treasure with increasing frugality, and feel all the poignancy of anguish in the fatal separation.

Sir Philip Mordaunt was young, beautiful, sincere, brave, an Englishman. He had a complete fortune of his own, and the love of the king his master, which was equivalent to riches. Life opened all her treasures before him, and promised a long succession of future happiness. He came, tasted of the entertainment, but was disgusted even at the beginning. He professed an aversion to living; was tired of walking round the same circle; had tried every enjoyment, and found them all grow weaker at every repetition. "If life be, in youth, so displeasing," cried he to himself, "what will it appear when age comes on; if it be at present indifferent, sure it will then be execrable." This thought embittered every reflection; till, at last, with all the serenity of perverted reason, he ended the debate with a pistol! Had this self-deluded man been apprised that existence grows more desirable to us the longer we exist, he would have then faced old age without shrinking: he would have boldly dared to live; and served that society, by his future assiduity, which he basely injured by his desertion.

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ESSAY XV.

ON THE PASSION OF WOMEN FOR LEVELLING ALL DISTINCTIONS OF DRESS.

Foreigners observe that there are no ladies in the world more beautiful or more ill-dressed than those of England. Our countrywomen have been compared to those pictures where the face is the work of a Raphael, but the draperies thrown out by some empty pretender, destitute of taste, and entirely unacquainted with design.

If I were a poet, I might observe, on this occasion, that so much beauty, set off with all the advantages of dress, would be too powerful an antagonist for the opposite sex; and therefore it was wisely ordered that our ladies should want taste, lest their admirers should entirely want reason.

But, to confess a truth, I do not find they have a greater aversion to fine clothes than the women of any other country whatsoever. I can't fancy that a shopkeeper's wife in Cheapside has a greater tenderness for the fortune of her husband than a citizen's wife in Paris; or that miss in a boarding-school is more an economist in dress than mademoiselle in a nunnery.

Although Paris may be accounted the soil in which almost every fashion takes its rise, its influence is never so general there as with us. They study there the happy method of uniting grace and fashion, and never excuse a woman for being awkwardly dressed, by saying her clothes are in the mode. A Frenchwoman is a perfect architect in dress; she never, with Gothic ignorance, mixes the orders; she never tricks out a squabby Doric shape with Corinthian finery; or, to speak without metaphor, she conforms to general fashion only when it happens not to be repugnant to private beauty.

The English ladies, on the contrary, seem to have no other standard of grace but the run of the town. If the fashion gives word, every distinction of beauty, complexion, or stature

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ceases. Sweeping trains, Prussian bonnets, and trollopees, as like each other as if cut from the same piece, level all to one standard. The Mall, the gardens, and playhouses are filled with ladies in uniform, and their whole appearance shows as little variety or taste as if their clothes were bespoke by the colonel of a marching regiment, or fancied by the artist who dresses the three battalions of Guards.

But not only the ladies of every shape and complexion, but of every age too, are possessed of this unaccountable passion for levelling all distinction in dress. The lady of no quality travels fast behind the lady of some quality, and a woman of sixty is as gaudy as her granddaughter. A friend of mine, a good-natured old man, amused me, the other day, with an account of his journey to the Mall. It seems, in his walk thither, he for some time followed a lady, who, as he thought by her dress, was a girl of fifteen. It was airy, elegant, and youthful. My old friend had called up all his poetry on this occasion, and fancied twenty Cupids prepared for execution in every folding of her white negligee. He had prepared his imagination for an angel's face; but what was his mortification to find that the imaginary goddess was no other than his cousin Hannah, some years older than himself!

But to give it in his own words: "After the transports of our first salute," said he, "were over, I could not avoid running my eye over her whole appearance. Her gown was of cambric, cut short before, in order to discover an high-heeled shoe, which was buckled almost at the toe. Her cap consisted of a few bits of cambric, and flowers of painted paper stuck on one side of her head. Her bosom, that had felt no hand but the hand of time these twenty years, rose, suing to be pressed. I could, indeed, have wished her more than an handkerchief of Paris net to shade her beauties; for, as Tasso says of the rose-bud, 'Quanto si mostra men, tanto è più bella.' A female breast is generally thought most beautiful as it is more sparingly discovered.

"As my cousin had not put on all this finery for nothing, she was at that time sallying out to the Park when I had overtaken her. Perceiving, however, that I had on my best wig,

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she offered, if I would squire her there, to send home the footman. Though I trembled for our reception in public, yet I could not, with any civility, refuse; so, to be as gallant as possible, I took her hand in my arm, and thus we marched on together.

"When we made our entry at the Park, two antiquated figures, so polite and so tender, soon attracted the eyes of the company. As we made our way among crowds who were out to show their finery as well as we, wherever we came I perceived we brought good-humor with us. The polite could not forbear smiling, and the vulgar burst out into a horse-laugh at our grotesque figures. Cousin Hannah, who was perfectly conscious of the rectitude of her own appearance, attributed all this mirth to the oddity of mine, while I as cordially placed the whole to her account. Thus, from being two of the best-natured creatures alive, before we got half-way up the Mall we both began to grow peevish, and, like two mice on a string, endeavored to revenge the impertinence of others upon ourselves. 'I am amazed, Cousin Jeffery,' says miss, 'that I can never get you to dress like a Christian. I knew we should have the eyes of the Park upon us, with your great wig so frizzled, and yet so beggarly, and your monstrous muff.[1] I hate those odious muffs.' I could have patiently borne a criticism on all the rest of my equipage; but, as I had always a peculiar veneration for my muff, I could not forbear being piqued a little; and, throwing my eyes with a spiteful air on her bosom, 'I could heartily wish, madam,' replied I, 'that, for your sake, my muff was cut into a tippet.'

"As my cousin, by this time, was grown heartily ashamed of her gentleman-usher, and as I was never very fond of any kind of exhibition myself, it was mutually agreed to retire for a while to one of the seats, and from that retreat remark on others as freely as they had remarked on us.

"When seated, we continued silent for some time, employed in very different speculations. I regarded the whole company

[1] Whoever is curious in the history of muffs worn by men should consult "Pepys," under 10th Nov., 1662; *The Tatler*, Nos. 39 and 155; Hogarth's "Harlot's Progress," plate iv.; and vols. vi., vii., and viii. of "Notes and Queries."

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now passing in review before me as drawn out merely for my amusement. For my entertainment the beauty had all that morning been improving her charms; the beau had put on lace, and the young doctor a big wig, merely to please me. But quite different were the sentiments of Cousin Hannah; she regarded every well-dressed woman as a victorious rival, hated every face that seemed dressed in good-humor or wore the appearance of greater happiness than her own. I perceived her uneasiness, and attempted to lessen it by observing that there was no company in the Park to-day. To this she readily assented; 'and yet,' says she, 'it is full enough of scrubs of one kind or another.' My smiling at this observation gave her spirits to pursue the bent of her inclination, and now she began to exhibit her skill in secret history, as she found me disposed to listen. 'Observe,' says she to me, 'that old woman in tawdry silk, and dressed out beyond the fashion. That is Miss Biddy Evergreen. Miss Biddy, it seems, has money; and as she considers that money was never so scarce as it is now, she seems resolved to keep what she has to herself. She is ugly enough, you see; yet, I assure you, she has refused several offers, to my own knowledge, within this twelvemonth. Let me see, three gentlemen from Ireland who study the law, two waiting captains, her doctor, and a Scotch preacher, who had like to have carried her off. All her time is passed between sickness and finery. Thus she spends the whole week in a close chamber, with no other company but her monkey, her apothecary, and cat; and comes dressed out to the Park every Sunday to show her airs, to get new lovers, to catch a new cold, and to make new work for the doctor.

"'There goes Mrs. Roundabout—I mean the fat lady in the lutestring trollopee. Between you and I, she is but a cutler's wife. See how she's dressed, as fine as hands and pins can make her, while her two marriageable daughters, like bunters in stuff gowns, are now taking sixpennyworth of tea at the White Conduit House.[1] Odious puss,[2] how she waddles

[1] See note, Vol. IV. p. 264.

[2] "Odious Fuss," first edition.

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along, with her train two yards behind her! She puts me in mind of my Lord Bantam's Indian sheep, which are obliged to have their monstrous tails trundled along in a go-cart. For all her airs, it goes to her husband's heart to see four yards of good lutestring wearing against the ground, like one of his knives on a grindstone. To speak my mind, Cousin Jeffery, I never liked those tails; for, suppose a young fellow should be rude, and the lady should offer to step back in the fright, instead of retiring, she treads upon her train, and falls fairly on her back; and then you know, cousin—her clothes may be spoiled.

"'Ah! Miss Mazzard! I knew we should not miss her in the Park; she in the monstrous Prussian bonnet. Miss, though so very fine, was bred a milliner, and might have had some custom if she had minded her business; but the girl was fond of finery, and, instead of dressing her customers, laid out all her goods in adorning herself. Every new gown she put on impaired her credit; she still, however, went on, improving her appearance and lessening her little fortune, and is now, you see, become a belle and a bankrupt.'

"My cousin was proceeding in her remarks, which were interrupted by the approach of the very lady she had been so freely describing. Miss had perceived her at a distance, and approached to salute her. I found, by the warmth of the two ladies' protestations, that they had been long intimate esteemed friends and acquaintance. Both were so pleased at this happy rencounter that they were resolved not to part for the day. So we all crossed the Park together, and I saw them into a hackney-coach at St. James's."

ESSAY XVI.

ASEM THE MAN-HATER, AN EASTERN TALE.

Where Tauris lifts its head above the storm, and presents nothing to the sight of the distant traveller but a prospect of nodding rocks, falling torrents, and all the variety of tremendous nature; on the bleak bosom of this frightful mountain,

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secluded from society, and detesting the ways of men, lived Asem the Man-hater.

Asem had spent his youth with men; had shared in their amusements; and had been taught to love his fellow-creatures with the most ardent affection; but, from the tenderness of his disposition, he exhausted all his fortune in relieving the wants of the distressed. The petitioner never sued in vain; the weary traveller never passed his door; he only desisted from doing good when he had no longer the power of relieving.

From a fortune thus spent in benevolence, he expected a grateful return from those he had formerly relieved, and made his application with confidence of redress. The ungrateful world soon grew weary of his importunity, for pity is but a short-lived passion. He soon, therefore, began to view mankind in a very different light from that in which he had before beheld them; he perceived a thousand vices he had never before suspected to exist: wherever he turned, ingratitude, dissimulation, and treachery contributed to increase his detestation of them. Resolved, therefore, to continue no longer in a world which he hated, and which repaid his detestation with contempt, he retired to this region of sterility in order to brood over his resentment in solitude, and converse with the only honest heart he knew—namely, with his own.

A cave was his only shelter from the inclemency of the weather; fruits gathered with difficulty from the mountain's side his only food; and his drink was fetched with danger and toil from the headlong torrent. In this manner he lived, sequestered from society, passing the hours in meditation, and sometimes exulting that he was able to live independently of his fellow-creatures.

At the foot of the mountain an extensive lake displayed its glassy bosom, reflecting on its broad surface the impending horrors of the mountain. To this capacious mirror he would sometimes descend, and, reclining on its steep banks, cast an eager look on the smooth expanse that lay before him. "How beautiful," he often cried, "is nature! how lovely, even in her wildest scenes! How finely contrasted is the level plain

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that lies beneath me with yon awful pile that hides its tremendous head in clouds! But the beauty of these scenes is no way comparable with their utility; from hence an hundred rivers are supplied, which distribute health and verdure to the various countries through which they flow. Every part of the universe is beautiful, just, and wise but man: vile man is a solecism in nature, the only monster in the creation. Tempests and whirlwinds have their use; but vicious, ungrateful man is a blot in the fair page of universal beauty. Why was I born of that detested species, whose vices are almost a reproach to the wisdom of the Divine Creator! Were men entirely free from vice, all would be uniformity, harmony, and order. A world of moral rectitude should be the result of a perfectly moral agent. Why, why, then, O Allah! must I be thus confined in darkness, doubt, and despair?"

Just as he uttered the word despair, he was going to plunge into the lake beneath him, at once to satisfy his doubts and put a period to his anxiety, when he perceived a most majestic being walking on the surface of the water, and approaching the bank on which he stood. So unexpected an object at once checked his purpose; he stopped, contemplated, and fancied he saw something awful and divine in his aspect.

"Son of Adam," cried the genius, "stop thy rash purpose; the father of the faithful has seen thy justice, thy integrity, thy miseries, and hath sent me to afford and administer relief. Give me thy hand, and follow, without trembling, wherever I shall lead; in me behold the genius of Conviction, kept by the great prophet to turn from their errors those who go astray, not from curiosity, but a rectitude of intention. Follow me, and be wise."

Asem immediately descended upon the lake, and his guide conducted him along the surface of the water; till, coming near the centre of the lake, they both began to sink; the waters closed over their heads. They descended several hundred fathoms, till Asem, just ready to give up his life as inevitably lost, found himself with his celestial guide in another world, at the bottom of the waters, where human foot had never trod before. His astonishment was beyond description, when he

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saw a sun like that he had left, a serene sky over his head, and blooming verdure under his feet.

"I plainly perceive your amazement," said the genius; "but suspend it for a while. This world was formed by Allah, at the request, and under the inspection, of our great prophet; who once entertained the same doubts which filled your mind when I found you, and from the consequence of which you were so lately rescued. The rational inhabitants of this world are formed agreeable to your own ideas: they are absolutely without vice. In other respects it resembles your earth, but differs from it in being wholly inhabited by men who never do wrong. If you find this world more agreeable than that you so lately left, you have free permission to spend the remainder of your days in it; but permit me, for some time, to attend you, that I may silence your doubts and make you better acquainted with your company and your new habitation."

"A world without vice! rational beings without immorality!" cried Asem, in a rapture. "I thank thee, O Allah, who hast at length heard my petitions; this, this, indeed, will produce happiness, ecstasy, and ease. Oh for an immortality to spend it among men who are incapable of ingratitude, injustice, fraud, violence, and a thousand other crimes that render society miserable!"

"Cease thine acclamations," replied the genius. "Look around thee; reflect on every object and action before us, and communicate to me the result of thine observations. Lead wherever you think proper; I shall be your attendant and instructor." Asem and his companion travelled on in silence for some time, the former being entirely lost in astonishment; but at last, recovering his former serenity, he could not help observing that the face of the country bore a near resemblance to that he had left, except that this subterranean world still seemed to retain its primeval wilderness.

"Here," cried Asem, "I perceive animals of prey, and others that seem only designed for their subsistence; it is the very same in the world over our heads. But had I been permitted to instruct our prophet, I would have removed this defect, and formed no voracious or destructive animals which

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only prey on the other parts of the creation."—"Your tenderness for inferior animals is, I find, remarkable," said the genius, smiling. "But, with regard to meaner creatures, this world exactly resembles the other; and, indeed, for obvious reasons: for the earth can support a more considerable number of animals, by their thus becoming food for each other, than if they had lived entirely on the vegetable productions. So that animals of different natures thus formed, instead of lessening their multitude, subsist in the greatest number possible. But let us hasten on to the inhabited country before us, and see what that offers for instruction."

They soon gained the utmost verge of the forest, and entered the country inhabited by men without vice; and Asem anticipated in idea the rational delight he hoped to experience in such an innocent society. But they had scarce left the confines of the wood, when they beheld one of the inhabitants flying with hasty steps, and terror in his countenance, from an army of squirrels that closely pursued him. "Heavens!" cried Asem, "why does he fly? What can he fear from animals so contemptible?" He had scarce spoke when he perceived two dogs pursuing another of the human species, who, with equal terror and haste, attempted to avoid them. "This," cried Asem to his guide, "is truly surprising; nor can I conceive the reason for so strange an action."—"Every species of animals," replied the genius, "has of late grown very powerful in this country; for the inhabitants at first thinking it unjust to use either fraud or force in destroying them, they have insensibly increased, and now frequently ravage their harmless frontiers."—"But they should have been destroyed," cried Asem; "you see the consequence of such neglect."—"Where is, then, that tenderness you so lately expressed for subordinate animals?" replied the genius, smiling; "you seem to have forgot that branch of justice."—"I must acknowledge my mistake," returned Asem; "I am now convinced that we must be guilty of tyranny and injustice to the brute creation, if we would enjoy the world ourselves. But let us no longer observe the duty of man to these irrational creatures, but survey their connections with one another."

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As they walked farther up the country, the more he was surprised to see no vestiges of handsome houses, no cities, nor any mark of elegant design. His conductor, perceiving his surprise, observed that the inhabitants of this new world were perfectly content with their ancient simplicity; each had an house, which, though homely, was sufficient to lodge his little family. They were too good to build houses which could only increase their own pride and the envy of the spectator; what they built was for convenience, and not for show. "At least, then," said Asem, "they have neither architects, painters, or statuaries in their society; but these are idle arts, and may be spared. However, before I spend much more time here, you should have my thanks for introducing me into the society of some of their wisest men: there is scarce any pleasure to me equal to a refined conversation; there is nothing of which I am so enamoured as wisdom."—"Wisdom!" replied his instructor, "how ridiculous! We have no wisdom here, for we have no occasion for it; true wisdom is only a knowledge of our own duty, and the duty of others to us. But of what use is such wisdom here? Each intuitively performs what is right in himself, and expects the same from others. If by wisdom you should mean vain curiosity and empty speculation, as such pleasures have their origin in vanity, luxury, or avarice, we are too good to pursue them."—"All this may be right," says Asem, "but methinks I observe a solitary disposition prevail among the people; each family keeps separately within their own precincts, without society or without intercourse."—"That, indeed, is true," replied the other; "here is no established society; nor should there be any: all societies are made either through fear or friendship; the people we are among are too good to fear each other, and there are no motives to private friendship where all are equally meritorious."—"Well, then," said the sceptic, "as I am to spend my time here, if I am to have neither the polite arts nor wisdom nor friendship in such a world, I should be glad, at least, of an easy companion, who may tell me his thoughts, and to whom I may communicate mine."—"And to what purpose should either do this?" says the genius; "flattery or curiosity are

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vicious motives and never allowed of here, and wisdom is out of the question."

"Still, however," said Asem, "the inhabitants must be happy; each is contented with his own possessions, nor avariciously endeavors to heap up more than is necessary for his own subsistence: each has therefore leisure for pitying those that stand in need of his compassion." He had scarce spoken when his ears were assaulted with the lamentations of a wretch who sat by the wayside, and, in the most deplorable distress, seemed gently to murmur at his own misery. Asem immediately ran to his relief, and found him in the last stage of a consumption. "Strange," cried the son of Adam, "that men who are free from vice should thus suffer so much misery without relief!"—"Be not surprised," said the wretch who was dying; "would it not be the utmost injustice for beings who have only just sufficient to support themselves, and are content with a bare subsistence, to take it from their own mouths to put it into mine? They never are possessed of a single meal more than is necessary, and what is barely necessary cannot be dispensed with."—"They should have been supplied with more than is necessary," cried Asem; "and yet I contradict my own opinion but a moment before. All is doubt, perplexity, and confusion; even the want of ingratitude is no virtue here, since they never received a favor. They have, however, another excellence yet behind; the love of their country is still, I hope, one of their darling virtues."—"Peace, Asem," replied the guardian, with a countenance not less severe than beautiful, "nor forfeit all thy pretensions to wisdom; the same selfish motives by which we prefer our own interest to that of others induce us to regard our country preferably to that of another. Nothing less than universal benevolence is free from vice, and that, you see, is practised here."—"Strange!" cries the disappointed pilgrim, in an agony of distress; "what sort of a world am I now introduced to? There is scarce a single virtue, but that of temperance, which they practise; and in that they are no way superior to the very brute creation. There is scarce an amusement which they enjoy; fortitude, liberality, friendship, wisdom, conver-

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sation, and love of country, all are virtues entirely unknown here. Thus it seems that, to be unacquainted with vice is not to know virtue. Take me, O my genius, back to that very world which I have despised: a world which has Allah for its contriver is much more wisely formed than that which has been projected by Mahomet. Ingratitude, contempt, and hatred I can now suffer, for perhaps I have deserved them. When I arraigned the wisdom of Providence, I only showed my own ignorance; henceforth let me keep from vice myself, and pity it in others."

He had scarce ended, when the genius, assuming an air of terrible complacency, called all his thunders around him, and vanished in a whirlwind. Asem, astonished at the terror of the scene, looked for his imaginary world; when, casting his eyes around, he perceived himself in the very situation, and in the very place, where he first began to repine and despair; his right foot had been just advanced to take the fatal plunge, nor had it been yet withdrawn; so instantly did Providence strike the series of truths just imprinted on his soul. He now departed from the water-side in tranquillity, and, leaving his horrid mansion, travelled to Segestan, his native city, where he diligently applied himself to commerce, and put in practice that wisdom he had learned in solitude. The frugality of a few years soon produced opulence; the number of his domestics increased; his friends came to him from every part of the city, nor did he receive them with disdain; and a youth of misery was concluded with an old age of elegance, affluence, and ease.

ESSAY XVII.[1]

ON THE ENGLISH CLERGY AND POPULAR PREACHERS.

It is allowed on all hands that our English divines receive a more liberal education, and improve that education, by frequent study, more than any others of this reverend profession

[1] From "The Ladies' Magazine."

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in Europe. In general, also, it may be observed that a greater degree of gentility is affixed to the character of a student in England than elsewhere; by which means our clergy have an opportunity of seeing better company while young, and of sooner wearing off those prejudices which they are apt to imbibe even in the best-regulated universities, and which may be justly termed the vulgar errors of the wise.

Yet, with all these advantages, it is very obvious that the clergy are nowhere so little thought of by the populace as here; and though our divines are foremost with respect to abilities, yet they are found last in the effects of their ministry, the vulgar, in general, appearing no way impressed with a sense of religious duty. I am not for whining at the depravity of the times, or for endeavoring to paint a prospect more gloomy than in nature; but certain it is, no person who has travelled will contradict me when I aver that the lower orders of mankind in other countries testify on every occasion the profoundest awe of religion; while in England they are scarcely awakened into a sense of its duties, even in circumstances of the greatest distress.

This dissolute and fearless conduct foreigners are apt to attribute to climate and constitution. May not the vulgar, being pretty much neglected in our exhortations from the pulpit, be a conspiring cause? Our divines seldom stoop to their mean capacities; and they who want instruction most, find least in our religious assemblies.

Whatever may become of the higher orders of mankind, who are generally possessed of collateral motives to virtue, the vulgar should be particularly regarded, whose behavior in civil life is totally hinged upon their hopes and fears. Those who constitute the basis of the great fabric of society should be particularly regarded; for, in policy as in architecture, ruin is most fatal when it begins from the bottom.

Men of real sense and understanding prefer a prudent mediocrity to a precarious popularity; and, fearing to outdo their duty, leave it half done. Their discourses from the pulpit are generally dry, methodical, and unaffecting; delivered with the most insipid calmness; insomuch that, should the peaceful

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preacher lift his head over the cushion, which alone he seems to address, he might discover his audience, instead of being awakened to remorse, actually sleeping over his methodical and labored composition.

This method of preaching is, however, by some called an address to reason, and not to the passions; this is styled the making of converts from conviction: but such are indifferently acquainted with human nature who are not sensible that men seldom reason about their debaucheries till they are committed. Reason is but a weak antagonist when headlong passion dictates. In all such cases we should arm one passion against another: it is with the human mind as in nature, from the mixture of two opposites the result is most frequently neutral tranquillity. Those who attempt to reason us out of our follies begin at the wrong end, since the attempt naturally presupposes us capable of reason; but to be made capable of this is one great point of the cure.

There are but few talents requisite to become a popular preacher, for the people are easily pleased if they perceive any endeavors in the orator to please them; the meanest qualifications will work this effect, if the preacher sincerely sets about it. Perhaps little, indeed very little, more is required than sincerity and assurance; and a becoming sincerity is always certain of producing a becoming assurance. "Si vis me flere, dolendum est primum tibi ipsi," is so trite a quotation that it almost demands an apology to repeat it; yet, though all allow the justice of the remark, how few do we find put it in practice! Our orators, with the most faulty bashfulness, seem impressed rather with an awe of their audience than with a just respect for the truths they are about to deliver; they, of all professions, seem the most bashful who have the greatest right to glory in their commission.

The French preachers generally assume all that dignity which becomes men who are ambassadors from Christ: the English divines, like erroneous envoys, seem more solicitous not to offend the court to which they are sent than to drive home the interests of their employer. The Bishop of Massillon, in the first sermon he ever preached, found the whole au-

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dience, upon his getting into the pulpit, in a disposition no way favorable to his intentions; their nods, whispers, or drowsy behavior showed him that there was no great profit to be expected from his sowing in a soil so improper. However, he soon changed the disposition of his audience by his manner of beginning: "If," says he, "a cause, the most important that could be conceived, were to be tried at the bar before qualified judges; if this cause interested ourselves in particular; if the eyes of the whole kingdom were fixed upon the event; if the most eminent counsel were employed on both sides; and if we had heard from our infancy, of this yet undetermined trial—would you not all sit with due attention, and warm expectation, to the pleadings on each side? Would not all your hopes and fears be hinged upon the final decision? And yet, let me tell you, you have this moment a cause of much greater importance before you; a cause where not one nation, but all the world, are spectators; tried not before a fallible tribunal, but the awful throne of Heaven, where not your temporal and transitory interests are the subject of debate, but your eternal happiness or misery; where the cause is still undetermined; but, perhaps, the very moment I am speaking may fix the irrevocable decree that shall last forever: and yet, notwithstanding all this, you can hardly sit with patience to hear the tidings of your own salvation. I plead the cause of Heaven, and yet I am scarcely attended to," etc.

The style, the abruptness of a beginning like this, in the closet would appear absurd; but in the pulpit it is attended with the most lasting impressions: that style which, in the closet, might justly be called flimsy seems the true mode of eloquence here. I never read a fine composition under the title of sermon that I do not think the author has miscalled his piece; for the talents to be used in writing well entirely differ from those of speaking well. The qualifications for speaking, as has been already observed, are easily acquired; they are accomplishments which may be taken up by every candidate who will be at the pains of stooping. Impressed with a sense of the truths he is about to deliver, a preacher

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disregards the applause or the contempt of his audience, and he insensibly assumes a just and manly sincerity. With this talent alone we see what crowds are drawn around enthusiasts, even destitute of common-sense; what numbers converted to Christianity? Folly may sometimes set an example for wisdom to practise, and our regular divines may borrow instruction from even Methodists, who go their circuits and preach prizes among the populace. Even Whitefield may be placed as a model to some of our young divines: let them join to their own good-sense his earnest manner of delivery.

It will be perhaps objected that by confining the excellences of a preacher to proper assurance, earnestness, and openness of style I make the qualifications too trifling for estimation: there will be something called oratory brought up on this occasion; action, attitude, grace, elocution, may be repeated as absolutely necessary to complete the character. But let us not be deceived; common-sense is seldom swayed by fine tones, musical periods, just attitudes, or the display of a white handkerchief; oratorial behavior, except in very able hands indeed, generally sinks into awkward and paltry affectation.

It must be observed, however, that these rules are calculated only for him who would instruct the vulgar, who stand in most need of instruction; to address philosophers, and to obtain the character of a polite preacher among the polite—a much more useless though more sought-for character—requires a different method of proceeding. All I shall observe on this head is to entreat the polemic divine, in his controversy with the deists, to act rather offensively than to defend; to push home the grounds of his belief and the impracticability of theirs, rather than to spend time in solving the objections of every opponent. "It is ten to one," says a late writer on the art of war,[1] "but that the assailant who attacks the enemy in his trenches is always victorious."

Yet, upon the whole, our clergy might employ themselves

[1] Comte de Saxe. See Goldsmith's review in Vol. IV. of "Les Rêveries sur l'Art de la Guerre du Comte de Saxe."

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more to the benefit of society by declining all controversy than by exhibiting even the profoundest skill in polemic disputes. Their contests with each other often turn on speculative trifles; and their disputes with the deists are almost at an end, since they can have no more than victory, and that they are already possessed of, as their antagonists have been driven into a confession of the necessity of revelation, or an open avowal of theism. To continue the dispute longer would only endanger it; the sceptic is ever expert at puzzling a debate which he finds himself unable to continue, and, like an Olympic boxer, generally fights best when undermost.

ESSAY XVIII.[1]

ON THE ADVANTAGES TO BE DERIVED FROM SENDING A JUDICIOUS TRAVELLER INTO ASIA.

I HAVE frequently been amazed at the ignorance of almost all the European travellers who have penetrated any considerable way eastward into Asia. They have all been influenced either by motives of commerce or piety; and their accounts are such as might reasonably be expected from men of a very narrow or very prejudiced education, the dictates of superstition, or the result of ignorance. Is it not surprising that of such a variety of adventurers, not one single philosopher should be found among the number? For as to the travels of Gemelli, the learned are long agreed that the whole is but an imposture.

There is scarce any country, how rude or uncultivated soever, where the inhabitants are not possessed of some peculiar secrets either in nature or art, which might be transplanted with success. Thus, for instance, in Siberian Tartary, the natives extract a strong spirit from milk, which is a secret probably unknown to the chemists of Europe. In the most savage parts of India, they are possessed of the secret of dye-

[1] Also Letter CVIII. of "The Citizen of the World." See also Forster's Goldsmith, i. p. 314.

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ing vegetable substances scarlet, and likewise that of refining lead into a metal which, for hardness and color, is little inferior to silver; not one of which secrets but would in Europe make a man's fortune. The power of the Asiatics in producing winds or bringing down rain the Europeans are apt to treat as fabulous, because they have no instances of the like nature among themselves; but they would have treated the secrets of gunpowder and the mariner's compass in the same manner had they been told the Chinese used such arts before the invention was common with themselves at home.

Of all the English philosophers, I most reverence Bacon, that great and hardy genius: he it is who, undaunted by the seeming difficulties that oppose, prompts human curiosity to examine every part of nature, and even exhorts man to try whether he cannot subject the tempest, the thunder, and even earthquakes to human control. Oh, had a man of his daring spirit, of his genius, penetration, and learning travelled to those countries which have been visited only by the superstitious and mercenary, what might not mankind expect! How would he enlighten the regions to which he travelled! and what a variety of knowledge and useful improvement would he not bring back in exchange!

There is, probably, no country so barbarous that would not disclose all it knew, if it received equivalent information; and I am apt to think that a person who was ready to give more knowledge than he received would be welcome wherever he came. All his care in travelling should only be to suit his intellectual banquet to the people with whom he conversed; he should not attempt to teach the unlettered Tartar astronomy, nor yet instruct the polite Chinese in the arts of subsistence; he should endeavor to improve the barbarian in the secrets of living comfortably, and the inhabitant of a more refined country in the speculative pleasures of science. How much more nobly would a philosopher thus employed spend his time than by sitting at home, earnestly intent upon adding one star more to his catalogue or one monster more to his collection; or still, if possible, more triflingly sedu-

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lous in the incatenation of fleas or the sculpture of cherry-stones![1]

I never consider this subject without being surprised that none of those societies so laudably established in England for the promotion of arts and learning have ever thought of sending one of their members into the most eastern parts of Asia to make what discoveries he was able. To be convinced of the utility of such an undertaking, let them but read the relations of their own travellers. It will there be found that they are as often deceived themselves as they attempt to deceive others. The merchants tell us, perhaps, the price of different commodities, the methods of baling them up, and the properest manner for an European to preserve his health in the country. The missioner, on the other hand, informs us with what pleasure the country to which he was sent embraced Christianity, and the numbers he converted; what methods he took to keep Lent in a region where there was no fish, or the shifts he made to celebrate the rites of his religion in places where there was neither bread nor wine! Such accounts, with the usual appendage of marriages and funerals, inscriptions, rivers, and mountains, make up the whole of an European traveller's diary; but as to all the secrets of which the inhabitants are possessed, those are universally attributed to magic; and when the traveller can give no other account of the wonders he sees performed, he very contentedly ascribes them to the devil.

It was an usual observation of Boyle, the English chemist, that if every artist would but discover what new observations occurred to him in the exercise of his trade, philosophy would thence gain innumerable improvements. It may be observed, with still greater justice, that if the useful knowledge of every country, howsoever barbarous, was gleaned by a judicious observer, the advantages would be inestimable. Are there not even in Europe many useful inventions known or practised

[1] "Mrs. Kennicott related in his presence a lively saying of Dr. Johnson to Miss Hannah More, who had expressed a wonder that the poet who had written 'Paradise Lost' should write such poor sonnets: 'Milton, madam, was a genius that could cut a colossus from a rock, but could not carve heads upon cherry-stones.'" —Boswell by Croker, p. 765.

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but in one place? Their instrument, as an example, for cutting down corn in Germany is much more handy and expeditious, in my opinion, than the sickle used in England. The cheap and expeditious manner of making vinegar without previous fermentation is known only in a part of France. If such discoveries, therefore, remain still to be known at home, what funds of knowledge might not be collected in countries yet unexplored, or only passed through by ignorant travellers in hasty caravans!

The caution with which foreigners are received in Asia may be alleged as an objection to such a design. But how readily have several European merchants found admission into regions the most suspicious, under the character of *sanjapins*, or Northern pilgrims! To such not even China itself denies access.

To send out a traveller properly qualified for these purposes might be an object of national concern; it would, in some measure, repair the breaches made by ambition, and might show that there were still some who boasted a greater name than that of patriots, who professed themselves lovers of men. The only difficulty would remain in choosing a proper person for so arduous an enterprise. He should be a man of a philosophical turn, one apt to deduce consequences of general utility from particular occurrences; neither swollen with pride nor hardened by prejudice; neither wedded to one particular system nor instructed only in one particular science; neither wholly a botanist nor quite an antiquarian. His mind should be tinctured with miscellaneous knowledge, and his manners humanized by an intercourse with men. He should be, in some measure, an enthusiast to the design; fond of travelling, from a rapid imagination and an innate love of change; furnished with a body capable of sustaining every fatigue, and a heart not easily terrified at danger.

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ESSAY XIX.

A REVERIE AT THE BOAR'S HEAD TAVERN IN EASTCHEAP.

The improvements we make in mental acquirements only render us each day more sensible of the defects of our constitution; with this in view, therefore, let us often recur to the amusements of youth, endeavor to forget age and wisdom, and, as far as innocence goes, be as much a boy as the best of them.

Let idle declaimers mourn over the degeneracy of the age, but, in my opinion, every age is the same. This I am sure of, that man, in every season, is a poor, fretful being, with no other means to escape the calamities of the times but by endeavoring to forget them; for, if he attempts to resist, he is certainly undone. If I feel poverty and pain, I am not so hardy as to quarrel with the executioner, even while under correction; I find myself no way disposed to make fine speeches while I am making wry faces. In a word, let me drink when the fit is on to make me insensible; and drink when it is over, for joy that I feel pain no longer.

The character of old Falstaff, even with all his faults, gives me more consolation than the most studied efforts of wisdom. I here behold an agreeable old fellow, forgetting age, and showing me the way to be young at sixty-five. Sure I am well able to be as merry, though not so comical, as he. Is it not in my power to have, though not so much wit, at least as much vivacity? Age, care, wisdom, reflection, be gone; I give you to the winds. Let's have t'other bottle: here's to the memory of Shakespeare, Falstaff, and all the merry men of Eastcheap.

Such were the reflections that naturally arose while I sat at the Boar's Head Tavern, still kept at Eastcheap. Here, by a pleasant fire, in the very room[1] where old Sir John Falstaff

[1] A sad mistake. The Boar's Head Tavern described by Shakespeare was destroyed in the great fire of 1666.

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cracked his jokes, in the very chair which was sometimes honored by Prince Henry and sometimes polluted by his immortal merry companions, I sat and ruminated on the follies of youth; wished to be young again, but was resolved to make the best of life while it lasted; and now and then compared past and present times together. I considered myself as the only living representative of the old knight, and transported my imagination back to the times when the prince and he gave life to the revel, and made even debauchery not disgusting. The room also conspired to throw my reflections back into antiquity; the oak floor, the Gothic windows, and the ponderous chimney-piece had long withstood the tooth of time. The watchman had gone twelve; my companions had all stolen off, and none now remained with me but the landlord. From him I could have wished to know the history of a tavern that had such a long succession of customers: I could not help thinking that an account of this kind would be a pleasing contrast of the manners of different ages; but my landlord could give me no information. He continued to doze and sot, and tell a tedious story, as most other landlords usually do; and, though he said nothing, yet was never silent. One good joke followed another good joke; and the best joke of all was generally begun towards the end of a bottle. I found at last, however, his wine and his conversation operate by degrees: he insensibly began to alter his appearance. His cravat seemed quilled into a ruff, and his breeches swelled out into a fardingale. I now fancied him changing sexes; and, as my eyes began to close in slumber, I imagined my fat landlord actually converted into as fat a landlady. However, sleep made but few changes in my situation: the tavern, the apartment, and the table continued as before; nothing suffered mutation but my host, who was fairly altered into a gentlewoman, whom I knew to be Dame Quickly, mistress of this tavern in the days of Sir John; and the liquor we were drinking seemed converted into sack and sugar.

"My dear Mrs. Quickly," cried I (for I knew her perfectly well at first sight), "I am heartily glad to see you. How have you left Falstaff, Pistol, and the rest of our friends below

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stairs? Brave and hearty, I hope?"—"In good sooth," replied she, "he did deserve to live forever; but he maketh foul work on't where he hath flitted. Queen Proserpine and he have quarrelled for his attempting a rape upon her divinity; and were it not that she still had bowels of compassion, it more than seems probable he might have been now sprawling in Tartarus."

I now found that spirits still preserve the frailties of the flesh; and that, according to the laws of criticism and dreaming, ghosts have been known to be guilty of even more than Platonic affection. Wherefore, as I found her too much moved on such a topic to proceed, I was resolved to change the subject; and, desiring she would pledge me in a bumper, observed, with a sigh, that our sack was nothing now to what it was in former days. "Ah, Mrs. Quickly, those were merry times when you drew sack for Prince Henry; men were twice as strong and twice as wise, and much braver, and ten thousand times more charitable than now. Those were the times! The battle of Agincourt was a victory indeed! Ever since that we have only been degenerating, and I have lived to see the day when drinking is no longer fashionable. When men wear clean shirts and women show their necks and arms, all are degenerated, Mrs. Quickly; and we shall probably, in another century, be frittered away into beaus or monkeys. Had you been on earth to see what I have seen, it would congeal all the blood in your body (your soul, I mean). Why, our very nobility now have the intolerable arrogance, in spite of what is every day remonstrated from the press—our very nobility, I say, have the assurance to frequent assemblies, and presume to be as merry as the vulgar. See, my very friends have scarce manhood enough to sit to it till eleven; and I only am left to make a night on't. Prithee do me the favor to console me a little for their absence by the story of your own adventures, or the history of the tavern where we are now sitting: I fancy the narrative may have something singular."

"Observe this apartment," interrupted my companion, "of neat device and excellent workmanship. In this room I have lived, child, woman, and ghost, more than three hundred

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years. I am ordered by Pluto to keep an annual register of every transaction that passed here; and I have whilom compiled three hundred tomes, which eftsoons may be submitted to thy regards."

"None of your whiloms or eftsoonses, Mrs. Quickly, if you please," I replied. "I know you can talk every whit as well as I can; for, as you have lived here so long, it is but natural to suppose you should learn the conversation of the company. Believe me, dame, at best, you have neither too much sense nor too much language to spare; so give me both as well as you can. But, first, my service to you: old women should water their clay a little now and then; and now to your story."

"The story of my own adventures," replied the vision, "is but short and unsatisfactory; for, believe me, Mr. Rigmarole, believe me, a woman with a butt of sack at her elbow is never long-lived. Sir John's death afflicted me to such a degree that I sincerely believe, to drown sorrow, I drank more liquor myself than I drew for my customers: my grief was sincere, and the sack was excellent. The prior of a neighboring convent (for our priors then had as much power as a Middlesex justice now)—he, I say, it was who gave me a license for keeping a disorderly house; upon condition that I should never make hard bargains with the clergy, that he should have a bottle of sack every morning, and the liberty of confessing which of my girls he thought proper in private every night. I had continued, for several years, to pay this tribute; and he, it must be confessed, continued as rigorously to exact it. I grew old insensibly; my customers continued, however, to compliment my looks while I was by, but I could hear them say I was wearing when my back was turned. The prior, however, still was constant, and so were half his convent; but one fatal morning he missed the usual beverage, for I had incautiously drank over night the last bottle myself. What will you have on't? The very next day Doll Tearsheet and I were sent to the house of correction, and accused of keeping a low bawdy-house. In short, we were so well purified there with stripes, mortification, and penance that we were afterwards utterly unfit for worldly conversation; though sack

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would have killed me, had I stuck to it, yet I soon died for want of a drop of something comfortable, and fairly left my body to the care of the beadle.

"Such is my own history; but that of the tavern where I have ever since been stationed affords greater variety. In the history of this, which is one of the oldest in London, you may view the different manners, pleasures, and follies of men at different periods. You will find mankind neither better nor worse now than formerly: the vices of an uncivilized people are generally more detestable though not so frequent as those in polite society. It is the same luxury which formerly stuffed your alderman with plum-porridge, and now crams him with turtle. It is the same low ambition that formerly induced a courtier to give up his religion to please his king, and now persuades him to give up his conscience to please his minister. It is the same vanity that formerly stained our ladies' cheeks and necks with woad and now paints them with carmine. Your ancient Briton formerly powdered his hair with red earth, like brick-dust, in order to appear frightful; your modern Briton cuts his hair on the crown and plasters it with hog's-lard and flour, and this to make him look killing. It is the same vanity, the same folly, and the same vice, only appearing different as viewed through the glass of fashion. In a word, all mankind are—"

"Sure the woman is dreaming," interrupted I. "None of your reflections, Mrs. Quickly, if you love me; they only give me the spleen. Tell me your history at once. I love stories, but hate reasoning."

"If you please, then, sir," returned my companion, "I'll read you an abstract which I made of the three hundred volumes I mentioned just now.

"My body was no sooner laid in the dust than the prior and several of his convent came to purify the tavern from the pollutions with which they said I had filled it. Masses were said in every room, relics were exposed upon every piece of furniture, and the whole house washed with a deluge of holy-water. My habitation was soon converted into a monastery; instead of customers now applying for sack and sugar, my

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rooms were crowded with images, relics, saints, whores, and friars. Instead of being a scene of occasional debauchery, it was now filled with continual lewdness. The prior led the fashion, and the whole convent imitated his pious example. Matrons came hither to confess their sins and to commit new. Virgins came hither who seldom went virgins away. Nor was this a convent peculiarly wicked; every convent at that period was equally fond of pleasure, and gave a boundless loose to appetite. The laws allowed it; each priest had a right to a favorite companion, and a power of discarding her as often as he pleased. The laity grumbled, quarrelled with their wives and daughters, hated their confessors, and maintained them in opulence and ease. These, these were happy times, Mr. Rigmarole; these were times of piety, bravery, and simplicity!"—"Not so very happy, neither, good madam; pretty much like the present: those that labor starve, and those that do nothing wear fine clothes and live in luxury."

"In this manner the fathers lived for some years without molestation; they transgressed, confessed themselves to each other, and were forgiven. One evening, however, our prior keeping a lady of distinction somewhat too long at confession, her husband unexpectedly came upon them, and testified all the indignation which was natural upon such an occasion. The prior assured the gentleman that it was the devil who had put it into his heart; and the lady was very certain that she was under the influence of magic, or she could never have behaved in so unfaithful a manner. The husband, however, was not to be put off by such evasions, but summoned both before the tribunal of justice. His proofs were flagrant, and he expected large damages. Such, indeed, he had a right to expect, were the tribunals of those days constituted in the same manner as they are now. The cause of the priest was to be tried before an assembly of priests; and a layman was to expect redress only from their impartiality and candor. What plea, then, do you think the prior made to obviate this accusation? He denied the fact, and challenged the plaintiff to try the merits of their cause by single combat. It was a

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little hard, you may be sure, upon the poor gentleman, not only to be made a cuckold, but to be obliged to fight a duel into the bargain; yet such was the justice of the times. The prior threw down his glove, and the injured husband was obliged to take it up, in token of his accepting the challenge. Upon this, the priest supplied his champion, for it was not lawful for the clergy to fight; and the defendant and plaintiff, according to custom, were put in prison; both ordered to fast and pray, every method being previously used to induce both to a confession of the truth. After a month's imprisonment, the hair of each was cut, the bodies anointed with oil, the field of battle appointed and guarded by soldiers, while his majesty presided over the whole in person. Both the champions were sworn not to seek victory either by fraud or magic. They prayed and confessed upon their knees; and after these ceremonies the rest was left to the courage and conduct of the combatants. As the champion whom the prior had pitched upon had fought six or eight times upon similar occasions, it was noway extraordinary to find him victorious in the present combat. In short, the husband was discomfited; he was taken from the field of battle, stripped to his shirt, and after one of his legs had been cut off, as justice ordained in such cases, he was hanged as a terror to future offenders. These, these were the times, Mr. Rigmarole; you see how much more just and wise and valiant our ancestors were than us."—"I rather fancy, madam, that the times then were pretty much like our own; where a multiplicity of laws give a judge as much power as a want of law; since he is ever sure to find among the number some to countenance his partiality."

"Our convent, victorious over their enemies, now gave a loose to every demonstration of joy. The lady became a nun, the prior was made a bishop, and three Wickliffites were burned in the illuminations and fire-works that were made on the present occasion. Our convent now began to enjoy a very high degree of reputation. There was not one in London that had the character of hating heretics so much as ours. Ladies of the first distinction chose from our convent their confessors; in short, it flourished, and might have flourished to this

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hour, but for a fatal accident which terminated in its overthrow. The lady whom the prior had placed in a nunnery, and whom he continued to visit for some time with great punctuality, began at last to perceive that she was quite forsaken. Secluded from conversation, as usual, she now entertained the visions of a devotee; found herself strangely disturbed, but hesitated in determining whether she was possessed by an angel or a demon. She was not long in suspense; for, upon vomiting a large quantity of crooked pins, and finding the palms of her hands turned outwards, she quickly concluded that she was possessed by the devil. She soon lost entirely the use of speech; and when she seemed to speak, everybody that was present perceived that her voice was not her own, but that of the devil within her. In short, she was bewitched; and all the difficulty lay in determining who it could be that bewitched her. The nuns and the monks all demanded the magician's name, but the devil made no reply, for he knew they had no authority to ask questions. By the rules of witchcraft, when an evil spirit has taken possession, he may refuse to answer any questions asked him, unless they are put by a bishop, and to these he is obliged to reply. A bishop therefore was sent for, and now the whole secret came out: the devil reluctantly owned that he was a servant of the prior, that by his command he resided in his present habitation, and that without his command he was resolved to keep in possession. The bishop was an able exorcist—he drove the devil out by force of mystical arms; the prior was arraigned for witchcraft, the witnesses were strong and numerous against him, not less than fourteen persons being by who heard the devil talk Latin. There was no resisting such a cloud of witnesses; the prior was condemned; and he who had assisted at so many burnings was burned himself in turn. These were times, Mr. Rigmarole; the people of those times were not infidels, as now, but sincere believers!"—"Equally faulty with ourselves, they believed what the devil was pleased to tell them; and we seem resolved, at last, to believe neither God nor devil."

"After such a stain upon the convent, it was not to be sup-

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posed it could subsist any longer; the fathers were ordered to decamp, and the house was once again converted into a tavern. The king conferred it on one of his cast-off mistresses; she was constituted landlady by royal authority; and, as the tavern was in the neighborhood of the court, and the mistress a very polite woman, it began to have more business than ever, and sometimes took not less than four shillings a day.

"But perhaps you are desirous of knowing what were the peculiar qualifications of women of fashion at that period; and in a description of the present landlady you will have a tolerable idea of all the rest. This lady was the daughter of a nobleman, and received such an education in the country as became her quality, beauty, and great expectations. She could make shifts and hose for herself and all the servants of the family when she was twelve years old. She knew the names of the four-and-twenty letters, so that it was impossible to bewitch her; and this was a greater piece of learning than any lady in the whole country could pretend to. She was always up early, and saw breakfast served in the great hall by six o'clock. At this scene of festivity she generally improved good-humor by telling her dreams, relating stories of spirits, several of which she herself had seen, and one of which she was reported to have killed with a black-hafted knife. From hence she usually went to make pastry in the larder, and here she was followed by her sweethearts, who were much helped on in conversation by struggling with her for kisses. About ten, miss generally went to play at hot-cockles and blindman's-buff in the parlor; and when the young folks (for they seldom played at hot-cockles when grown old) were tired of such amusements, the gentlemen entertained miss with the history of their greyhounds, bear-baitings, and victories at cudgel-playing. If the weather was fine, they ran at the ring, shot at butts, while miss held in her hand a ribbon, with which she adorned the conqueror. Her mental qualifications were exactly fitted to her external accomplishments. Before she was fifteen she could tell the story of Jack the Giant-killer, could name every mountain that was inhabited by fairies, knew a

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witch at first sight, and could repeat four Latin prayers without a prompter. Her dress was perfectly fashionable; her arms and her hair were completely covered; a monstrous ruff was put round her neck, so that her head seemed like that of John the Baptist placed in a charger. In short, when completely equipped, her appearance was so very modest that she discovered little more than her nose. These were the times, Mr. Rigmarole, when every lady that had a good nose might set up for a beauty; when every woman that could tell stories might be cried up for a wit."—"I am as much displeased at those dresses which conceal too much as at those which discover too much: I am equally an enemy to a female dunce or a female pedant."

"You may be sure that miss chose a husband with qualifications resembling her own; she pitched upon a courtier, equally remarkable for hunting and drinking, who had given several proofs of his great virility among the daughters of his tenants and domestics. They fell in love at first sight (for such was the gallantry of the times), were married, came to court, and madam appeared with superior qualifications. The king was struck with her beauty. All property was at the king's command; the husband was obliged to resign all pretensions in his wife to the sovereign whom God had anointed to commit adultery where he thought proper. The king loved her for some time; but, at length repenting of his misdeeds, and instigated by his father-confessor, from a principle of conscience removed her from his levee to the bar of this tavern, and took a new mistress in her stead. Let it not surprise you to behold the mistress of a king degraded to so humble an office. As the ladies had no mental accomplishments, a good face was enough to raise them to the royal couch; and she who was this day a royal mistress might the next, when her beauty palled upon enjoyment, be doomed to infamy and want.

"Under the care of this lady, the tavern grew into great reputation. The courtiers had not yet learned to game, but they paid it off by drinking: drunkenness is ever the vice of a barbarous and gaming of a luxurious age. They had not such

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frequent entertainments as the moderns have, but were more expensive and more luxurious in those they had. All their fooleries were more elaborate, and more admired by the great and the vulgar than now. A courtier has been known to spend his whole fortune at a single feast, a king to mortgage his dominions to furnish out the frippery of a tournament. There were certain days appointed for riot and debauchery, and to be sober at such times was reputed a crime. Kings themselves set the example; and I have seen monarchs in this room drunk before the entertainment was half concluded. These were the times, sir, when kings kept mistresses and got drunk in public; they were too plain and simple in those happy times to hide their vices and act the hypocrite, as now."—"Lord! Mrs. Quickly," interrupting her, "I expected to have heard a story, and here you are going to tell me I know not what of times and vices; prithee let me entreat thee once more to waive reflections and give thy history without deviation."

"No lady upon earth," continued my visionary correspondent, "knew how to put off her damaged wine or women with more art than she. When these grew flat or those paltry, it was but changing the names; the wine became excellent, and the girls agreeable. She was also possessed of the engaging leer, the chuck under the chin, winked at a *double-entendre*, could nick the opportunity of calling for something comfortable, and perfectly understood the discreet moments when to withdraw. The gallants of those times pretty much resembled the bloods of ours; they were fond of pleasure, but quite ignorant of the art of refining upon it: thus a court-bawd of those times resembled the common low-lived harridan of a modern bagnio. Witness, ye powers of debauchery, how often I have been present at the various appearances of drunkenness, riot, guilt, and brutality! A tavern is a true picture of human infirmity; in history we find only one side of the age exhibited to our view, but in the accounts of a tavern we see every age equally absurd and equally vicious.

"Upon this lady's decease, the tavern was successively occupied by adventurers, bullies, pimps, and gamesters. Towards

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the conclusion of the reign of Henry VII. gaming was more universally practised in England than even now. Kings themselves have been known to play off at primero not only all the money and jewels they could part with, but the very images in churches. The last Henry played away, in this very room, not only the four great bells of St. Paul's Cathedral, but the fine image of St. Paul which stood upon the top of the spire, to Sir Miles Partridge, who took them down the next day and sold them by auction. Have you, then, any cause to regret being born in the times you now live? or do you still believe that human nature continues to run on declining every age? If we observe the actions of the busy part of mankind, your ancestors will be found infinitely more gross, servile, and even dishonest than you. If, forsaking history, we only trace them in their hours of amusement and dissipation, we shall find them more sensual, more entirely devoted to pleasure, and infinitely more selfish.

"The last hostess of note I find upon record was Jane Rouse. She was born among the lower ranks of the people; and by frugality and extreme complaisance contrived to acquire a moderate fortune: this she might have enjoyed for many years had she not unfortunately quarrelled with one of her neighbors, a woman who was in high repute for sanctity through the whole parish. In the times of which I speak, two women seldom quarrelled that one did not accuse the other of witchcraft, and she who first contrived to vomit crooked pins was sure to come off victorious. The scandal of a modern tea-table differs widely from the scandal of former times: the fascination of a lady's eyes, at present, is regarded as a compliment; but if a lady, formerly, should be accused of having witchcraft in her eyes, it were much better, both for her soul and body, that she had no eyes at all.

"In short, Jane Rouse was accused of witchcraft; and though she made the best defence she could, it was all to no purpose; she was taken from her own bar to the bar of the Old Bailey, condemned, and executed accordingly. These were times, indeed! when even women could not scold in safety.

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"Since her time the tavern underwent several revolutions, according to the spirit of the times or the disposition of the reigning monarch. It was this day a brothel, and the next a conventicle for enthusiasts. It was one year noted for harboring Whigs, and the next infamous for a retreat to Tories. Some years ago it was in high vogue, but at present it seems declining. This only may be remarked in general, that, whenever taverns flourish most, the times are then most extravagant and luxurious."—"Lord, Mrs. Quickly," interrupted I, "you have really deceived me; I expected a romance, and here you have been this half-hour giving me only a description of the spirit of the times: if you have nothing but tedious remarks to communicate, seek some other hearer; I am determined to hearken only to stories."

I had scarce concluded when my eyes and ears seemed opened to my landlord, who had been all this while giving me an account of the repairs he had made in the house; and was now got into the story of the cracked glass in the dining-room.

ESSAY XX.[1]

ON QUACK DOCTORS.

WHATEVER may be the merits of the English in other sciences, they seem peculiarly excellent in the art of healing. There is scarcely a disorder incident to humanity against which our advertising doctors are not possessed with a most infallible antidote. The professors of other arts confess the inevitable intricacy of things; talk with doubt, and decide with hesitation. But doubting is entirely unknown in medicine; the advertising professors here delight in cases of difficulty: be the disorder never so desperate or radical, you will find numbers in every street who, by levelling a pill at the part affected, promise a certain cure without loss of time, knowledge of a bedfellow, or hindrance of business.

[1] Composed, in part, of Letters XXIV. and LXVIII. of "The Citizen of the World."

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When I consider the assiduity of this profession, their benevolence amazes me. They not only, in general, give their medicines for half value, but use the most persuasive remonstrances to induce the sick to come and be cured. Sure there must be something strangely obstinate in an English patient who refuses so much health upon such easy terms! Does he take a pride in being bloated with a dropsy? Does he find pleasure in the alternations of an intermittent fever? or feel as much satisfaction in nursing up his gout as he found pleasure in acquiring it? He must, otherwise he would never reject such repeated assurances of instant relief. What can be more convincing than the manner in which the sick are invited to be well? The doctor first begs the most earnest attention of the public to what he is going to propose; he solemnly affirms the pill was never found to want success; he produces a list of those who have been rescued from the grave by taking it. Yet, notwithstanding all this, there are many here who now and then think proper to be sick; only sick did I say? There are some who even think proper to die! Yes, by the head of Confucius, they die; though they might have purchased the health-restoring specific for half a crown at every corner.[1]

I can never enough admire the sagacity of this country for the encouragement given to the professors of this art; with what indulgence does she foster up those of her own growth, and kindly cherish those that come from abroad! Like a skilful gardener, she invites them from every foreign climate to herself. Here every great exotic strikes root as soon as imported, and feels the genial beam of favor; while the mighty metropolis, like one vast munificent dunghill, receives them indiscriminately to her breast, and supplies each with more than native nourishment.

In other countries, the physician pretends to cure disorders in the lump; the same doctor who combats the gout in the toe shall pretend to prescribe for a pain in the head; and he who at one time cures a consumption shall at another give

[1] What follows is part of Letter LXVIII. of "The Citizen of the World."

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drugs for a dropsy. How absurd and ridiculous! This is being a mere jack-of-all-trades. Is the animal machine less complicated than a brass pin? Not less than ten different hands are required to make a brass pin; and shall the body be set right by one single operator?

The English are sensible of the force of this reasoning: they have therefore one doctor for the eyes, another for the toes; they have their sciatica doctors and inoculating doctors; they have one doctor who is modestly content with securing them from bug bites, and five hundred who prescribe for the bite of mad dogs.

But as nothing pleases curiosity more than anecdotes of the great, however minute or trifling, I must present you, inadequate as my abilities are to the subject, with an account of one or two of those personages who lead in this honorable profession.

The first upon the list of glory is Doctor Richard Rock.[1] This great man is short of stature, is fat, and waddles as he walks. He always wears a white three-tailed wig, nicely combed and frizzled upon each cheek. Sometimes he carries a cane, but a hat never; it is indeed very remarkable that this extraordinary personage should never wear an hat, but so it is an hat he never wears. He is usually drawn, at the top of his own bills, sitting in his arm-chair, holding a little bottle between his finger and thumb, and surrounded with rotten teeth, nippers, pills, packets, and gallipots. No man can promise fairer or better than he; for, as he observes, "Be your disorder never so far gone, be under no uneasiness; make yourself quite easy; I can cure you."

The next in fame, though by some reckoned of equal pretensions, is Doctor Timothy Franks,[2] living in the Old Bailey. As Rock is remarkably squab, his great rival Franks is remarkably tall. He was born in the year of the Christian era 1692, and is, while I now write, exactly sixty-eight years, three months, and four days old. Age, however, has noways impaired his usual health and vivacity; I am told he generally

[1] The first edition adds "F.U.N."

[2] The first edition adds "F.O.G.H."

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walks with his breast open. This gentleman, who is of a mixed reputation, is particularly remarkable for a becoming assurance, which carries him gently through life; for, except Doctor Rock, none are more blessed with the advantage of face than Doctor Franks.

And yet the great have their foibles as well as the little. I am almost ashamed to mention it. Let the foibles of the great rest in peace. Yet I must impart the whole. These two great men are actually now at variance; like mere men, mere common mortals. Rock advises the world to beware of bog-trotting quacks; Franks retorts the wit and the sarcasm by fixing on his rival the odious appellation of Dumpling Dick. He calls the serious Doctor Rock, Dumpling Dick! What profanation! Dumpling Dick! What a pity that the learned, who were born mutually to assist in enlightening the world, should thus differ among themselves, and make even the profession ridiculous! Sure the world is wide enough, at least, for two great personages to figure in. Men of science should leave controversy to the little world below them; and then we might see Rock and Franks walking together, hand in hand, smiling onward to immortality.

ESSAY XXI.

ADVENTURES OF A STROLLING PLAYER.

I AM fond of amusement, in whatever company it is to be found; and wit, though dressed in rags, is ever pleasing to me. I went some days ago to take a walk in St. James's Park, about the hour in which company leave it to go to dinner. There were but few in the walks, and those who stayed seemed by their looks rather more willing to forget that they had an appetite than gain one. I sat down on one of the benches, at the other end of which was seated a man in very shabby clothes.

We continued to groan, to hem, and to cough, as usual upon such occasions; and, at last, ventured upon conversation. "I beg pardon, sir," cried I, "but I think I have seen you before;

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your face is familiar to me."—"Yes, sir," replied he, "I have a good familiar face, as my friends tell me. I am as well known in every town in England as the dromedary or live crocodile. You must understand, sir, that I have been these sixteen years Merry-Andrew to a puppet-show. Last Bartholomew Fair my master and I quarrelled, beat each other, and parted; he to sell his puppets to the pincushion-makers in Rosemary Lane,[1] and I to starve in St. James's Park."

"I am sorry, sir, that a person of your appearance should labor under any difficulties."—"Oh, sir," returned he, "my appearance is very much at your service; but though I cannot boast of eating much, yet there are few that are merrier. If I had twenty thousand a year, I should be very merry; and, thank the fates, though not worth a groat, I am very merry still. If I have threepence in my pocket, I never refuse to be my three-halfpence; and if I have no money, I never scorn to be treated by any that are kind enough to pay my reckoning. What think you, sir, of a steak and a tankard? You shall treat me now, and I will treat you again when I find you in the Park in love with eating, and without money to pay for a dinner."

As I never refuse a small expense for the sake of a merry companion, we instantly adjourned to a neighboring alehouse, and in a few moments had a frothing tankard and a smoking steak spread on the table before us. It is impossible to express how much the sight of such good cheer improved my companion's vivacity. "I like this dinner, sir," says he, "for three reasons: first, because I am naturally fond of beef; secondly, because I am hungry; and, thirdly and lastly, because I get it for nothing: no meat eats so sweet as that for which we do not pay."

He therefore now fell to, and his appetite seemed to correspond with his inclination. After dinner was over, he observed that the steak was tough; "and yet, sir," returns he, "bad as it was, it seemed a rump-steak to me. O the delights of poverty and a good appetite! We beggars are the very

[1] Or Rag Fair, in Whitechapel, where old clothes and frippery are sold.

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foundlings of nature; the rich she treats like an arrant step-mother: they are pleased with nothing. Cut a steak from what part you will, and it is insupportably tough; dress it up with pickles—even pickles cannot procure them an appetite. But the whole creation is filled with good things for the beggar; Calvert's butt[1] outtastes champagne, and Sedgeley's home-brewed excels tokay. Joy, joy, my blood! though our estates lie nowhere, we have fortunes wherever we go. If an inundation sweeps away half the grounds of Cornwall, I am content; I have no lands there. If the stocks sink, that gives me no uneasiness; I am no Jew." The fellow's vivacity, joined to his poverty, I own, raised my curiosity to know something of his life and circumstances, and I entreated that he would indulge my desire.—"That I will, sir," said he, "and welcome; only let us drink to prevent our sleeping. Let us have another tankard while we are awake; let us have another tankard; for, ah, how charming a tankard looks when full!

"You must know, then, that I am very well descended: my ancestors have made some noise in the world; for my mother cried oysters, and my father beat a drum. I am told we have even had some trumpeters in our family. Many a nobleman cannot show so respectful a genealogy; but that is neither here nor there. As I was their only child, my father designed to breed me up to his own employment, which was that of drummer to a puppet-show. Thus the whole employment of my younger years was that of interpreter to Punch and King Solomon in all his glory. But, though my father was very fond of instructing me in beating all the marches and points of war, I made no very great progress, because I naturally had no ear for music; so, at the age of fifteen, I went and listed for a soldier. As I had ever hated beating a drum, so I soon found that I disliked carrying a musket also; neither the one trade nor the other was to my taste, for I was by nature fond of being a gentleman. Besides, I was obliged to obey my captain; he has his will, I have mine, and you have yours. Now I very reasonably concluded that it was much

[1] He has already alluded in verse to "Calvert's butt." See Vol. I. p. 112.

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more comfortable for a man to obey his own will than another's.

"The life of a soldier soon, therefore, gave me the spleen. I asked leave to quit the service; but, as I was tall and strong, my captain thanked me for my kind intention, and said, because he had a regard for me, we should not part. I wrote to my father a very dismal, penitent letter, and desired that he would raise money to pay for my discharge; but the good man was as fond of drinking as I was (sir, my service to you), and those who are fond of drinking never pay for other people's discharges: in short, he never answered my letter. What could be done? If I have not money, said I to myself, to pay for my discharge, I must find an equivalent some other way; and that must be by running away. I deserted, and that answered my purpose every bit as well as if I had bought my discharge.

"Well, I was now fairly rid of my military employment; I sold my soldier's clothes, bought worse, and, in order not to be overtaken, took the most unfrequented roads possible. One evening, as I was entering a village, I perceived a man, whom I afterwards found to be the curate of the parish, thrown from his horse in a miry road, and almost smothered in the mud. He desired my assistance; I gave it, and drew him out with some difficulty. He thanked me for my trouble, and was going off; but I followed him home, for I loved always to have a man thank me at his own door. The curate asked an hundred questions; as whose son I was; from whence I came; and whether I would be faithful? I answered him greatly to his satisfaction, and gave myself one of the best characters in the world for sobriety (sir, I have the honor of drinking your health), discretion, and fidelity. To make a long story short, he wanted a servant, and hired me. With him I lived but two months; we did not much like each other. I was fond of eating, and he gave me but little to eat. I loved a pretty girl, and the old woman, my fellow-servant, was ill-natured and ugly. As they endeavored to starve me between them, I made a pious resolution to prevent their committing murder. I stole the eggs as soon as they were laid; I emptied

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every unfinished bottle that I could lay my hands on; whatever eatable came in my way was sure to disappear: in short, they found I would not do; so I was discharged one morning, and paid three shillings and sixpence for two months' wages.

"While my money was getting ready, I employed myself in making preparations for my departure. Two hens were hatching in an out-house; I went and habitually took the eggs, and, not to separate the parents from the children, I lodged hens and all in my knapsack. After this piece of frugality, I returned to receive my money, and, with my knapsack on my back and a staff in my hand, I bid adieu, with tears in my eyes, to my old benefactor. I had not gone far from the house, when I heard behind me the cry of stop thief! But this only increased my dispatch: it would have been foolish to stop, as I knew the voice could not be levelled at me. But hold, I think I passed those two months at the curate's without drinking. Come, the times are dry; and may this be my poison[1] if ever I spent two more pious, stupid months in all my life!

"Well, after travelling some days, whom should I light upon but a company of strolling players. The moment I saw them at a distance my heart warmed to them; I had a sort of natural love for everything of the vagabond order. They were employed in settling their baggage, which had been overturned in a narrow way; I offered my assistance, which they accepted; and we soon became so well acquainted that they took me as a servant. This was a paradise to me: they sung, danced, drank, ate, and travelled, all at the same time. By the blood of the Mirabels, I thought I had never lived till then! I grew as merry as a grig, and laughed at every word that was spoken. They liked me as much as I liked them. I was a very good figure, as you see; and, though I was poor, I was not modest.

"I love a straggling life above all things in the world; sometimes good, sometimes bad; to be warm to-day, and cold to-morrow; to eat when one can get it, and drink when (the

[1] "And, madam, quoth he, may this bit be my poison,
A prettier dinner I never set eyes on."—*The Haunch of Venison.*

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tankard is out) it stands before me.' We arrived that evening at Tenterden, and took a large room at the Greyhound, where we resolved to exhibit Romeo and Juliet, with the funeral procession, the grave and the garden scene. Romeo was to be performed by a gentleman from the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane; Juliet by a lady who had never appeared on any stage before; and I was to snuff the candles: all excellent in our way. We had figures enough, but the difficulty was to dress them. The same coat that served Romeo, turned with the blue lining outwards, served for his friend Mercutio; a large piece of crape sufficed at once for Juliet's petticoat and pall; a pestle and mortar from a neighboring apothecary's answered all the purposes of a bell; and our landlord's own family, wrapped in white sheets, served to fill up the procession. In short, there were but three figures among us that might be said to be dressed with any propriety: I mean the nurse, the starved apothecary and myself. Our performance gave universal satisfaction: the whole audience were enchanted with our powers, and Tenterden is a town of taste.[2]

"There is one rule by which a strolling player may be ever secure of success; that is, in our theatrical way of expressing it, to make a great deal of the character. To speak and act as in common life is not playing, nor is it what people come to see: natural speaking, like sweet wine, runs glibly over the

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[1] "Sad, happy race, soon rais'd and soon depress'd,
Your days all past in jeopardy and jest;
Poor without prudence, with afflictions vain,
Not warn'd by misery, not enrich'd by gain;
Whom justice pitying, chides from place to place;
A wandering, careless, wretched, merry race,
Who cheerful looks assume, and play the parts
Of happy rovers with repining hearts!
Then cast off care, and in the mimic pain
Of tragic woe feel spirits light and vain,
Distress and hope, the mind's, the body's wear,
The man's affliction and the actor's tear;
Alternate times of fasting and excess
Are yours, ye smiling children of distress."

CRABBE, *The Borough*, letter xii.

[2] "And Tenterden is a town of taste," added in second edition.

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palate, and scarce leaves any taste behind it; but being high in a part resembles vinegar, which grates upon the taste, and one feels it while he is drinking. To please in town or country, the way is, to cry, wring, cringe into attitudes, mark the emphasis, slap the pockets, and labor like one in the falling-sickness: that is the way to work for applause, that is the way to gain it.

"As we received much reputation for our skill on this first exhibition, it was but natural for me to ascribe part of the success to myself; I snuffed the candles, and, let me tell you, that, without a candle-snuffer, the piece would lose half its embellishments. In this manner we continued a fortnight, and drew tolerable houses; but the evening before our intended departure, we gave out our very best piece, in which all our strength was to be exerted. We had great expectations from this, and even doubled our prices, when, behold, one of the principal actors fell ill of a violent fever. This was a stroke like thunder to our little company: they were resolved to go in a body to scold the man for falling sick at so inconvenient a time, and that, too, of a disorder that threatened to be expensive; I seized the moment, and offered to act the part myself in his stead. The case was desperate; they accepted my offer; and I accordingly sat down, with the part in my hand and a tankard before me (sir, your health) and studied the character, which was to be rehearsed the next day and played soon after.

"I found my memory excessively helped by drinking; I learned my part with astonishing rapidity, and bid adieu to snuffing candles ever after. I found that nature had designed me for more noble employments, and I was resolved to take her when in the humor. We got together in order to rehearse, and I informed my companions, masters now no longer, of the surprising change I felt within me. 'Let the sick man,' said I, 'be under no uneasiness to get well again; I'll fill his place to universal satisfaction; he may even die if he thinks proper; I'll engage that he shall never be missed.' I rehearsed before them, strutted, ranted, and received applause. They soon gave out that a new actor of eminence

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was to appear, and immediately all the genteel places were bespoke. Before I ascended the stage, however, I concluded within myself that, as I brought money to the house, I ought to have my share in the profits. 'Gentlemen,' said I, addressing our company, 'I don't pretend to direct you; far be it from me to treat you with so much ingratitude. You have published my name in the bills with the utmost good-nature; and, as affairs stand, cannot act without me; so, gentlemen, to show you my gratitude, I expect to be paid for my acting as much as any of you, otherwise I declare off. I'll brandish my snuffers and clip candles as usual.' This was a very disagreeable proposal, but they found that it was impossible to refuse it; it was irresistible; it was adamant. They consented, and I went on in King Bajazet: my frowning brows bound with a stocking stuffed into a turban, while on my captived arms I brandished a jack-chain. Nature seemed to have fitted me for the part: I was tall, and had a loud voice; my very entrance excited universal applause; I looked round on the audience with a smile, and made a most low and graceful bow, for that is the rule among us. As it was a very passionate part, I invigorated my spirits with three full glasses (the tankard is almost out) of brandy. By Allah! it is almost inconceivable how I went through it. Tamerlane was but a fool to me; though he was sometimes loud enough too, yet I was still louder than he. But then, besides, I had attitudes in abundance: in general, I kept my arms folded up thus upon the pit of my stomach; it is the way at Drury Lane,[1] and has always a fine effect. The tankard would sink to the bottom before I could get through the whole of my merits; in short, I came off like a prodigy, and such was my success that I could ravish the laurels even from a sirloin of beef. The principal gentlemen and ladies of the town came to me, after the play was over, to compliment me upon my success: one praised my voice, another my person. 'Upon my word,' says the squire's lady, 'he will make one of the finest actors in

[1] This and other hits at Drury Lane were injurious to the early friendship—afterwards, I believe, firmly established—between Goldsmith and Garrick. See note on Inquiry, Vol. III. p. 69.

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Europe; I say it, and I think I am something of a judge.' Praise in the beginning is agreeable enough, and we receive it as a favor; but when it comes in great quantities we regard it only as a debt which nothing but our merit could extort: instead of thanking them, I internally applauded myself. We were desired to give our piece a second time; we obeyed, and I was applauded even more than before.

"At last we left the town, in order to be at a horse-race at some distance from thence. I shall never think of Tenterden without tears of gratitude and respect. The ladies and gentlemen there, take my word for it, are very good judges of plays and actors. Come, let us drink their healths, if you please, sir. We quitted the town, I say; and there was a wide difference between my coming in and going out: I entered the town a candle-snuffer, and I quitted it an hero! Such is the world; little to-day, and great to-morrow. I could say a great deal more upon that subject, something truly sublime, upon the ups and downs of fortune; but it would give us both the spleen, and so I shall pass it over.

"The races were ended before we arrived at the next town, which was no small disappointment to our company; however, we were resolved to take all we could get. I played capital characters there too, and came off with my usual brilliancy. I sincerely believe I should have been the first actor of Europe had my growing merit been properly cultivated; but there came an unkindly frost which nipped me in the bud, and levelled me once more down to the common standard of humanity. I played Sir Harry Wildair; all the country ladies were charmed; if I but drew out my snuffbox, the whole house was in a roar of rapture; when I exercised my cudgel, I thought they would have fallen into convulsions.

"There was here a lady who had received an education of nine months in London; and this gave her pretensions to taste which rendered her the indisputable mistress of the ceremonies wherever she came. She was informed of my merits; everybody praised me; yet she refused, at first, going to see me perform. She could not conceive, she said, anything but stuff from a stroller; talked something in praise of Gar-

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rick, and amazed the ladies with her skill in enunciations, tones, and cadences. She was at last, however, prevailed upon to go; and it was privately intimated to me what a judge was to be present at my next exhibition: however, noway intimidated, I came on in Sir Harry, one hand stuck in my breeches and the other in my bosom,[1] as usual at Drury Lane; but, instead of looking at me, I perceived the whole audience had their eyes turned upon the lady who had been nine months in London. From her they expected the decision which was to secure the general's truncheon in my hand, or sink me down into a theatrical letter-carrier. I opened my snuffbox, took snuff; the lady was solemn, and so were the rest; I broke my cudgel on Alderman Smuggler's[2] back; still gloomy, melancholy all; the lady groaned and shrugged her shoulders; I attempted, by laughing myself, to excite at least a smile, but the devil a cheek could I perceive wrinkled into sympathy. I found it would not do: all my good-humor now became forced; my laughter was converted into hysteric grinning; and, while I pretended spirits, my eye showed the agony of my heart. In short, the lady came with an intention to be displeased, and displeased she was. My fame expired; I am here, and—the tankard is no more!"

ESSAY XXII.[3]

RULES ENJOINED TO BE OBSERVED AT A RUSSIAN ASSEMBLY.

When Catharina Alexowna was made Empress of Russia, the women were in an actual state of bondage, but she undertook to introduce mixed assemblies, as in other parts of Europe; she altered the women's dress by substituting the fash-

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[1] "When, to enforce some very tender part,
The right hand sleeps by instinct on the heart;
His, soul of every other thought bereft,
Is anxious only where to place the left."—Churchill, *The Rosciad.*

[2] Alderman Smuggler (some may require to be told) is a character in "The Constant Couple; or, A Trip to the Jubilee," of which Sir Harry Wildair is the hero.

[3] From the *Ladies' Magazine.*

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ions of England; instead of furs, she brought in the use of taffeta and damask, and cornets and commodes instead of caps of sable. The women now found themselves no longer shut up in separate apartments, but saw company, visited each other, and were present at every entertainment.

But as the laws to this effect were directed to a savage people, it is amusing enough the manner in which the ordinances ran. Assemblies were quite unknown among them; the czarina was satisfied with introducing them, for she found it impossible to render them polite. An ordinance was therefore published according to their notions of breeding, which, as it is a curiosity, and has never been before printed that we know of, we shall give our readers.

"I. The person at whose house the assembly is to be kept shall signify the same by hanging out a bill, or by giving some other public notice, by way of advertisement, to persons of both sexes.

"II. The assembly shall not be open sooner than four or five o'clock in the afternoon, nor continue longer than ten at night.

"III. The master of the house shall not be obliged to meet his guests, or conduct them out, or keep them company; but though he is exempt from all this, he is to find them chairs, candles, liquors, and all other necessaries that company may ask for: he is likewise to provide them with cards, dice, and every necessary for gaming.

"IV. There shall be no fixed hour for coming or going away; it is enough for a person to appear in the assembly.

"V. Every one shall be free to sit, walk, or game, as he pleases; nor shall any one go about to hinder him, or take exceptions at what he does, upon pain of emptying the great eagle (a pint-bowl full of brandy): it shall likewise be sufficient, at entering or retiring, to salute the company.

"VI. Persons of distinction, noblemen, superior officers, merchants, and tradesmen of note, head-workmen, especially carpenters, and persons employed in chancery, are to have liberty to enter the assemblies; as likewise their wives and children.

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"VII. A particular place shall be assigned the footmen, except those of the house, that there may be room enough in the apartments designed for the assembly.

"VIII. No ladies are to get drunk upon any pretence whatsoever, nor shall gentlemen be drunk before nine.

"IX. Ladies who play at forfeitures, questions and commands, etc., shall not be riotous: no gentleman shall attempt to force a kiss, and no person shall offer to strike a woman in the assembly, under pain of future exclusion."

Such are the statutes upon this occasion, which, in their very appearance, carry an air of ridicule and satire. But politeness must enter every country by degrees; and these rules resemble the breeding of a clown, awkward but sincere.

ESSAY XXIII.[1]

THE GENIUS OF LOVE, AN EASTERN APOLOGUE.

The formalities, delays, and disappointments that precede a treaty of marriage here are usually as numerous as those previous to a treaty of peace. The laws of this country are finely calculated to promote all commerce but the commerce between the sexes. Their encouragements for propagating hemp, madder, and tobacco are indeed admirable! Marriages are the only commodity that meets with discouragement.

Yet, from the vernal softness of the air, the verdure of the fields, the transparency of the streams, and the beauty of the women, I know few countries more proper to invite to courtship. Here love might sport among painted lawns and warbling groves, and revel amidst gales, wafting at once both fragrance and harmony. Yet it seems he has forsaken the island; and when a couple are now to be married, mutual love, or an union of minds, is the last and most trifling consideration. If their goods and chattels can be brought to unite, their sympathetic souls are ever ready to guarantee the treaty. The gentleman's mortgaged lawn becomes enamoured

[1] Also (with verbal alterations) Letter CXIV. of "The Citizen of the World."

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of the lady's marriageable grove; the match is struck up, and both parties are piously in love—according to act of parliament.

Thus they who have fortune are possessed at least of something that is lovely; but I actually pity those who have none. I am told there was a time when ladies with no other merit but youth, virtue, and beauty had a chance for husbands, at least, amongst our clergymen and officers. The blush and innocence of sixteen was said to have a powerful influence over these two professions. But of late, all the little traffic of blushing, ogling, dimpling, and smiling has been forbidden by an act in that case wisely made and provided. A lady's whole cargo of smiles, sighs, and whispers is declared utterly contraband till she arrives in the warm latitudes of twenty-two, where commodities of this nature are too often found to decay. She is then permitted to dimple and smile, when the dimples begin to forsake her; and, when perhaps grown ugly, is charitably intrusted with an unlimited use of her charms. Her lovers, however, by this time have forsaken her; the captain has changed for another mistress; the priest himself leaves her in solitude to bewail her virginity, and she dies even without benefit of clergy.

Thus you find the Europeans discouraging love with as much earnestness as the rudest savage of Sofala. The genius is surely now no more. In every region there seem enemies in arms to oppress him. Avarice in Europe, jealousy in Persia, ceremony in China, poverty among the Tartars, and lust in Circassia, are all prepared to oppose his power. The genius is certainly banished from earth, though once adored under such a variety of forms. He is nowhere to be found; and all that the ladies of each country can produce are but a few trifling relics, as instances of his former residence and favor.

"The genius of love," says the Eastern apologue, "had long resided in the happy plains of Abra, where every breeze was health, and every sound produced tranquillity. His temple at first was crowded, but every age lessened the number of his votaries or cooled their devotion. Perceiving, therefore, his altars at length quite deserted, he was resolved to remove to

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some more propitious region; and he apprised the fair sex of every country where he could hope for a proper reception to assert their right to his presence among them. In return to this proclamation, embassies were sent from the ladies of every part of the world to invite him, and to display the superiority of their claims.

"And, first, the beauties of China appeared. No country could compare with them for modesty, either of look, dress, or behavior; their eyes were never lifted from the ground; their robes, of the most beautiful silk, hid their hands, bosom, and neck, while their faces only were left uncovered. They indulged no airs that might express loose desire, and they seemed to study only the graces of inanimate beauty. Their black teeth and plucked eyebrows were, however, alleged by the genius against them, but he set them entirely aside when he came to examine their little feet.

"The beauties of Circassia next made their appearance. They advanced, hand in hand, singing the most immodest airs, and leading up a dance in the most luxurious attitudes. Their dress was but half a covering; the neck, the left breast, and all the limbs were exposed to view; which, after some time, seemed rather to satiate than inflame desire. The lily and the rose contended in forming their complexions; and a soft sleepiness of eye added irresistible poignance to their charms. But their beauties were obtruded, not offered to their admirers: they seemed to give rather than receive courtship; and the genius of Love dismissed them as unworthy his regard, since they exchanged the duties of love, and made themselves not the pursued, but the pursuing, sex.

"The kingdom of Kashmire next produced its charming deputies. This happy region seemed peculiarly sequestered by nature for his abode. Shady mountains fenced it on one side from the scorching sun; and sea-born breezes, on the other, gave peculiar luxuriance to the air. Their complexions were of a bright yellow, that appeared almost transparent, while the crimson tulip seemed to blossom on their cheeks. Their features and limbs were delicate beyond the statuary's power to express; and their teeth whiter than their own ivory.

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He was almost persuaded to reside among them, when, unfortunately, one of the ladies talked of appointing his seraglio.

"In this procession the naked inhabitants of Southern America would not be left behind: their charms were found to surpass whatever the warmest imagination could conceive; and served to show that beauty could be perfect, even with the seeming disadvantage of a brown complexion. But their savage education rendered them utterly unqualified to make the proper use of their power, and they were rejected as being incapable of uniting mental with sensual satisfaction. In this manner the deputies of other kingdoms had their suits rejected: the black beauties of Benin, and the tawny daughters of Borneo; the women of Wida with scarred faces, and the hideous virgins of Caffraria; the squab ladies of Lapland, three feet high, and the giant fair ones of Patagonia.

"The beauties of Europe at last appeared: grace in their steps, and sensibility smiling in every eye. It was the universal opinion, while they were approaching, that they would prevail; and the genius seemed to lend them his most favorable attention. They opened their pretensions with the utmost modesty; but, unfortunately, as their orator proceeded, she happened to let fall the words House in town, Settlement, and Pin-money. These seemingly harmless terms had instantly a surprising effect: the genius, with ungovernable rage, burst from amidst the circle; and, waving his youthful pinions, left this earth, and flew back to those ethereal mansions from whence he descended.

"The whole assembly was struck with amazement: they now justly apprehended that female power would be no more, since love had forsaken them. They continued some time thus in a state of torpid despair, when it was proposed by one of the number that, since the real genius of Love had left them, in order to continue their power they should set up an idol in his stead; and that the ladies of every country should furnish him with what each liked best. This proposal was instantly relished and agreed to. An idol of gold was formed by uniting the capricious gifts of all the assembly, though no way resembling the departed genius. The ladies

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of China furnished the monster with wings; those of Kashmire supplied him with horns; the dames of Europe clapped a purse in his hand; and the virgins of Congo furnished him with a tail. Since that time, all the vows addressed to Love are in reality paid to the idol; while, as in other false religions, the adoration seems most fervent where the heart is least sincere."

ESSAY XXIV.[1]

THE DISTRESSES OF A COMMON SOLDIER.

No observation is more common, and at the same time more true, than that one half of the world are ignorant how the other half lives. The misfortunes of the great are held up to engage our attention, are enlarged upon in tones of declamation, and the world is called upon to gaze at the noble sufferers: the great, under the pressure of calamity, are conscious of several others sympathizing with their distress, and have at once the comfort of admiration and pity.

There is nothing magnanimous in bearing misfortunes with fortitude when the whole world is looking on: men in such circumstances will act bravely even from motives of vanity. But he who, in the vale of obscurity, can brave adversity; who, without friends to encourage, acquaintances to pity, or even without hope to alleviate his misfortunes, can behave with tranquillity and indifference, is truly great; whether peasant or courtier, he deserves admiration, and should be held up for our imitation and respect.

While the slightest inconveniences of the great are magnified into calamities, while tragedy mouths out their sufferings in all the strains of eloquence, the miseries of the poor are entirely disregarded; and yet some of the lower ranks of people undergo more real hardships in one day than those of a more exalted station suffer in their whole lives. It is inconceivable what difficulties the meanest of our common sailors and soldiers endure without murmuring or regret, without

[1] From the *British Magazine*. Also Letter CXIX. of "The Citizen of the World." Compare opening paragraph of No. X. of Unacknowledged Essays.

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passionately declaiming against Providence or calling their fellows to be gazers on their intrepidity. Every day is to them a day of misery, and yet they entertain their hard fate without repining.

With what indignation do I hear an Ovid, a Cicero, or a Rabutin complain of their misfortunes and hardships, whose greatest calamity was that of being unable to visit a certain spot of earth to which they had foolishly attached an idea of happiness! Their distresses were pleasures compared to what many of the adventuring poor every day endure without murmuring. They ate, drank, and slept; they had slaves to attend them, and were sure of subsistence for life; while many of their fellow-creatures are obliged to wander, without a friend to comfort or assist them, and even without a shelter from the severity of the season.

I have been led into these reflections from accidentally meeting, some days ago, a poor fellow, whom I knew when a boy, dressed in a sailor's jacket, and begging at one of the outlets of the town, with a wooden leg. I knew him to have been honest and industrious when in the country, and was curious to learn what had reduced him to his present situation. Wherefore, after giving him what I thought proper, I desired to know the history of his life and misfortunes, and the manner in which he was reduced to his present distress. The disabled soldier, for such he was, though dressed in a sailor's habit, scratching his head, and leaning on his crutch, put himself into an attitude to comply with my request, and gave me his history as follows:

"As for my misfortunes, master, I can't pretend to have gone through any more than other folks; for, except the loss of my limb, and my being obliged to beg, I don't know any reason, thank Heaven, that I have to complain. There is Bill Tibbs, of our regiment, he has lost both his legs, and an eye to boot; but, thank Heaven, it is not so bad with me yet.

"I was born in Shropshire; my father was a laborer, and died when I was five years old; so I was put upon the parish. As he had been a wandering sort of a man, the parishioners were not able to tell to what parish I belonged, or where I was

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born; so they sent me to another parish, and that parish sent me to a third. I thought in my heart, they kept sending me about so long, that they would not let me be born in any parish at all; but, at last, however, they fixed me. I had some disposition to be a scholar, and was resolved, at least, to know my letters; but the master of the workhouse put me to business as soon as I was able to handle a mallet, and here I lived an easy kind of life for five years. I only wrought ten hours in the day, and had my meat and drink provided for my labor. It is true, I was not suffered to stir out of the house, for fear, as they said, I should run away. But what of that? I had the liberty of the whole house, and the yard before the door, and that was enough for me. I was then bound out to a farmer, where I was up both early and late; but I ate and drank well, and liked my business well enough, till he died, when I was obliged to provide for myself; so I was resolved to go and seek my fortune.

"In this manner I went from town to town, worked when I could get employment, and starved when I could get none; when, happening one day to go through a field belonging to a justice of peace, I spied a hare crossing the path just before me, and I believe the devil put it in my head to fling my stick at it. Well, what will you have on't? I killed the hare, and was bringing it away, when the justice himself met me: he called me a poacher and a villain; and, collaring me, desired I would give an account of myself. I fell upon my knees, begged his worship's pardon, and began to give a full account of all that I knew of my breed, seed, and generation. But, though I gave a very good account, the justice would not believe a syllable I had to say; so I was indicted at sessions, found guilty of being poor, and sent up to London to Newgate, in order to be transported as a vagabond.

"People may say this and that of being in jail; but, for my part, I found Newgate as agreeable a place as ever I was in all my life. I had my bellyful to eat and drink, and did no work at all. This kind of life was too good to last forever; so I was taken out of prison after five months, put on board a ship, and sent off, with two hundred more, to the plantations.

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We had but an indifferent passage, for, being all confined in the hold, more than a hundred of our people died for want of sweet air; and those that remained were sickly enough, God knows. When we came ashore we were sold to the planters, and I was bound for seven years more. As I was no scholar, for I did not know my letters, I was obliged to work among the negroes; and I served out my time as in duty bound to do.

"When my time was expired, I worked my passage home, and glad I was to see Old England again, because I loved my country. I was afraid, however, that I should be indicted for a vagabond once more, so did not much care to go down into the country, but kept about the town, and did little jobs when I could get them.

"I was very happy in this manner for some time, till one evening, coming home from work, two men knocked me down, and then desired me to stand. They belonged to a press-gang. I was carried before the justice, and, as I could give no account of myself, I had my choice left, whether to go on board a man-of-war or list for a soldier. I chose the latter; and in this post of a gentleman I served two campaigns in Flanders, was at the battles of Val and Fontenoy, and received but one wound, through the breast here; but the doctor of our regiment soon made me well again.

"When the peace came on, I was discharged, and, as I could not work because my wound was sometimes troublesome, I listed for a landman in the East India Company's service. I here fought the French in six pitched battles, and I verily believe that, if I could read or write, our captain would have made me a corporal. But it was not my good-fortune to have any promotion, for I soon fell sick, and so got leave to return home again, with forty pounds in my pocket. This was at the beginning of the present war, and I hoped to be set on shore, and to have the pleasure of spending my money; but the government wanted men, and so I was pressed for a sailor before ever I could set foot on shore.

"The boatswain found me, as he said, an obstinate fellow: he swore he knew that I understood my business well, but

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that I shammed Abraham,[1] to be idle; but, God knows, I knew nothing of sea-business, and he beat me without considering what he was about. I had still, however, my forty pounds, and that was some comfort to me under every beating; and the money I might have had to this day but that our ship was taken by the French, and so I lost all.

"Our crew was carried into Brest, and many of them died, because they were not used to live in a jail; but, for my part, it was nothing to me, for I was seasoned. One night, as I was sleeping on the bed of boards, with a warm blanket about me, for I always loved to lie well, I was awakened by the boatswain, who had a dark lantern in his hand. 'Jack,' says he to me, 'will you knock out the French sentry's brains?'—'I don't care,' says I, striving to keep myself awake, 'if I lend a hand.'—'Then follow me,' says he, 'and I hope we shall do business.' So up I got, and tied my blanket, which was all the clothes I had, about my middle, and went with him to fight the Frenchmen. I hate the French, because they are all slaves and wear wooden shoes.[2]

"Though we had no arms, one Englishman is able to beat five French at any time; so we went down to the door, where both the sentries were posted, and, rushing upon them, seized their arms in a moment, and knocked them down. From thence nine of us ran together to the quay, and, seizing the first boat we met, got out of the harbor and put to sea. We had not been here three days before we were taken up by the Dorset privateer, who were glad of so many good hands, and we consented to run our chance. However, we had not as much luck as we expected. In three days we fell in with the Pompadour privateer, of forty guns, while we had but twenty-three; so to it we went, yard-arm and yard-arm. The fight lasted for three hours, and I verily believe we should have taken the Frenchman had we but had some more men left behind; but, unfortunately, we lost all our men just as we were going to get the victory.

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[1] See note, Vol. IV. p. 255.

[2] "Who holds dragoons and wooden shoes in scorn."
POPE, *Prologue for Dennis.*

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"I was once more in the power of the French, and I believe it would have gone hard with me had I been brought back to Brest; but, by good-fortune, we were retaken by the Viper. I had almost forgot to tell you that in that engagement I was wounded in two places: I lost four fingers of the left hand, and my leg was shot off. If I had had the good-fortune to have lost my leg and use of my hand on board a king's ship, and not aboard a privateer, I should have been entitled to clothing and maintenance during the rest of my life; but that was not my chance: one man is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle. However, blessed be God! I enjoy good health, and will forever love liberty and Old England. Liberty, property, and Old England forever—huzza!"

Thus saying, he limped off, leaving me in admiration at his intrepidity and content; nor could I avoid acknowledging that an habitual acquaintance with misery serves better than philosophy to teach us to despise it.

ESSAY XXV.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY THE ORDINARY OF NEWGATE.

MAN is a most frail being, incapable of directing his steps, unacquainted with what is to happen in this life; and perhaps no man is a more manifest instance of the truth of this maxim than Mr. The. Cibber, just now gone out of the world.[1] Such a variety of turns of fortune, yet such a persevering uniformity of conduct, appears in all that happened in his short span that the whole may be looked upon as one regular confusion: every action of his life was matter of wonder and surprise, and his death was an astonishment.

This gentleman was born of creditable parents, who gave him a very good education and a great deal of good learning,

[1] Theophilus Cibber, the son of Colley, and husband of the famous actress Susannah Cibber (see p. 42), was born in the great storm of 1703, and was lost at sea in 1758, while crossing from Chester to Dublin. He was a sad rogue, almost equally destitute of either virtue or talent.

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so that he could read and write before he was sixteen. However, he early discovered an inclination to follow lewd courses. He refused to take the advice of his parents, and pursued the bent of his inclination: he played at cards on Sundays, called himself a gentleman; fell out with his mother and laundress; and, even in these early days, his father was frequently heard to observe that young The.—would be hanged.

As he advanced in years he grew more fond of pleasure; would eat an ortolan for dinner, though he begged the guinea that bought it; and was once known to give three pounds for a plate of green pease, which he had collected overnight as charity for a friend in distress. He ran into debt with everybody that would trust him, and none could build a sconce better than he; so that, at last, his creditors swore with one accord that The.—would be hanged.

But as getting into debt by a man who had no visible means but impudence for subsistence is a thing that every reader is not acquainted with, I must explain that point a little, and that to his satisfaction.

There are three ways of getting into debt—first, by pushing a face, as thus: "You, Mr. Lutestring, send me home six yards of that paduasoy, damme; but, harkee, don't think I ever intend to pay you for it, damme." At this the mercer laughs heartily, cuts off the paduasoy and sends it home; nor is he, till too late, surprised to find the gentleman had said nothing but truth, and kept his word.

The second method of running into debt is called fineering, which is getting goods made up in such a fashion as to be unfit for every other purchaser; and, if the tradesman refuses to give them upon credit, then threaten to leave them upon his hands.

But the third and best method is called "Being the good customer." The gentleman first buys some trifle, and pays for it in ready money; he comes a few days after with nothing about him but bank-bills, and buys, we will suppose, a sixpenny tweezer-case; the bills are too great to be changed, so he promises to return punctually the day after and pay for what he has bought. In this promise he is punctual, and this

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is repeated for eight or ten times, till his face is well known, and he has got at last the character of a good customer. By this means he gets credit for something considerable, and then never pays for it.

In all this the young man who is the unhappy subject of our present reflections was very expert, and could face, fineer, and bring custom to a shop with any man in England. None of his companions could exceed him in this, and his very companions at last said that The.—would be hanged.

As he grew old, he grew never the better; he loved ortolans and green pease, as before; he drank gravy-soup when he could get it, and always thought his oysters tasted best when he got them for nothing, or, which was just the same, when he bought them upon tick. Thus the old man kept up the vices of the youth, and what he wanted in power he made up by inclination; so that all the world thought that old The.—would be hanged.

And now, reader, I have brought him to his last scene—a scene where, perhaps, my duty should have obliged me to assist. You expect, perhaps, his dying words, and the tender farewell he took of his wife and children; you expect an account of his coffin and white gloves, his pious ejaculations, and the papers he left behind him. In this I cannot indulge your curiosity, for oh! the mysteries of fate, The.—was drowned!

"Reader," as Hervey saith, "pause and ponder, and ponder and pause; who knows what thy own end may be?"

ESSAY XXVI.[1]

THE FOLLOWING WAS WRITTEN AT THE TIME OF THE LAST CORONATION,[2] AND SUPPOSED TO COME FROM A COMMON-COUNCILMAN.

Sir,—I have the honor of being a common-councilman, and am greatly pleased with a paragraph from Southampton in

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[1] Not in the first edition, but inserted in the second.

[2] That of George III. See "Citizen of the World," Letter CV., and Unacknowledged Essays, No. X.

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yours of yesterday. There we learn that the mayor and aldermen of that loyal borough had the particular satisfaction of celebrating the royal nuptials by a magnificent turtle-feast. By this means the gentlemen had the pleasure of filling their bellies and showing their loyalty together. I must confess it would give me some pleasure to see some such method of testifying our loyalty practised in this metropolis, of which I am an unworthy member. Instead of presenting his majesty (God bless him) on every occasion with our formal addresses, we might thus sit comfortably down to dinner and wish him prosperity in a sirloin of beef. Upon our army levelling the walls of a town or besieging a fortification, we might at our city feast imitate our brave troops, and demolish the walls of venison pasty, or besiege the shell of a turtle, with as great a certainty of success.

At present, however, we have got into a sort of dry, unsocial manner of drawing up addresses upon every occasion; and though I have attended upon six cavalcades and two foot processions in a single year, yet I came away as lean and hungry as if I had been a juryman at the Old Bailey. For my part, Mr. Printer, I don't see what is got by these processions and addresses except an appetite, and that, thank Heaven, we have all in a pretty good degree, without ever leaving our own houses for it. It is true, our gowns of mazarine blue, edged with fur, cut a pretty figure enough parading through the streets, and so my wife tells me. In fact, I generally bow to all my acquaintance when thus in full dress; but, alas! as the proverb has it, fine clothes never fill the belly.

But even though all this bustling, parading, and powdering through the streets be agreeable enough to many of us, yet I would have my brethren consider whether the frequent repetition of it be so very agreeable to our betters above. To be introduced to court, to see the queen, to kiss hands, to smile upon lords, to ogle the ladies, and all the other fine things there, may, I grant, be a perfect show to us that view it but seldom, but it may be a troublesome business enough to those who are to settle such ceremonies as these every day. To use an instance adapted to all our apprehensions — suppose my

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family and I should go to Bartholomew Fair. Very well, going to Bartholomew Fair: the whole sight is a perfect rapture to us, who are only spectators once and away; but I am of opinion that the wire-walker and fire-eater find no such great sport in all this; I am of opinion they had as lief remain behind the curtain at their own pastimes, drinking beer, eating shrimps, and smoking tobacco.

Besides, what can we tell his majesty in all we say on these occasions but what he knows perfectly well already. I believe if I were to reckon up, I could not find above five hundred disaffected in the whole kingdom, and here are we every day telling his majesty how loyal we are. Suppose the addresses of a people, for instance, should run thus: May it please your M——y, we are many of us worth an hundred thousand pounds, and are possessed of several other inestimable advantages. For the preservation of this money and those advantages we are chiefly indebted to your M——y. We are, therefore, once more assembled to assure your M——y of our fidelity. This, it is true, we have lately assured your M——y five or six times, but we are willing once more to repeat what can't be doubted, and to kiss your royal hand, and the queen's hand, and thus sincerely to convince you that we shall never do anything to deprive you of one loyal subject, or any one of ourselves of one hundred thousand pounds. Should we not, upon reading such an address, think that people a little silly who thus made such unmeaning professions? . . . Excuse me, Mr. Printer, no man upon earth has a more profound respect for the abilities of the aldermen and the common-council than I; but I could wish they would not take up a monarch's time in these good-natured trifles, who, I am told, seldom spends a moment in vain.

The example set by the city of London will probably be followed by every other community in the British empire. Thus we shall have a new set of addresses from every little borough with but four freemen and a burgess; day after day shall we see them come up with hearts filled with gratitude, laying the vows of a loyal people at the foot of the throne. Death! Mr. Printer, they'll hardly leave our courtiers time to scheme a

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single project for beating the French; and our enemies may gain upon us, while we are thus employed in telling our governor how much we intend to keep them under.

But a people, by too frequent a use of addresses, may by this means come at last to defeat the very purpose for which they are designed. If we are thus exclaiming in raptures upon every occasion, we deprive ourselves of the powers of flattery when there may be a real necessity. A boy three weeks ago, swimming across the Thames, was every minute crying out for his amusement, "I've got the cramp, I've got the cramp." The boatmen pushed off once or twice, and they found it was fun: he soon after cried out in earnest, but nobody believed him, and so he sunk to the bottom.

In short, sir, I am quite displeased with any unnecessary cavalcade whatever; I hope we shall soon have occasion to triumph, and then I shall be ready myself either to eat at a turtle-feast or to shout at a bonfire; and will lend either my fagot at the fire or flourish my hat at every loyal health—that may be proposed. I am, sir, etc.

ESSAY XXVII.[1]

TO THE PRINTER.

Sir,—I am the same common-councilman who troubled you some days ago. To whom can I complain but to you? for you have many a dismal correspondent. In this time of joy my wife does not choose to hear me, because she says I am always melancholy when she is in spirits. I have been to see the coronation, and a fine sight it was, as I am told. To those who had the pleasure of being near spectators, the diamonds, I am told, were as thick as Bristol stones in a show-glass. The ladies and gentlemen walked all along, one foot before another, and threw their eyes about them, on this side and that, perfectly like clockwork. Oh, Mr. Printer, it had been a fine sight indeed if there was but a little more eating!

[1] Not in the first edition, but inserted in the second.

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Instead of that, there we sat, penned up in our scaffoldings like sheep upon a market-day in Smithfield; but the devil a thing could I get to eat (God pardon me for swearing) except the fragments of a plum-cake that was all squeezed into crumbs in my wife's pocket as she came through the crowd.

You must know, sir, that, in order to do the thing genteelly, and that all my family might be amused at the same time, my wife, my daughter, and I took two-guinea places for the coronation, and I gave my two eldest boys (who, by-the-bye, are twins, fine children) eighteenpence apiece to go to Sudrick Fair, to see the court of the black king of Morocco, which will serve to please children well enough.

That we might have good places on the scaffolding, my wife insisted upon going at seven o'clock in the evening before the coronation, for she said she would not lose a full prospect for the world. This resolution, I own, shocked me. "Grizzle," said I to her—"Grizzle, my dear, consider that you are but weakly, always ailing, and will never bear sitting out all night upon the scaffold. You remember what a cold you caught the last fast-day by rising but half an hour before your time to go to church, and how I was scolded as the cause of it. Besides, my dear, our daughter Anna Amelia Wilhelmina Carolina will look like a perfect fright if she sits up, and you know the girl's face is something at her time of life, considering her fortune is but small."—"Mr. Grogan," replied my wife—"Mr. Grogan, this is always the case when you find me in spirits; I don't want to go, not I, nor I don't care whether I go at all. It is seldom that I am in spirits but this is always the case." In short, Mr. Printer, what will you have on't? to the coronation we went.

What difficulties we had in getting a coach; how we were shoved about in the mob; how I had my pocket picked of the last new almanac and my steel tobacco-box; how my daughter lost half an eyebrow, and her laced shoe in a gutter; my wife's lamentations upon this, with the adventures of the crumbled plum-cake and broken brandy-bottle—what need I relate all these? we suffered this, and ten times more, before we got to our places.

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At last, however, we were seated. My wife is certainly an heart of oak; I thought sitting up in the damp night-air would have killed her. I have known her for two months take possession of our easy-chair, mobbed up in flannel nightcaps, and trembling at a breath of air; but she now bore the night as merrily as if she had sat up at a christening. My daughter and she did not seem to value it of a farthing. She told me two or three stories that she knows will always make me laugh, and my daughter sung me the noontide air towards one o'clock in the morning. However, with all their endeavors, I was as cold and as dismal as ever I remember. If this be the pleasures of a coronation, cried I to myself, I had rather see the court of King Solomon in all his glory at my ease in Bartholomew Fair.

Towards morning sleep began to come fast upon me, and the sun rising and warming the air still inclined me to rest a little. You must know, sir, that I am naturally of a sleepy constitution. I have often sat up at table with my eyes open, and have been asleep all the while. What will you have on't, just about eight o'clock in the morning I fell fast asleep. I fell into the most pleasing dream in the world; I shall never forget it. I dreamed that I was at my Lord Mayor's feast, and had scaled the crust of a venison pasty. I kept eating and eating in my sleep, and thought I could never have enough. After some time the pasty, methought, was taken away, and the dessert was brought in its room. Thought I to myself, if I have not got enough of the venison, I am resolved to make it up by the largest snap at the sweetmeats. Accordingly, I grasped a whole pyramid; the rest of the guests seeing me with so much, one gave me a snap and the other gave me a snap. I was pulled this way by my neighbor on the right hand, and that by my neighbor on the left; but still kept my ground without flinching, and continued eating and pocketing as fast as I could. I never was so pulled and hauled in my whole life. At length, however, going to smell to a lobster that lay before me, methought it caught me with its claws fast by the nose. The pain I felt upon this occasion is inexpressible; in fact, it broke my dream. When awaking, I found my wife

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and daughter applying a smelling-bottle to my nose, and telling me it was time to go home; they assured me every means had been tried to awake me while the procession was going forward, but that I still continued to sleep till the whole ceremony was over. Mr. Printer, this is a hard case, and, as I read your most ingenious work, it will be some comfort when I see this inserted, to find that—I write for it too.

I am, sir, your distressed humble servant, L. Grogan.

ESSAY XXVIII.

THE DOUBLE TRANSFORMATION: A TALE.[1]

Secluded from domestic strife,
Jack Bookworm led a college life;
A fellowship at twenty-five
Made him the happiest man alive;
He drank his glass and crack'd his joke,
And freshmen wonder'd as he spoke.

Such pleasures, unalloy'd with care,
Could any accident impair?
Could Cupid's shaft at length transfix
Our swain, arriv'd at thirty-six?
Oh had the Archer ne'er come down
To ravage in a country town!
Or Flavia been content to stop
At triumphs in a Fleet Street shop!
Oh had her eyes forgot to blaze,
Or Jack had wanted eyes to gaze!
Oh!—but let exclamation cease;
Her presence banish'd all his peace.
So with decorum all things carried;
Miss frown'd and blush'd, and then was—married.

Need we expose to vulgar sight
The raptures of the bridal night?

[1] See Vol. I. p. 113.

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Need we intrude on hallow'd ground,
Or draw the curtains clos'd around?
Let it suffice that each had charms;
He clasp'd a goddess in his arms:
And though she felt his usage rough,
Yet, in a man, 'twas well enough.

The honeymoon like lightning flew;
The second brought its transports too;
A third, a fourth, were not amiss;
The fifth was friendship mix'd with bliss.
But, when a twelvemonth pass'd away,
Jack found his goddess made of clay;
Found half the charms that deck'd her face
Arose from powder, shreds, or lace:
But still the worst remain'd behind—
That very face had robb'd her mind.

Skill'd in no other arts was she
But dressing, patching, repartee;
And, just as humor rose or fell,
By turns a slattern or a belle.
'Tis true she dress'd with modern grace,
Half-naked at a ball or race;
But when at home, at board or bed,
Five greasy nightcaps wrapp'd her head.
Could so much beauty condescend
To be a dull domestic friend?
Could any curtain lectures bring
To decency so fine a thing?
In short, by night, 'twas fits or fretting;
By day, 'twas gadding or coquetting.

Fond to be seen, she kept a bevy
Of powder'd coxcombs at her levy;
The squire and captain took their stations,
And twenty other near relations.

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Jack suck'd his pipe, and often broke
A sigh in suffocating smoke;
While all their hours were pass'd between
Insulting repartee or spleen.

Thus as her faults each day were known,
He thinks her features coarser grown;
He fancies every vice she shows,
Or thins her lip or points her nose:
Whenever rage or envy rise,
How wide her mouth, how wild her eyes!
He knows not how, but so it is,
Her face is grown a knowing phiz;
And, though her fops are wondrous civil,
He thinks her ugly as the devil.

Now, to perplex the ravell'd noose,
As each a different way pursues,
While sullen or loquacious strife
Promis'd to hold them on for life,
That dire disease, whose ruthless power
Withers the beauty's transient flower—
Lo! the small-pox, whose horrid glare
Levell'd its terrors at the fair;
And, rifling every youthful grace,
Left but the remnant of a face.

The glass, grown hateful to her sight,
Reflected now a perfect fright:
Each former art she vainly tries
To bring back lustre to her eyes;
In vain she tries her paste and creams
To smooth her skin or hide its seams.
Her country beaux and city cousins,
Lovers no more, flew off by dozens;
The squire himself was seen to yield,
And even the captain quit the field.

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Poor madam, now condemn'd to hack
The rest of life with anxious Jack,
Perceiving others fairly flown,
Attempted pleasing him alone.
Jack soon was dazzled to behold
Her present face surpass the old;
With modesty her cheeks are dyed,
Humility displaces pride;
For tawdry finery is seen
A person ever neatly clean;
No more presuming on her sway,
She learns good-nature every day:
Serenely gay, and strict in duty,
Jack finds his wife a perfect beauty.

ESSAY XXIX.

A NEW SIMILE, IN THE MANNER OF SWIFT.[1]

Long had I sought in vain to find[2]
A likeness for the scribbling kind—
The modern scribbling kind, who write,
In wit, and sense, and nature's spite:
Till, reading, I forget what day on,
A chapter out of Tooke's Pantheon,
I think I met with something there
To suit my purpose to a hair.
But let us not proceed too furious;
First please to turn to god Mercurius!
You'll find him pictur'd at full length
In book the second, page the tenth:
The stress of all my proofs on him I lay,
And now proceed we to our simile.

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[1] See Vol. I. p. 116.

[2] "I long had rack'd my brains to find."—*First Edition.*

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Imprimis, pray observe his hat;
Wings upon either side—mark that.
Well! what is it from thence we gather?
Why, these denote a brain of feather.
A brain of feather! very right,
With wit that's flighty, learning light;
Such as to modern bard's decreed:
A just comparison,—proceed.

In the next place, his feet peruse,
Wings grow again from both his shoes;
Design'd, no doubt, their part to bear,
And waft his godship through the air.
And here my simile unites;
For in a modern poet's flights,
I'm sure it may be justly said,
His feet are useful as his head.

Lastly, vouchsafe t' observe his hand,
Fill'd with a snake-encircled wand;
By classic authors term'd Caduceus,
And highly fam'd for several uses.
To wit—most wondrously endued,
No poppy-water half so good;
For let folks only get a touch,
Its soporific virtue's such.
Though ne'er so much awake before,
That quickly they begin to snore.
Add, too, what certain writers tell,
With this he drives men's souls to hell.

Now to apply, begin we then;
His wand's a modern author's pen;
The serpents round about it twin'd
Denote him of the reptile kind;
Denote the rage with which he writes,
His frothy slaver, venom'd bites;

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An equal semblance still to keep,
Alike, too, both conduce to sleep.
This diff'rence only, as the god
Drove souls to Tart'rus with his rod;
With his goose-quill the scribbling elf,
Instead of others, damns himself.

And here my simile almost tript;
Yet grant a word by way of postscript,
Moreover, Merc'ry had a failing:
Well! what of that? out with it—stealing;
In which all modern bards agree,
Being each as great a thief as he:
But ev'n this deity's existence
Shall lend my simile assistance.
Our modern bards! why, what a pox
Are they but senseless stones and blocks?

*J. B.

END OF VOL. V.

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